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ABBEY'S LAST MURAL PAINTINGS

By Royal Cortissoz

WHEN Abbey sent to America, in 1908, the eight mural decorations he had then completed for the State Capitol, in Harrisburg, he himself addressed the huge packing case containing them. He sent them to "The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania." In imagination I can see him hovering over the box, brush in hand, half humorously taking pains with his lettering, but setting forth the words just cited with a kind of affectionate gravity, as though even in this trifling matter he would render due honor to his native State. The episode is, indeed, usefully illustrative.

These paintings of his, a later group of which is traversed in this paper, have a meaning apart from their artistic character. We are forbidden to mix patriotism and art, lest we breed a most unprofitable confusion of ideas, but sometimes the two elements are so felicitously intertwined that we would not separate them if we could. Abbey loved Pennsylvania and its history, and it is in no wise sentimental to think of his work for Harrisburg as promoted by a genuinely patriotic enthusiasm. When he undertook it he was not concerned merely to execute a commission, but to pay tribute to his countrymen; and this is only another way of saying that he was passionately *interested*, a state of mind not by any means as common in the history of modern mural decoration as one would naturally take it to be.

The painter called upon to fill a given space necessarily gives his first thought to the purely decorative aspects of his problem. Since he must lay his theme upon a more or less Procrustean bed, it is not surprising that in some cases he ends by leaving the theme to take care of itself, a colorless affair of academic types and symbols, subordinated to conventions of design. The result is about as thrilling as a geometrical diagram. To be saved from this the artist needs nothing so much as a tingling, living interest in the substance as well as in the form of his work. There is a story of Vasari's which is apposite here. It relates to Ghirlandajo, Abbey's Renaissance prototype in decorative narration. The old Florentine was an eager business man, who thought that no job was too small to be accepted in his *bottega*. But as he got more and more authoritatively into his stride the artist in him snuffed the finer airs of battle and he flung sordid motives and obligations upon the shoulders of his brother David. "Leave me to work and do thou provide," he said, "for now that I have begun to get into the spirit and comprehend the method of this art I grudge that they do not commission me to paint the whole circuit of all the walls of Florence with stories." Vasari tells in this illustration of "the resolved and invincible character" of Ghirlandajo's mind, and as showing the pleasure he took in his work. That was like Abbey. He was in love with his work and his themes, and Harrisburg was his Florence. It is said that when there was some temporary uncertainty as to the funds available for part of his decorative scheme he hastened to assure the authorities that it would nevertheless be carried out by him, even if he had to finish some of the panels without any remuneration whatever. I can well believe it. Thus he would have discharged a debt of gratitude.

He was born in Philadelphia, on April 1st, 1852. He was educated there. At the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts he took the first steps in his artistic training. His

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loyalty to the scene of his birth and early upbringing must have been fostered, too, by certain historical associations in his profession. Other men of Pennsylvanian origin before him had developed their careers in London, in ways not dissimilar from those marking his own success there. Benjamin West and Charles Robert Leslie had both fixed Pennsylvanian names in the roster of the Royal Academy. The first had done much in the service of George III, and the second had painted one of the pictures officially commemorating the accession of Queen Victoria. Abbey, rising to a powerful position in the Royal Academy, and painting, by the king's wish, the coronation of Edward VII, doubtless mused appreciatively on the peculiar links between himself and his two predecessors. Being a modest man it is improbable that he ever dwelt on the fact which others may legitimately observe, that in his art he had affirmed the energy of the soil from which he sprang far more effectively than either Leslie or West.

The truism that quantity has nothing to do with quality should not obscure for us a really important suggestion lying in the mere bulk of what he achieved. Looking back over that life that came so untimely to an end, in London, on August 1, 1911, one is impressed by its range and fertility, and is moved to reflect on how intensely like his own people Abbey was, for all that he made his home in the Old World, and spent so much of his time in the interpretation of the least modern side of its genius. I find his Americanism coming out very strongly in what I can only describe as his wonderful driving power. When he sprang into fame, years ago, with his illustrations for Herrick, the charm he exerted was that of a sunny afternoon in some old English garden close; but then and always thereafter Abbey was emphatically a creature of great nervous force, unremittingly ardent, and capable of labors seemingly out of all proportion to his frame. As a matter of fact, though he had no great stature he was strong. One felt this in friendly intercourse with him, when his jolly spirit came bubbling to the surface and he made you realize how rich he was in sheer force, how quick, how kindling to the mood and movement of his time. I remember sitting with him one bleak winter's morning in New York when he was working over his "Ophelia." The studio he had secured for a short time contained few "properties," romantic or otherwise, and its atmosphere was indeed thousands of miles removed from that to which he was accustomed in his Gloucestershire home. Outside, instead of the drowsy repose of the English countryside, flat commonplace held sway, summed up and defiantly expressed in the clatter of the elevated railroad. Abbey did not care a fig for the prosaic pressure of his environment and I do not mean by that that it had driven him within himself. On the contrary, it exhilarated him, he was absolutely at home, and it was good to look on at the vivacity and firmness with which he pursued his so poetic task. I got there a clew to his art. Mr. James, speculating as to what a charming story-teller he would be who should write as Abbey drew, goes on to ask, "How, for instance, can Mr. Abbey explain the manner in which he directly *observes* figures, scenes, places, that exist only in the fairy-land of his fancy?" I think it was a quality of race, cropping out no matter how far back in time he threw his imagination. It was the American in him, the man who lives by reality, who lives in the moment, who keeps his eye on the fact. The poet in Abbey brought forth the composition; but once his images stepped into his mind, he saw them steadily and saw them whole. In the process of painting them he gave them a vitality which was none the less authentic because it differed profoundly from that sought in certain contemporary schools other than the one to which he belonged.

It is suggestive to think of a notable friendship of his, that with John Sargent. Could any two comrades in painting be more drastically unlike one another? Intimate for years, and often painting side by side in the big studio at Fairford, one stood for the every essence of modernity—which the other seemed to regard incuriously, and even with something like disdain. If, in the mind's eye, we were to conceive of the friends as painting, for the fun of it, the same subject, we know just how the good-natured rivalry would have ended. Sargent's canvas, in its rapid synthetic handling of form, and, above all, in its play of light, would have an actuality lacking to Abbey's. But let us put the matter in an-

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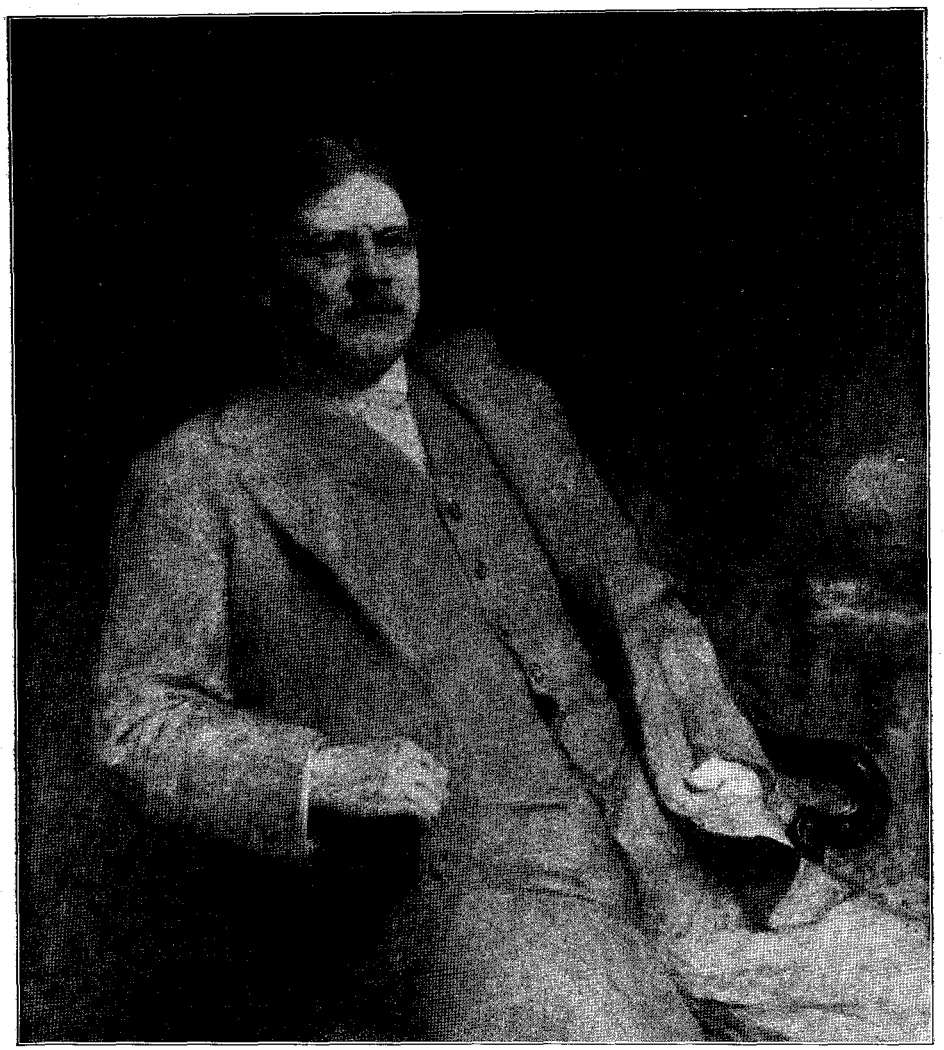

Edwin A. Abbey.

From the painting by W. Q. Orchardson, painted in the summer of 1909, and exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1910, just after Sir William Orchardson's death. The signature was the last stroke done by Orchardson; he was wheeled up to the portrait to sign it.

other way. Let us suppose the subject to be a man of to-day in evening dress, and this actuality of Sargent's would without question obliterate the rival picture. On the other hand, let us suppose the reconstruction of some figure out of the past, a model perfectly clothed and posed as a great mediæval churchman, or the heroine of a Shakespearian comedy. The connoisseur of technic for its own sake might still prefer the Sargent, but if he kept his mind open he would be bound to admit that Abbey's presentation of the dead and gone type carried conviction far deeper. Reality in the true and final sense, he would see, had been followed, and caught, by different roads. Each man, obeying the dictates of his genius, had in the long run got the thing itself. With Abbey it wore a romantic garment, but the true source of it, and its best warrant, remains that American energy of which I have spoken, his instinct for things living and tangible.

He always wanted to know, to make himself free of the organic secrets of his material. At the start, when as a youth he began drawing illustrations for *Harper's Weekly*, his facility not seldom enabled

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him, it is said, to call up a picture out of verbal suggestion, without the aid of models or accessories; but he very soon disclosed an eagerness to know absolutely what he was about. In order to draw the Herrick designs, he made himself acquainted with English landscape, and the sentiment of its ancient architectural monuments. I have a picturesque memory of him hunting up architectural details in a vast collection of photographs. He threw himself upon the books in a positive fever. One of the stories that he liked to tell about his quite unpedantic archæological adventures related to the pillars in "Sir Galahad's Vision of the Holy Grail," one of the panels in the Boston Public Library. He found just the capitals he wanted for those pillars in a little French town and instantly set about copying them. Then a fussy Mayor turned up, with a thousand objections, and the artist was in torment. Finally, his friend, the late Sir Frederick Leighton, came to the rescue and between them they reduced the troublesome functionary to good-nature. Abbey was forever carrying on his work in this studious fashion. When they gave him a degree at Yale, in 1897, Professor Fisher, in presenting the sheepskin, praised him for his imagination, but, he justly added, "this original power would be inadequate were it not allied with cultivation of a high order and patient researches." When he undertook to illustrate the Grail legend in the paintings at Boston, he read everything that could help to initiate him into his subject, and even went to Bayreuth to hear "Parsifal" and see if Wagner could in any way enlarge his horizon. I dwell on all this not alone in order to enforce Abbey's care for accuracy—a care which has been manifested by some of the driest and most uninspiring painters who have ever lived—but far more for the purpose of exposing the true nature of Abbey's inspiration. It was that of an artist whose industry was animated by thought and emotion.

All the work that he did for many years was at bottom a preparation for that with which he rounded out his busy life. The pen drawings with which he illustrated Shakespeare, Herrick, and other English poets, the oils, water-colors, and pastels in which he revived scenes from old English and Italian life, were ever heightening his powers of observation and making his sympathies more flexible, so that he might come to his great enterprise at Harrisburg equipped to cover the walls there with really living forms. His programme was framed on an heroic scale, and it is no wonder that he left it unfinished at his death. But he was active down to the very end and, in fact, covered so much ground that one scarcely thinks of the scheme as needing further extension. Looking at it from the point of view of ordinary human effort, the eight paintings put in place in 1908 would seem, by themselves, to fill space enough and to make a monument impressive enough for one man.

They adorn the rotunda in the centre of the building. Four of them are gigantic lunettes, placed midway between the drum of the dome and the piers supporting the latter. The other four are set in circular panels in the pendentives. In this part of his work Abbey dealt in general ideas, localized. In the first of his big lunettes he symbolizes "The Spirit of Religious Liberty" in a fleet of old sailing ships guided westward by angels. In "Science Revealing Treasures of the Earth" blind Fortune, gliding on her wheel between images of Peace and War, is poised above a group of miners just descending into the earth. The third lunette, entitled "The Spirit of Light," points to the discovery of oil, a host of figures with flames on their uplifted finger-tips soaring into the night against a background filled with the familiar gaunt derricks of Pennsylvania. To show forth "The Spirit of Vulcan" Abbey paints in his fourth lunette a number of brawny laborers in a steel foundry, with their tutelary genius reclining upon a cloud above. Single figures occupy the medallions in the pendentive, figures respectively directing attention to the forces of Religion, Law, Art, and Science. Through these designs the grand elements which have formed the destiny of the Commonwealth are broadly embodied.* In one of the four new paintings with which we have now to deal, human history gives way before the majestic appeal of nature pure and simple; but in the other three Abbey comes to close grip with the very men who made his State,

* An exhaustive criticism of these decorations, by the same author, will be found in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for December, 1908.

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The Apotheosis of Pennsylvania.

hailing them by name, painting their portraits, and, in a word, making the drift of his whole decorative purpose more and more intimate and poignant.

In the rotunda it was his role to touch the imagination of every one entering the building with a sense of what Pennsylvania has owed to divine inspiration and to the bounty of the earth. These large motives belonged on the threshold, and in the Capitol's grandest, most aerial chamber. The very concrete, personal issues dealt with in the later decorations are explained by their positions. He had now to embellish the walls of the House of Representatives, and there he decided to confront the legislators with paintings recalling those who had before them labored for the State. Above the rostrum of the speaker he chose to place "The Apotheosis of Pennsylvania," which is really a painting in praise of famous men, a record of high endeavor. For the unification of his noble company of explorers, sea-captains, soldiers, religious leaders, and other constructive pioneers, he had to devise some linear web that would not only hold them together, but bind them in the harmony of a room whose scale and character had already been fixed. It was a difficult problem, to introduce so many figures, and yet not make them into a crowd, to break the mass into small groups which should detach

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themselves without landing in isolation, to make the "setting" compose all the trouble and at the same time not unduly assert itself. He hit, I think, upon a phenomenally good solution, one which is the more surprising, too, when you stop to consider that Abbey was never a disciple of such old masters, say, as Veronese, who have so much to teach us on questions of academic balance in mural decoration.

Across the middle of his canvas and well back of his figures he drew, in a shallow and very beautiful curve, the lines of a classical entablature. Above them he unrolled a spacious sky, thus gaining at once the necessary depth and largeness of atmosphere. We feel rather than see the colonnade enclosing the actors in his scene; it unites them, but does not distract attention from them. So it is with the "Genius of State," enthroned beneath a cupola against the sky, at the apex of the composition. This presence manifests itself, and is, in fact, indispensable, but it is so placed and so kept down in the color scheme that it leaves Abbey's men to stand forth with no diminution of individuality. Neither are they dimmed nor are their messages muffled by the return to architectural motives in the foreground, by the fluted pillars which mark, as it were, an entrance to the colonnade. Like the latter, these pillars, surmounted by eagles, enormously contribute to the orderliness of the assemblage while they leave it free.

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Study for the figure of Robert Morris in "The Apotheosis of Pennsylvania."

It is a goodly body that looks down upon us from this canvas. The first steps below the throne where sits the Genius of the State, steps on which laurel wreaths are shrewdly disposed, are occupied by the worthies who take us back to the earliest pages in Pennsylvanian history. There is the gallant figure, in cloak and ruff, of Sir Walter Raleigh, one of the first to obtain colonial grants, a man who foresaw the tremendous future of the New World. Near him are navigators like Hendrik Hudson, who discovered the Delaware, and old Peter Minuit, who on a memorable occasion sailed into the Chesapeake. To the right, Abbey remembers not alone the hardy path-breaker, trusting to his rifle, but the valiant pioneers who put their faith in a higher aid, Pastorius, Kelpius, and the other leaders of those various religious sects which have contributed some of the most mystical chapters to the history of the church in Amer-

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Central cross section of "The Apotheosis of Pennsylvania."

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ica. Just below these standing pioneers, marble seats are occupied by later servants of the State. John Dickinson is there, who had his doubts about the "Declaration," but approved himself a sound patriot when the time came. Judge Thomas MacKean sits in grave contemplation, with Provost Smith of the University of Pennsylvania, and White, the first American bishop, for his neighbors. Place is found for old Pastor Muhlenberg, who knew so well how to strive for the right not only in but out of the pulpit; and we see also Dallas, the statesman, who served as Senator, as Vice-President, and as Minister to Great Britain, and John Fitch, with the model of his engine. Grouped here, at the right, are other scientific types: Oliver Evans, with his road engine, David Rittenhouse, the astronomer and philosopher, Caspar Wistar, the noted surgeon, and those renowned botanists, the Bartrams, father and son. Tom Paine, waking such diversified memories, of oratory, and of hard work at Valley Forge, stands meditatively with his hand raised to his mouth. On this side of the composition Stephen Girard, the founder of the college for orphan boys, takes one of these under his protection. Conspicuous among the balancing figures on the other side is Mad Anthony Wayne, drawing his sword. Below him, carrying on the military thread, are soldiers of the Civil War, officered by Hancock and Meade, and cheered on by

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Study for the figure of Dallas in "The Apotheosis of Pennsylvania."

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Lower left-hand section of "The Apotheosis of Pennsylvania."
The soldiers of '61 going to defend the State.

Governor Curtin and Thaddeus Stevens. On the same level, opposite to these saviours of the Union, we have an episode calling the mind back to the arts of peace, the workers in the mines and in Pennsylvania's outstanding industries of steel and oil, quietly playing their parts.

I have said that all these people are held together through the artist's faculty for composition. The homogeneity of the piece is assured still further through a subtly dramatic touch, which signifies not only good academic design, but imaginative power. I refer to the grouping in the foreground, right in the middle of the painting, of the three supreme Pennsylvanians, William Penn, Benjamin Franklin, and Robert Morris. With true culminating effect and with perfect naturalness, they stand upon the rock upon which is engraved the words from Deuteronomy, "Remember the Days of Old, Consider the Years of Many Generations: Ask Thy Father and He Will Show Thee, Thy Elders, and They Will Tell Thee." Surely the law-makers who gaze upon this fabric of the painter's art must recognize in it a living inspiration. Far beneath that shining throne they may

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see at work the humblest men in the State, and through the airy colonnade they can catch glimpses of the ship upon its stocks, the machines of the steel foundry, and the towering derricks of the oil field. But even more urgent is the appeal of those men of genius and devotion whose hearts were set on the highest ideals of civilization, who wrought for spiritual as well as worldly things. It is this that stamps Abbey's decoration as a noble work of art, the fulness and the sincerity with which he placed all his faculties as a designer and painter at the service of an idea. If there is any moral force in art, then "The Apotheosis of Pennsylvania" should help weightily in the making of a better State.

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Study for one of the figures in "Valley Forge."

Flanking his central and largest decoration, Abbey proposed to have panels illustrating "Penn's Treaty With the Indians" and "The Signing of the Declaration," the first of which has come from his studio with "The Apotheosis." Here an architectural background was of course out of the question. The historic tree at Shackamaxon was the obvious motive to employ. Indeed, "the only treaty between savages and Christians that was never sworn to and that was never broken," as Voltaire described the covenant, is so inseparably associated with the tree that the latter counts, somehow, as an actor in any picture of the event. Here in this panel you have a fine example of that gift of Abbey's for observing figures, scenes, and places in the historical past as well as in "the fairy-land of his fancy." And, as I have said before, the explanation lies in his American insistence upon living by reality. He could paint the scene so as to convey the impression that thus it had veritably happened because he saw it in his imagination with extraordinary vividness until as one might say, he actually saw it happen just as he presented it to us. He could do this, I believe, because by dint of sympathy and study he knew Penn, grasped him in an intimate and human manner. Penn, of course, was himself intensely human. The antiquarian, John Watson, had from a lady who was present an account of the great Quaker's demeanor when conferring with some Indians near Philadelphia, and thus preserved it:

"She said that the Indians, as well as the whites, had severally prepared the best entertainment the place and circumstances could admit. William Penn made himself

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Baron von Steuben Drilling Washington's Army at Valley Forge.

Placed in the Senate. The only painting done by Mr. Abbey for the Senate; the other paintings for the Senate were not begun.

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endeared to the Indians by his marked condescension and acquiescence in their wishes. He walked with them, sat with them on the ground, and ate with them of their roasted acorns and hominy. At this they expressed their great delight, and soon began to show how they could hop and jump; at which exhibition William Penn, to cap the climax, sprang up and outdanced them all!"

Another mood governed Penn when he clasped hands with his Indian friend under the tree at Shackamaxon. But to look at Abbey's panel is to surmise that he, too, must have read that self-same reminiscence; for he gets in the bearing and gestures of his two figures the very spirit of that truth that "William Penn made himself endeared to the Indians." The soul of the event no less than the outward aspect of the scene is mirrored in his canvas. It is, too, a very charming composition, filled with the right sylvan sentiment. He gets the characters of his leading actors and he gets the atmosphere enveloping them and their followers. Over all is flung something of beauty, the beauty of the ancient wildwood.

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Study of drapery for "The Hours."

In his "Training of the Soldiers at Valley Forge," he abandons the mode of design characterizing the two other paintings I have described. The subject in its very nature cried aloud to be handled without formality. There is no clearly defined centre here, such as is provided by the throne in the "Apotheosis" and by the tree in the "Treaty." The figures fall judiciously into a sufficiently balanced arrangement, and

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William Penn's Treaty with the Indians.

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it is interesting to note with what adroitness they are harmonized against the vertical lines of the bare trees in the background. This background, by the way, is extraordinarily well worked out, giving to the snowy landscape precisely the needed relief. But it is less of strictly decorative design than of purely human interest that we think in considering this work. Abbey seems to turn aside for a moment from the monumental key of the "Apotheosis" and to paint more in the vein of his old "Bowling Green" and the Grail pictures for Boston. He is now the master of pictorial narrative, absorbed in the story that he has to tell and telling it almost, one might say, in minute detail. He lingers over the fairly snug uniforms of the officers, but he is quite as much interested in the next-to-unpresentable rags of the men. Moreover, these men have character. In their faces and in their attitudes we may read the tale of the suffering and the courage at Valley Forge. There is something insinuatingly touching about this panel. It represents, again, Abbey's warmth of feeling for the annals of his country. Attacking the long series of decorations for Harrisburg and recognizing the majestic character of his leading themes, he knew, as I have shown, how to rise to the height of his great argument. But he never lost sight of the fundamental emotions that go with mere flesh and blood, and he was resolved to come back again and again to such every-day phases of our American drama as the one painted in the "Valley Forge."

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Study for "The Hours."

It was easy for him to oscillate between the extremes involved in his work. From the panel I have just traversed he could turn to the great circular ceiling to be set in a shallow dome in the House of Representatives. In this he gave free play to the medievalism which was part of his artistic character. Charting the heavens after the fashion of some old cosmographer, setting sun, moon, and a multitude of stars in a sea of color running from pale tints into darkest blue, causing the Milky Way to stream luminously across his canvas, and even thinking to bring in a vagrant comet, he unwound the procession of the hours, figuring them as maidens who open the day in light and gladness and close it in solemn draperies carried

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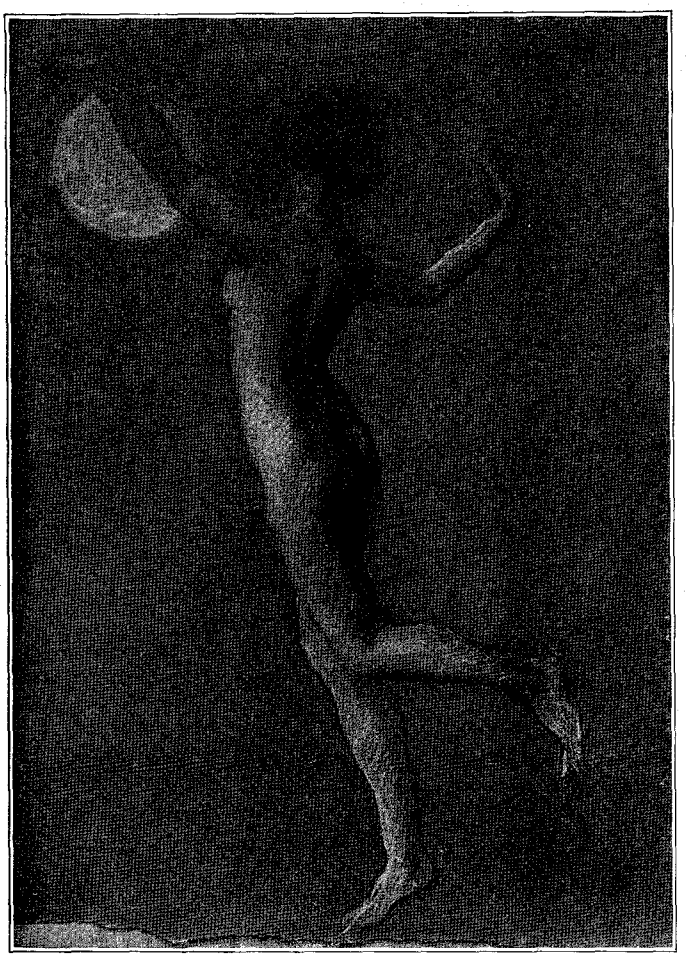
on still shoulders. Half the ceiling is all jocund beauty, the other half is all beautiful gravity. But it is, perhaps, unfair to speak of the "halves" of this painting. The truth is that light and dark are subtly fused. Variegated as it is in light and in color, the ceiling is nevertheless all of a piece, a poetic idea harmoniously and clearly expressed. In this, as in the rest of his paintings, Abbey is sure of himself, sure of what he wants to do; he is both imaginative and workmanlike.



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Study for "The Hours."

Did these designs spring at a flash from his brain? Hardly. Abbey thought long over his ideas and worked them out not only with the research in matters of history, costume, and so on, to which I have referred, but with much pondering on technical problems. Moreover, this instinctively brilliant draughtsman was ever solicitous of the integrity of his draughtsmanship. He liked to search out recondite mysteries of form and to conquer them in his drawing. Hence, the preliminary studies he was wont to make of the figures in his decorations, posing the model nude, then in costume, and not infrequently drawing an arm by itself, to get a gesture, or the turn of a head, to make sure of an expression. Notwithstanding this practice, he was far from being dependent upon the laborious elaboration of a figure. We had a talk once about the advantages of preliminary drawings and Abbey told me that he was chary of making too many of them, for, he said, it was so easy to overdo the thing. By the time you came to paint your picture you had exhausted the inspiration with which you started. After all, he argued, to make a lot of drawings for a picture before you painted it was very like overtraining yourself for a race. When the signal sounded you had nothing left to go on and straightway collapsed.

It is true, of course, that where this matter of the preliminary study is concerned, temperament counts for much and Abbey recognized the fact, having no desire to lay down the law for anybody. That was characteristic of him, characteristic of his virile, wholesome nature. Those who did not know him may rightly judge of his personality from Orchardson's beautiful por-

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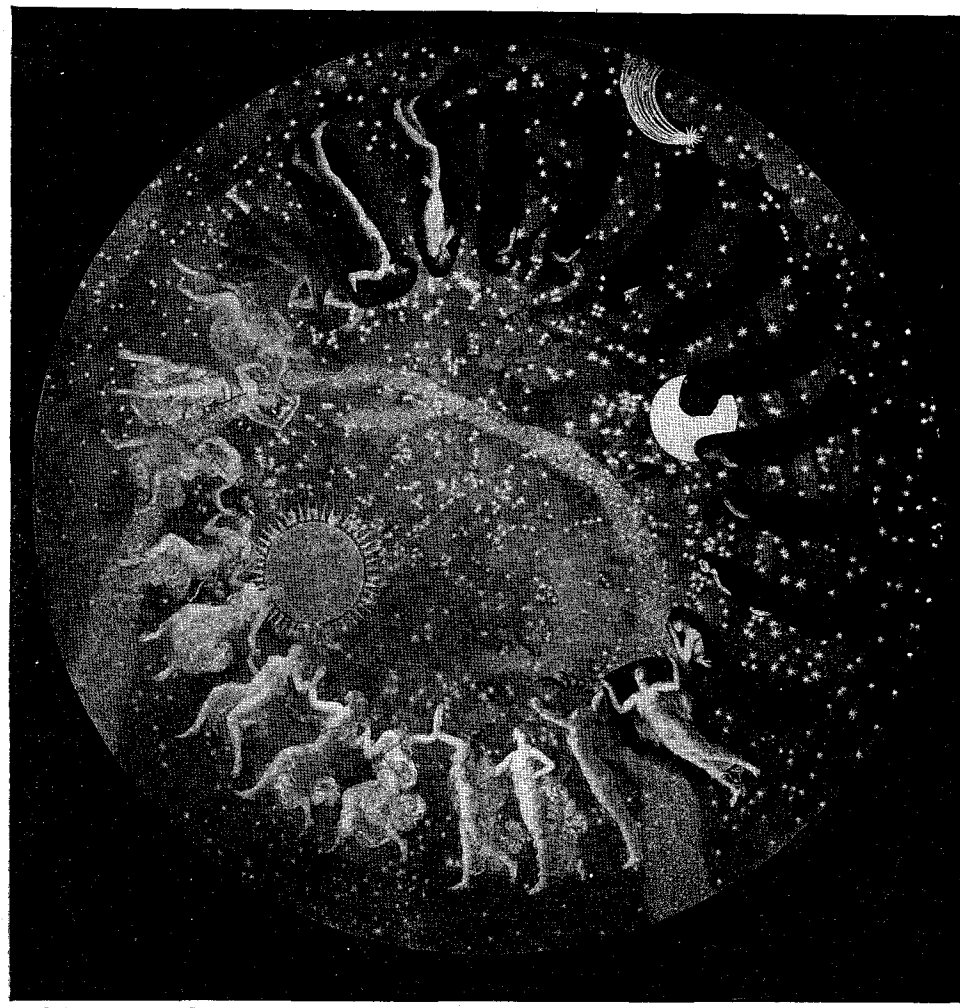

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The Hours.

trait, an interpretation by a man who painted him with the insight of friendship. The sturdy frame in this portrait, the efficient, characterful hands, the strong head and face, all speak eloquently of Abbey as I knew him. He was very gay and likeable, you felt in him honesty and force, and you could see just how his sterling nature poured itself into his work. In it he sought the truth, he wanted to make it live; with all his strength and with all his conscience he strove for a reality that would touch men, making them think and feel. He achieved this aim, and made his best monument, in the decorations at Harrisburg.

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THE EXILE

By John Warren Harper

I AM down in Arizona,
On its cactus-cover'd plains,
The white plague on my hollow cheeks,
Its fever in my veins.
I am down upon the desert,
'Tis a God-forsaken land,
Where you fight with odds against you,
When you've taken your last stand,
Where you live out in the open,
'Mong the sage-brush and mesquite,
With a rattler for a neighbor,
Not the friendliest to meet,
Where you fling yourself upon a bunk
To rest your weary head,
And you shake the blooming scorpions
From the covers of your bed.

They say this country, way down here
Is full of precious gold,
Its mountains filled with silver,
And with countless wealth untold.
But I know another country,
And my heart with longing fills,
Where the gold is in the sunset
Upon its purple hills.
Where the silver's in a brooklet,
And it's set with emerald too,
As it flashes in the sunlight
Of the meadow, stealing through.
A country—God's own country,
And my own to sacrifice,
Some call it fair New England,
But I call it—Paradise.

'Tis Thanksgiving in New England,
'Tis the dear old homeland feast,
And like a Moslem way down here,
My prayers are toward the East.
The neighbors that I knew so well,
I seem to see them still,
Are winding in procession
To the white church on the hill.
There's the greeting at the doorway,
There's the dear old family pew,
And the dearest faces in it,
That a lonely man e'er knew,
And a sweet face in the choir,
And a hand I long to press,
Oh God! to hold her close again,
As when she whispered—"Yes."

Oh, I look out o'er the sage-brush,
As I stretch my yearning hands
O'er the long, unbroken reaches,
Of the desert's burning sands,
To a land where brooks are honest
When your lips are parched and dry,
Not the canyon's clear, deceptive streams
Of tasteless alkali.
New England has no mountains
Full of wealth and mines and drills,
But I'd give this whole damn'd country
For one sight of its green hills.

I am down in Arizona,
And I'm told I've got to stay
Till the Angel Gabriel blows his trump
Out on the Judgment Day.
I've been here three years already,
And the white plague's held in check,
And my broncho and the pale horse
Are going neck by neck.
But, oh God! for Old New England,
As the lonely years go by;
Let the pale horse beat my broncho,
Take me home and—let me die.

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THE TURNSTILE

BY A. E. W. MASON

XII

LUNGATINE

THE threatened dissolution was, after all, postponed, and through the autumn months Captain Rames went busily up and down between London and Ludsey. He made his head-quarters at an hotel on a climbing street in the thick of the town, and spent his days in the public view and his nights at meetings and at local festivities.

Cynthia Daventry, five miles away, heard stories of his indefatigable energy and once or twice she met him in the streets; and once or twice he snatched an afternoon and swept over in a motor-car to see her. She welcomed him with a pleasure which she rather resented, and not for worlds would she have asked him how his campaign was faring. She did not, however, have to ask. For either Diana Royle was present and eagerly questioned him, or if Cynthia were alone he plunged into the subject himself. Captain Rames was at some pains to amuse her and he succeeded. Little incidents of the campaign, whether they told against himself or not; sketches of queer characters whom he came across; an anecdote now and then, drawn from the ancient history of the City—he poured them out to her, making it quite clear with an apparently ingenuous frankness that he had deliberately stored them in his memory purely for her amusement. He was engaged in the work of soothing her down. Diana Royle would rhapsodize after he had whirled away in a cloud of dust.

"What a wonderful man! How energetic! How clever!"

"And how complacent!" said Cynthia.

"What high principle!" Diana gushed lyrically. "What character!"

"And what cunning!" added Cynthia with a droop of her lips.

Diana tapped the floor with an irritable foot.

"Very well, darling. Look for an angel, by all means. You will be very glad of a man later on." Then she laughed pleasantly. "But I am not deceived. You talk lightly of him when he is gone, but when he is here you fix your big eyes on him, and, though you say nothing, every movement of you asks for more."

Cynthia was startled.

"Well, perhaps I do," she admitted. "I suppose that I have a kind of hope that I will hear, not more, but something different from what I am hearing."

"That's so like you, my dear," Diana rejoined; she was all sugar and vinegar. "If Julius Cæsar came back to earth, you would want him different. But that's the way with romantic people. They look for heroes all day and never see them when they knock at the front door."

Cynthia laughed good-humoredly. There was this much of truth in Diana Royle's attack. She had been searching through the words of Harry Rames all the while when he was uttering them for a glimpse of some other being besides the man on the make. Certain qualities she recognized. Enthusiasm, for instance. But it was enthusiasm for the arena, not for any cause to be won there. A shrewd foresight again was evident. But it was foresight to pluck the personal advantage. Here, it seemed to her, was the conscience of the country stirring on all sides to the recognition of great and unnecessary evils in its midst, and Harry Rames was alone unaffected. Yet in a measure she was impressed. He had so closely laid his plans. He gave her yet more evidence when he came again.

"I have got a rule or two," he said. "All demands for pledges from leagues and associations go into the waste-paper basket. I'll answer questions if they are asked me by a man in my constituency. I won't put my name to a general proposition and post it to London. Many a good man has been let down that way. Then I won't canvass. I won't solicit a vote. I don't believe in it. There's only point of view for a candidate:

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that the electors are doing themselves a service by electing him, and not doing him one. You have got to persuade them of that."

"Don't you find it difficult?" asked Cynthia innocently.

Rames laughed.

"Yes, I do," he said. "The electors have their point of view too. But I won't canvass, I am there at my hotel if any one wants to see me. I am at public meetings, and I go to social functions. That's a good move," and Captain Rames nodded his head. "You meet the fellows on the other side and if you can get them friendly, you stop them coming out hot against you. Makes a lot of difference, that. Then there's wisdom in taking a firm stand upon a point or so. Your own people, treat them properly, will always give you a bit of latitude, and a reputation for courage is a fine asset in politics as in anything else."

"But you mustn't overdo it, I suppose," said Cynthia ironically.

"Oh, no, you must be careful about that," replied Rames seriously. "What you want to produce is an impression that you are not pliable, that industries will be safe under your watch—that's for the business men—and that social advancement will not be neglected—that's for the artisans. You know the election is coming now," he suddenly exclaimed. "Do come to one of my meetings!"

Cynthia looked doubtful.

"I don't think," she said, "that I believe very much in any work which—I don't express what I mean very well—which hasn't a great dream at the heart of it."

Rames looked up into her face quickly and grew suddenly serious. He made no comment upon her words, however.

"After all that's no reason why you shouldn't come to one of my meetings."

Cynthia smiled.

"I will come to the last one on the night before the poll," she replied reluctantly.

"I shall hold you to it," said Harry Rames, and he went away well pleased with his visit. Cynthia was popular in Ludsey. So Cynthia should sit on that momentous evening in the front row upon the platform. Also he would make for her benefit an unusually effective speech. Cynthia from the window watched his motor-car spin away in a whirl of dust. He was going to preside that evening at a meeting of the Salvation Army.

The dissolution took place on the fifteenth of January. But the real contest had begun a fortnight before in Ludsey. Harry Rames rushed into it as if it had been a foot-ball rally. He spoke all day, in factories and outside factories, in halls and school-rooms and from club-room windows. He ransacked the morning papers for new pegs on which to hang his arguments; he kicked off at foot-ball matches and the aim of the kick was entirely political; and at the end of three weeks even he was very tired and inclined to recognize an element of humiliation in the conduct of a successful campaign.

It was eleven o'clock at night. There was to be but one more day of it, but one more meeting to-morrow night, the big, final rally on the eve of the poll. Harry Rames lay outstretched upon his sofa with his pipe between his lips cradled pleasantly upon that reflection, when the door of his room opened and a waiter brought in a card. Rames waved it aside.

"I can see no one."

"The gentleman said that his business was important."

Rames grumbled and took the card from the salver.

"M. Poizat," he read. "A Frenchman. Certainly not. I won't see him."

The waiter, an old English servant, a rare being nowadays, even in a country hotel, stood his ground.

"He's lived in Ludsey a long time, sir."

"Oh, has he!" said Rames. "Tell him I am out."

The waiter shook his head.

"He has already told me that you are in, sir. Come, you had better see him, sir. Perhaps he's the ha'porth of tar."

"Oh, very well," said Rames. "But I tell you, William, that I am in the mood to assert my rights as a man."

"Must'nt do that, sir, until the day after to-morrow. You are only a candidate till then."

William retired. Rames fell back upon his sofa. He meant to lie there prone upon his back, even if his visitor held all the votes of Ludsey in the hollow of his hand. Then the door opened and was shut again. A little, puckish old man stood in the room, danced lightly on his feet, skipped in the air, twirled before Captain Rames's astonished eyes and finally struck an inviting

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attitude, both arms extended and one foot advanced, like the pictures of the quack doctors in the newspaper advertisements.

"Oh, he's out of a lunatic asylum," Captain Rames almost groaned aloud. "He won't even have a vote."

The little man skimmed forward with agility, fixing a bright and twinkling pair of eyes upon the prostrate candidate.

"How old do you think I am?" he asked and he whirled his arms.

"You are the youngest thing I have ever seen," replied Rames with conviction. "I didn't know that people were even born as young as you are."

"I am seventy-three," exclaimed the little man with a chuckle. He squared up at an imaginary antagonist and delivered a deadly blow in the air.

"Do you mind not doing that!" said Rames mildly. "My nerves are not what they should be, and if you do it again I shall probably cry. I suppose that you are M. Poizat.——"

"I am, sir," said the little man. He changed his tactics. He no longer whirled his arms in the air. He advanced to the sofa and suddenly put up his foot on the edge.

"Feel my calf!" he said abruptly.

Captain Rames meekly obeyed.

"You ought to have a medal," he said languidly. "You really ought. At seventy-three too! For myself I am like butter, and rather inferior butter, on a very hot day."

M. Poizat nodded his head.

"I know. That's why I am here!" He looked about the room and with the importance of a conspirator he drew out of his pocket a medicine bottle filled with a brown liquid. "Why am I so young?" he asked. "Why is my leg of iron? Listen to my voice. Why is it so clear?—It's all 'Lungatine,'" and with immense pride he reverently placed the bottle on the mantel-shelf. He turned again to Captain Rames.

"I heard you to-night. I suffered with you. What a voice! How harsh! How terrible! And yet what good words if only one could have heard them! I said to myself: 'That poor man. I can cure him. He does not know of Lungatine. He makes us all uncomfortable because he does not know of Lungatine. So I ran home and brought a bottle."

"It's very good of you, I am sure," said Rames, "But look!" He pointed to a table. Throat sprays, tonics, lozenges, encumbered it. "The paraphernalia of a candidate," he said.

M. Poizat smiled contemptuously. He drew from his breast pocket a sheaf of letters.

"See how many in Ludsey owe their health to me!" he cried, and he gave the letters to Rames, who read them over with an 'oh' and an 'ah' of intense admiration when any particularly startling cure was gratefully recorded.

"You are a chemist here I suppose—naturalized, of course?" asked Captain Rames.

"I have a restaurant," M. Poizat corrected him. "Lungatine is merely one of my discoveries."

He sat down complacently. Captain Rames started up in dismay upon his elbow.

"I have a great deal to do to-morrow," he said piteously. The plea was of no avail. Captain Rames was in the grip of that most terrible of all constituents, the amateur inventor. M. Poizat drew his chair to the side of the sofa and went through the tale of his inventions. It was the usual inevitable list—an automatic lift which would work with absolute safety in any mine, a torpedo which would destroy any navy, a steel process which would resist any torpedo, and a railway-coupling.

"I'll bring you the models," he cried.

"No, no," cried Rames, springing from his sofa in dismay. Then he laid his hand on the inventor's shoulder and smiled wisely:

"Royal commissions for you," he said. "They're the fellows for models. I'll see about some. Royal commissions for you. Thank you for your Lungatine. Good-night, my friend, good-night."

Gently, but firmly, he raised the inventor from his chair, while he shook hands with him, and conducted him toward the door.

"You have your hat? Yes."

"A tablespoonful six times a day in a wineglass of water."

"Yes. The instructions, I see, are on the bottle."

Captain Rames opened the door with his pleasantest smile.

"To-morrow at your great meeting," said M. Poizat, "I shall be there. I shall hear what you say. Your voice will ring like a trumpet. And perhaps at the end of

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your speech, you will say that it is all due to Lungatine."

A frosty silence followed upon the words. Captain Rames said indifferently:

"You have been in England a long time. You are naturalized, of course?"

M. Poizat did not reply to the question.

"Perhaps you will say that it is all due to Lungatine," he repeated softly. "Perhaps you will say that. Who knows?"

Captain Rames looked up at the ceiling.

"Ah, who knows?" he said enigmatically.

M. Poizat shook hands for a second time and went down the stairs. Captain Rames closed the door, took the cork from the bottle, wetted the tips of his finger, and tasted the brown liquid. It was a simple solution of paregoric.

"I don't believe the fellow's naturalized," cried Rames, and he raised the bottle in the air above the coal-scuttle. But he did not let it drop.

"Perhaps he is though," he thought. He poured away a portion of the liquid amongst the coal, replaced the cork, and set the bottle prominently upon the mantel shelf so that if M. Poizat took it into his head to call again he would see it there. Then he betook himself to bed; and M. Poizat figured in his dreams, a grotesque, little, capering creature, a figure of fun, as indeed he was, to the eyes of wakefulness. There are people upon whose faces nature writes plainly hints of tragic destinies, and M. Poizat had certainly no relationship with these. But then nature is apt to be freakish.

XIII

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE POLL

THE walls of the great Corn Exchange were draped with banners and hung with gigantic mottoes. Cynthia sat in the front row of chairs upon the platform with Israel Benoliel upon one side of her, and beyond him Diana Royle. It was the first public meeting at which she had ever been present, and now that the shy uneasiness at the prominence of her position which had troubled her when she took her seat was passing away, she gazed about her, eagerness in her eyes and a throb of excitement at her heart. In front of her a rostrum had been built out from the edge of the platform so that the speakers might stand upon the exact spot whence the voice carried with the greatest sonority. The rostrum was railed and hung with red cloth; the chairman's table, with the inevitable water-bottle, occupied it; and the small, square space was the only empty space in all that cavern of a hall. A few rows of chairs for members of the association were ranged at the front upon the floor; behind the chairs the people stood packed and massed to the doors, most of them men. The one gallery was crowded to its furthest nook; behind Cynthia the platform was thronged. Wherever her eyes turned she saw faces, faces, faces, all set in one direction, all white under the glare of light, all inclined toward the empty rostrum. It was the eve of the poll. There was a tingle of excitement in the air, a hushed expectancy. Only when Cynthia raised her eyes did she lose the vague feeling of suspense. Overhead a skylight in the roof was covered with a horizontal blind. One tattered corner hung down and as she looked up from the indistinguishable throng of faces, it arrested her attention as something especially individual and definite and single.

Suddenly came a buzz and a stir. The chairman was seen to rise from a flight of steps at the side of the platform. He was followed by a tall, gaunt, loose-limbed man with a bony face, a white moustache, and a high, bald head. He had the look of a soldier. Cynthia took no heed of him. He stalked before her and sank unnoticed in his place. Behind him came Harry Rames, and as he passed along the narrow gangway between the crowded chairs, those who had seats sprang to their feet; and three thousand people broke like a wave into a flutter of handkerchiefs and a shattering thunder of applause. Above the applause a chant gradually swelled, two lines of a tune rather like a chime. Cynthia could not hear the words, but the sound, with its rise and fall, surged backward and forward against the walls of the Exchange for a full minute.

Mr. Benoliel leaned toward Cynthia.

"They have given him their foot-ball song. In a city of artisans, keen on foot-ball, that's a good sign."

Cynthia nodded. But she hardly heard, she could not have answered. Here was something quite new to her, and overwhelmingly new. The thunderous outburst had taken her by the throat; for a second she felt choked; she had no part in

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politics, yet emotion woke in her and the tears sprang into her eyes.

"What's the matter, Cynthia?" asked Diana Royle.

Cynthia replied with a break in her voice between a laugh and a sob.

"I don't know. It's just the crowd, I think."

"And the enthusiasm of the crowd," added Mr. Benoliel. "You make me feel very old, Cynthia. I can listen to it quite unmoved now. But there was a time when I couldn't without a choking in my throat. It's the splendid faith of the crowd."

Cynthia arrested by the phrase looked quickly at Benoliel. Greatly as she liked him she was never quite sure of him. Kind as he had been to her she always suspected some touch of the charlatan. He had the look of a man quite in earnest.

"I wonder," she said, "whether mere magnetism is enough to arouse it."

Mr. Benoliel did not answer; for the chairman rose at his table; and while he spoke the harmless necessary words, Cynthia took stock of Harry Rames, who was seated in the rostrum at the side of the table in front of her and a little to her left. The last weeks of exertion had left their marks; the flesh had worn thin upon his face; there were dark hollows beneath his eyes; he had gained a look of spirituality which did not belong to him. He was nervous; his hands, with the long fingers which never seemed to accord with the rest of him, moved uneasily and restlessly from the buttons of his coat to the slip of notes which he had placed upon the table. Cynthia was deceived by the look of him as she had been deceived by the fervor of the gathering. The outburst was not entirely, was not even chiefly, a tribute to the candidate. Ludsey was a political city and by three weeks of speeches and agitation, political feeling had been whipped to a climax of excitement. It sought and found its outlet to-night at this final rally before the poll.

The cheers broke out again when Harry Rames rose and leaned his hand upon the rail of the rostrum. When they died down he began to speak—first a faltering word or two of thanks. Then his voice suddenly strengthened and rang firm. His fingers ceased to twitch, and he turned over in his mind the consecutions of his thoughts as though he were turning over the pages of a book. All that he had planned to say came clearly to him in its due order, and brought the comforting assurance that the rest would follow. He was master of himself, and being master of himself set his audience at ease to listen, Cynthia among the rest. Anxious as he himself, she knew now that the speech would go right on to its considered end. She leaned forward, all ears to catch the words, and all eagerness to read into them, if she could, the something more which was not there.

But she could not; yet it was a night of triumph for Harry Rames, "Breezy Harry Rames." She recalled her own phrase with a disappointed droop of the lips more than once during the next hour. He was going to win. She had no doubt of it. Confidence swept from his audience to him and back again in waves. And he savored the joys of the orator as he never had before. He had the arts of the platform, and more than the arts, a power to bend his audience to sympathy. He knew that night the supreme reward, the hush of a mass of people constraining themselves to silence and even to immobility while a voice, low as a whisper, sounded audibly in every nook. He played with the suspense, prolonging it to the last moment of endurance and then by a sudden swoop to a sharp, clever phrase, drawing the audience to its feet and coining the silence in a stormy tumult of applause.

He had the gift of speech; Cynthia gladly conceded it. An aptness of homely words, an absence of all extravagance, and a voice resonant and pleasant as a clear-toned bell impressed her more than she had expected to be impressed. A day's rest had restored his voice for the time, even though Mr. Poizat's Lungatine had not contributed to the restoration.

She was surprised too by a certain shrewdness in the matter of the speech. It was not so much of the platform as his manner. There was very little reference to the navy. "I don't mean to be considered a 'service member,'" he had said to her once. "No one pays attention to the service member in the House of Commons." But here and there came views which struck her as new and worth consideration.

"If you could teach the wives of the artisans to cook and to take an interest in cooking, you would have done a great deal more

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to solve the question of intemperance in this country than if you closed half the public-houses," he cried once and developed his theme with humor and some courage. He drew a picture of the wife putting her husband's supper on the fire, ready against the time when he should come home from his factory, and then running out into the street to talk to a neighbor and leaving the meat to grill to the toughness and dryness of leather.

"The man comes home, sits down to it, and rises from it unsatisfied. What does he do? He goes out and strolls round to the public-house. Put a good meal, well-cooked, inside of him, and he'll not be so disposed to move. He'll be inclined to smoke his pipe by the fire in his kitchen."

He passed on to other topics. The whole speech was clever and was uttered on a lift of enthusiasm. But again Cynthia argued, it was the enthusiasm for the arena, not for a cause. It was ambition without ideals, power without high motive.

Diana Royle inclined toward her.

"Aren't you satisfied now?" she asked.

"Oh, he will get on," said Cynthia; and then she suddenly sat upright in her chair, with her lips parted, and the blood bright in her cheeks.

"But after all," Rames was saying; his voice was beginning to grow hoarse and he raised his hand in an appeal for silence, "here are we discussing the work to be done, and leaving out in our discussion the great necessity. I don't know what you think, but to my notion there is no greatness in any work unless it has a dream at the heart of it. The world's work is done by the great dreamers. Well, here is my last word before the poll, perhaps the last word I shall speak in this constituency."

He was interrupted as he had meant to be by loud repudiations of such a possibility.

"No, no!"

"You're a member already."

"We'll put you in."

Such phrases broke in upon the words and then a cheery voice, louder than the rest, shouted from the back of the hall:

"Never fear! You're well patronized in Ludsey, Captain."

A burst of laughter followed upon the words, and a flush of annoyance darkened Rames's face.

"I will remind my friend that I am not a public entertainer," he said. "And it's really against the spirit represented in that sentence that I wish to direct my first words. I have my dream too—a dream. I speak openly to you—at my very heart. Let me tell it you. It involves a confession. When I first came to Ludsey six months ago, when for the first time I saw from the windows of my railway carriage across the summer fields the tall chimneys and high, long roofs of its factories, the delicate steeples of its churches, it was to me just a town like another. I will be frank, it was just a polling booth. But as I got to know your city that error passed out of my thoughts."

Cynthia leaned forward. He had used her own words. She could not but be flattered by his use of them. They had been acclaimed too by this great gathering, and she was proud of that. Not for anything would she have had their authorship revealed, but she was proud to hear them used, proud too because they seemed to have led, if she dared believe her ears, Harry Rames out of his detested breeziness into a contemplation of something other than the personal gain. She could hardly doubt him now; he spoke with so simple a sincerity. She had a sudden glimpse once more of her enchanted garden wherein she had walked with and helped the great ones of the earth. To help, herself unknown except by those she helped!—that had been the dream when she had encouraged dreams; and it sprang once more into life now as she listened.

"It is a city," Rames continued, "where a few steps will take you out of the thronged streets into some old garden, quiet with the peace of ancient memories; some old close of plaster and black beams; some old room with windows deep-set in four-foot walls and wide hearths of centuries ago. And round about these old places stands a ring of factories where in good times the lights blaze until the morning and the whir of its machines never ceases from your ears. It is a city whose continuous life is written for all to see upon its buildings. Here kings and queens have tarried on their journeys; there chambers of commerce hold their meetings. From small and ancient beginnings it has been made by the activity of generations of men into a modern industrial city. Well, I have my dream. It is to be one little link in the continuity of its life and to do my share of service in the forwarding of its prosperity."

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A shout answered his words. He had his audience in hand. He stilled it with a swift gesture and his voice rang out with a laugh which had all the exultation of battle.

"Well, we shall know to-morrow night. We are in the ice-pack now, but we are coming to the outer rim of it. We can see the blue water already. We shall be sailing smoothly upon it this time to-morrow night."

He had been chary of references to the voyage which had made his reputation; all the more, therefore, this one struck home. He sat down tempestuously acclaimed and turning in his chair held out his hand to Cynthia Daventry.

"I am glad that you came," he said. "I have achieved two triumphs to-night. I have brought you and Mr. Benoliel to your first political meeting and both of you are on my platform."

He shook hands with Israel Benoliel and with Diana Royle. Cynthia leaned a little forward.

" I, too, am glad that I came," she returned with a smile. Because of those last words of his, friendship was warm in her toward Harry Rames. She added, "You knew then that I was here—just behind you?"

Rames nodded.

"Yes, but I was too nervous to turn to you before I had made my speech. The flesh wears a little thin after three weeks of this. One gets jumpy. Even the tattered corner of blind hanging down there from the skylight seemed to-night charged with some important message." He spoke, ridiculing the fancy, and Cynthia with a smile and a quick lift of her eyebrows cried:

"I noticed that too."

"Then for the first time," said Rames, "we have something in common. You and I are probably the only people in the hall who noticed it. We have a bond of union."

"A strip of tattered blind!" said Cynthia.

"Well, there was nothing at all before," said Captain Rames, and he suddenly turned back to his seat. For the tall, gaunt man was on his legs.

Cynthia neither heard his name nor followed his speech with any particular attention. It was indeed difficult to follow. He was an old hack of the platform with all the sounding phrases at the tip of his tongue. Rolling sentences, of the copy-book, flowed out of him; declamations too vague to be understood were delivered with the vigor of a prophet. But he interspersed them with the familiar clichés of the day and each one received its salvo of applause. To Cynthia he was a man not so much stupid, as out of place. She could imagine him at the head of a cavalry squadron. Here he seemed simply grotesque.

On the other hand, Captain Rames did not; and the contrast between the two men bent her to consider whether, after all, she had not been wrong in her condemnation of his new career. She was in the mood to admit it; and when the meeting broke up and the crowd was pouring through the doors into the street, and those upon the platform were descending its steps, she found herself alone for a second on the rostrum with Harry Rames.

"Perhaps I was wrong," she said. "I remember what you told me of Mr. Smale. A vivid gift of phrase—he thought that necessary. You have it."

"On the platform—yes. But the platform's not the House," said Rames. "Smale told me that too. I have yet to see whether I shall carry the House."

"Yet those last words," said Cynthia—"about the city and the continuity of its life and your pride to have a little share in it. Oh, that was finely done."

And upon Rames's face there came a grin.

"Yes, I thought that would fetch 'em," he said.

Cynthia stepped back. Once again it occurred to Rames as it had done on the night of their first meeting at the Admiralty, that just so would she look if he struck her a blow.

"Then—then—the city is still a polling-booth," she stammered.

"Yes," said Rames.

The hero newly perched upon his statue tumbled off again.

"You used what I said to you because you just thought it would go down."

Rames did not deny it. He remained silent.

"I remember," she continued, "it was no doubt a foolish thing I said. But even when I said it, you were thinking this is the sort of thing that will take."

That she was humiliated, her voice and her face clearly proved. Yet again

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Rames did not contradict her. Again he was silent. For there was nothing to be said.

"You do not allow me many illusions about you," Cynthia said gently, and she began to turn away.

But now he arrested her.

"I don't mean to," he said quickly; and by the reply he undid some portion of the harm he had done himself in her eyes.

XIV

COLONEL CHALLONER'S MEMORY

It had been arranged that Mr. Benoliel's small party should take supper with Harry Rames at his hotel. As they stood waiting at the foot of the platform the agent came to them from the outer doors.

"The way's clear now," he said. "I think that you can go."

They passed through the empty hall, Cynthia first at Harry Rames's side, and in that order they came out upon the steps. A fine rain was falling, but the crowd had not dispersed. The great light over the door showed the climbing street thronged. Coat collars were turned up, hats were pressed down; and so as Rames and Cynthia came out they saw in the glare beneath the rain just a mass of swaying, jostling black things, round black things moving indecisively this way and that like some close-packed herd of blind animals. Just for a moment the illusion lasted. Then Rames was seen and of a sudden the heads were thrown back, the hats shaken high, and all those black round things became the white faces of living men, their eyes shining in the light, their voices shouting in acclamation.

Captain Rames took a step back.

"Did you see?" he cried to Cynthia.

"Yes. They are not animals to draw your chariot," she replied. "They are men."

"Yes, men—men to govern," he answered. His was the spirit of the old Whig families. Though he was not of them, he meant to force his way among them. To govern the people, not to admit it to government, to go far in appeasing it, but not to give it the reins, that was his instinct. He wished to retain the old governing class, but he meant to be one of it. His ambitions soared to-night, and reached out beyond this hilly, narrow street. He led these men now who stood acclaiming him in the rain. His thoughts shot forward to other days when every town in England might at his coming pour out its masses to endorse his words.

He waved his hand toward his companions and the crowd made a lane for them across the street to the hotel. Rames himself was carried shoulder-high, and set down within the doors. He led the way up the stairs to a big room upon the first floor overlooking the street, where supper was laid. A great shout went up from the street as they entered the room.

"They want you," said Mrs. Royle.

"No," replied Rames. He opened a door into a smaller room in which no lights were lit and pulled up the blinds. Across the street under a great clock was a newspaper office and in the windows the election returns of the night were being displayed. All along the line victories were gained for Rames's party. Arthur Pynes, a young manufacturer, and the chairman of the association, to whose energy the organization was due; an ex-Mayor, a Mr. Charlesworth, and one or two hard fighters of the old school joined the group in the dark room. One of them, a rosy-faced contractor with a high laugh, who had presided over the association in its darker days, leaned against the window by Cynthia Daventry.

"He'll have to appear on this balcony to-morrow night, as soon as he can after the result's declared," he said. "You see, the windows are all boarded up on the ground-floors opposite."

"He'll speak from here?" asked Cynthia.

"He'll speak, but they won't listen," replied Mr. Arnall. "I remember Sir William Harris, the last time he was elected before he was made a judge—" and he ran off into stories of the old days until the windows of the newspaper office were darkened and the crowd at last dispersed.

"Let us go in to supper," said Rames, and they all passed into the next room. "Will you sit here, Mrs. Royle, and you here, Miss Daventry?" He placed Diana Royle upon his right hand and Cynthia upon his left. "Pynes, will you take the chair next to Mrs. Royle, and Colonel," he addressed the tall, gaunt man whose flowing platitudes

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had left nothing in Cynthia's mind but a recollection of sonority, a booming as of waves in a hollow cave, "will you sit next to Miss Daventry?"

The colonel bowed and prepared to take his seat. But he was a punctilious old gentleman and stood upon the ceremonies.

"You have not introduced me, Rames," he said.

"I beg your pardon. Miss Daventry this is Colonel Challoner. He has made his own seat a safe one—a county division which polls a week later than we do and he lives in it. So when I applied at head-quarters for help at our last meeting Colonel Challoner was kind enough to volunteer."

Cynthia shot a startled glance at her neighbor. Her own name was Challoner too; and all that was terrible in her recollections was linked with it. Of course, it did not follow that this Challoner was any relation of hers. There must be many families of that name. Nevertheless the sudden sound of it caused her a shock. The blood rushed into her face. She made a movement. Almost she shrank away. Challoner, however, was taking his seat. He noticed the quick movement; he did not appreciate the instinct of fear which had caused it.

"Ah, it is true then, Miss Daventry," he said. "We have already met. You remember it too."

Cynthia was startled.

"No, Colonel Challoner," she replied quickly. "I don't think that we have. Indeed I am sure we have not. I should surely have remembered if we had."

"That is a pretty thing for a young lady to say to an old man," the colonel answered with a smile. "But my memory is a good one. I never forget a face."

He had the particular pride of all men with good memories and ambition had intensified it into an obstinacy. For he had his ambition, and successive disappointments had only strengthened its hold upon his heart. He aimed to be Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He had been military attaché at so many Embassies the post, to his thinking, was marked out for him. At each new promotion to the Cabinet, at each general election, he was sure that he could no longer be overlooked. He ran from platform to platform to increase his claim upon the office should his party be returned. A telegram from the chief whip had brought him to Ludsey, would send him to-morrow into Yorkshire. Now, surely, his turn must come! He had one persistent fear, lest he should be thought too old. And he clung with an almost piteous reiteration to the accuracy of his recollections as a vindication of the alertness of his powers.

"When I saw you upon the platform I was quite sure that it was not for the first time, Miss Daventry," he insisted.

"During the season, perhaps," Cynthia replied. "At some reception or ball. Did you hear that Colonel Challoner?" and she turned quickly toward Mr. Arnall who was telling an old story of the days and the hustings when broken heads were common about the doors of the polling-booths.

Cynthia laughed eagerly with the rest in her anxiety to keep Colonel Challoner from plying her with questions. She was ready with her answers, but greatly she feared, lest by probing into his memories he should understand of a sudden where he had seen her before. And for a time she was successful. The confidence which had run from man to man in the great Corn Exchange an hour before was present at this supper-table and kindled them all to cheeriness. The ex-Mayor said with a pleasant drawl, which was his habit:

"Do you remember Taylor the Democrat, Arnall? He fought two elections here within three months and then went bankrupt. He was an adventurer and the most eloquent man I ever heard. But he was a caution."

"Yes," cried Mr. Arnall, with a clicking laugh at the back of his throat. "Do you remember his meeting down by the club. 'Gag that calf!'" and Mr. Arnall spluttered with delight.

"That's it," said the ex-Mayor. "You must know that Taylor stood as a Democrat, Captain Rames. That's where the fun comes in. He wore a blue swallow-tail coat with brass buttons and his hair down to his shoulders. 'Your father was a miller,' one fellow shouted from the crowd. 'Gag that calf' cried Taylor and he held up his arms in the air. 'Look at these fair hands. No work has ever sullied them.' That did him all right."

A quiet, elderly man leaned over the table.

"Did you notice the flag upon the chairman's table, Captain Rames?" he asked.

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"It was woven out of Ludsey silk fifty years ago. It's the true Ludsey blue. My father wove it for Sir William Harris's first election, and the other fellows swore they would have it on the polling-day. But we carried it about the streets from morning to evening, with twelve big fellows to protect it. It was nearly down once, I remember. I was a lad at the time—at the corner of Stapley's Lane. But we saved it and it was your table-cloth to-night Captain Rames. It brought us victory then. It will again to-morrow."

The stories were continued. They were often not very pointed; often enough the humor was far to seek; but they were alive. They were told with infinite enjoyment, and the smallest details were remembered over decades. Cynthia began now to listen to them for their own sake; she was learning with surprise the value of politics to the lives of men in a busy city of the provinces. But the colonel at her elbow was not longer to be diverted.

"I think it must have been in Dorsetshire that we met," he said. "I live near to Wareham."

Cynthia looked at him quite steadily.

"I have never been in Dorsetshire in my life, Colonel Challoner."

"Yet I associate you with that county," he persisted. "Now, why should I do that, Miss Daventry? You have not been to my house, I know. For since my wife died and my son went away, I have not had so many young people to stay with me as I should have liked."

From the moment when Colonel Challoner had claimed her recognition, Cynthia had not doubted that she was sitting next to a relation. And Colonel Challoner's location of his home in Dorsetshire, near to Wareham, had confirmed her belief. She knew quite well how it came about that he had seemed to recognize her, that he associated her with his own parish. She knew because upon one unforgettable night she had crouched in a great chair in a dark room and through the panels of a door had heard her father claim her as his daughter. He too had recognized her as Colonel Challoner now did and just by the same means. For there was a Romney hanging upon the dining-room wall in that house near Wareham which might have been a portrait of herself. But until this moment she had not guessed what degree of relationship bound her to the old man at her side.

Now, however, she knew that too. The hesitation, the gentle wistfulness with which he had spoken of his son struck home at her. She was this man's granddaughter. She was moved by what he had said. A big house empty of young people must be a place of melancholy and hollow as a shell. Yet she would not reveal herself. She had it fixed now as an instinct of her nature that she would never wear the name of Challoner, nor admit a link with any of that name. . . . But she turned toward her grandfather with a greater sympathy.

"You have given up your whole life to politics now?" she asked, and a wave of pity swept through her. It could not be possible that he should win any success in that sphere, and she was young and could hardly conceive of life at all without success.

"Yes. I left the army twenty-five years ago. Sometimes I think that I may have made a mistake," he answered. "But it is too late for me to go back upon a mistake, even were I sure that I had made one. Politics is all I have now. I have no longer any family. And I have politics in my bones. I do not know what I should do if I lost my seat. I should probably die." He spoke with absolute simplicity, absolute sincerity: Cynthia was greatly moved. An old futile man without wife or family in a big, empty house, feeding himself from day to day with the disappointments of a hopeless ambition—it made for her a dismal picture. She contrasted it with the other one before her eyes—Harry Rames at the head of the table, confident, comfortable, young as politicians go, with the world a smooth sea for his conquering sails; and once again an unaccountable resentment against Harry Rames flared up within her. Almost she wished that for once he might fail. Almost she revealed herself then to Colonel Challoner. But she did not. She had painfully learned a great gift—silence.

She knew very well with what relief she would wake on the morrow to the recollection that she was still Cynthia Daventry and not Cynthia Challoner.

"I expect that what I say will sound extravagant to you, Miss Daventry," Colonel Challoner continued. "You at your age could hardly understand it."

The spell which was upon Cynthia was broken. She looked thoughtfully about the table.

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"I should not have understood it an hour ago. I was inclined to think it really didn't matter very much in the long run who was in and who was out, that the things which wanted doing and which legislation could do, would get themselves done sooner or later by one side or the other and perhaps by both; and that for the rest the nation went on its own way, leaving the talk and the honors to the politicians because it had no time for either and doing the work itself."

Colonel Challoner laughed.

"That's a definite point of view, at all events."

"I expect that I was drawing my ideas from another—" she was about to say "country," but checked herself lest she should be asked what country and so put Colonel Challoner on the track of her relationship to him. She went on hastily: "But since I have been sitting here, I have learned how much of color politics can bring into the lives of men."

And Colonel Challoner looked at her and cried:

"That's it, Miss Daventry. Color! That's the great need. That's why the quack religions flourish in the back streets. We all need it—all except the man there at the head of the table," and Colonel Challoner looked a trifle enviously at Harry Rames. "He has it and to spare."

The door opened by a few inches at this moment and a wrinkled pippin of a head was pushed in. A pair of little bright eyes surveyed the company and then the door was thrust wide open and M. Poizat stepped lightly in.

Harry Rames rose and shook hands with the little Frenchman. Colonel Challoner stroked his white moustache.

"You were present to-night?" said Rames. "What a difference, eh?"

"Yes, I was proud," M. Poizat returned. "But always I waited for some little word —some little word which did not come."

"One always forgets an important point and generally the most important. It is the experience of all speakers," said Rames. He turned to the table. "I must introduce to you M. Poizat, and if ever your voices are hoarse in Ludsey, please ask for Lungatine."

Rames drew a chair to the table, pressed M. Poizat into it, and filled for him a glass of champagne. The little man was delighted. He drank Captain Rames's health, he bowed to the company; and his hand was arrested in mid-air, holding the wine-glass by its stem. Colonel Challoner was gazing fixedly across the table at him. A look of trouble took all the merriment out of M. Poizat's face.

"I have seen you before, M. Poizat," said Colonel Challoner.

Cynthia began to think that the colonel had a mania for recognizing people.

"I am M. Poizat, an Englishman," the little confectioner answered hurriedly.

"Naturalized," said the colonel.

"It is true," said M. Poizat reluctantly.

"If you had only said that last night," thought Harry Rames. "You would have got your advertisement, my friend."

But he said not a word aloud, and M. Poizat continued:

"But it was a long time ago. And all the years since I have spent in Ludsey."

Colonel Challoner shook his head.

"It was not in Ludsey that I saw you. For I was never here in my life before."

M. Poizat shrugged his shoulders.

"We have sat opposite to one another in a train perhaps. We have run against one another in the traffic of a London street."

"No, it was on some occasion more important. I do not forget a face."

"Nor I," said M. Poizat. "And I have never seen yours, sir, until this moment"; and though he spoke with spirit his uneasiness was apparent to every one at that table.

Colonel Challoner sat back in his chair and let the subject drop. But he was not satisfied. He was even annoyed at his failure to identify the Frenchman, and he sat relentlessly revolving in his mind the changing scenes of his life. Meanwhile the talk drifted back to by-gone elections and this or that great night when some famous statesman was brought into the town and never allowed to speak one audible word. Mr. Arnall mentioned one whose name resounded through England.

"Next night in Warrington he said that he had been struggling with the beasts at Ephesus," said Mr. Arnall with a chirrup of delight. The old Adam was strong in him at this moment and his own solemn exhortations to hear all sides clean forgotten. Suddenly Colonel Challoner broke in upon him. He leaned across the table and with

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a smile of triumph stared between the candles at M. Poizat.

"It was in a corridor," he said, "a vast bare corridor—somewhere—a long time ago. You were coming out of a room—wait! —wait!—No, I cannot name the place," and he sank back again disappointed.

But M. Poizat's face wore now a sickly pallor.

"In no corridor—nowhere," he stammered and his eyes urgent with appeal turned toward Harry Rames.

Harry Rames did his first service for an elector of Ludsey. He glanced toward Mr. Benoliel, who rose.

"It is getting late," said Benoliel, "and Rames has a busy day in front of him."

"I will order your motor-car round to the door," said Rames. He rang the bell and the rest of the company left the table. Diana Royle and Cynthia sought their cloaks in the adjoining sitting-room. Harry Rames took M. Poizat by the arm and led him to the door.

"I am very grateful to you," he said, "Good-night." And even as M. Poizat's foot was over the threshold the voice of Colonel Challoner brought him to a halt:

"One moment. I remember now. You come from Alsace, M. Poizat."

"I come from Provence," cried the little man, facing about swiftly with a passionate, white face.

Harry Rames had begun to think Colonel Challoner rather a bore with his incomplete reminiscences. That thought passed from him altogether. He had but to look at the two men to know that some queer and unexpected moment of drama had sprung from their chance meeting at this hotel at Ludsey. They stood facing one another, the little Frenchman in the doorway with fear and rage contending in his face, his mouth twisted into a snarl, his lips drawn back from his gums like an animal, his teeth gleaming; the colonel erect above the table with the candle-light shining upward upon a triumphant and menacing face.

"You were in Metz in '71," cried Challoner. "So was I. I was a lad at the time. I was aide to our attaché. That's where I saw you, M. Poizat—in the long corridor of the Arsenal. Yes, you were in Metz in '71."

And behind M. Poizat appeared the waiter announcing that Mr. Benoliel's motor-car was at the door.

XV

THE MAYOR AND THE MAN

St. Anne's Hall stands tucked away in a narrow street of Ludsey by the spacious square; and from its ancient windows you look out between the lozenges of stained glass upon the great church of St. Anne with its soaring spire and its wide graveyard. Into this hall the ballot-boxes were brought from the polling-booths on the next evening, and at long tables in the Council Chamber the voting papers were sorted and counted. Harry Rames walked from table to table. He seemed to see nothing but crosses against his opponent's name. He did not dare to put a question to any of the scrutineers standing behind the sorters. The very swiftness with which the votes were counted impressed him with a sense of disaster. For the first time he began to ask himself how he was to shape his life if to-night he were defeated. Thus an hour passed and then the chief constable drew him aside to a bench under the musician's gallery at one end of the room.

"I've been watching the tables, Captain Rames," he said, "and I think you are going to be elected."

"You do," said Rames eagerly.

"Yes, and I shall be very glad if you are."

"Thank you," exclaimed Rames. He could have wrung off the chief constable's hand in the fervor of his gratitude.

"Oh, I am not speaking as a politician," the chief constable returned with a smile. "I have the order of my city to look after. That's all I am thinking about. If you weren't by any chance to get in, I am afraid there would be trouble to-night in Ludsey. And I want you if you are returned to get back to your hotel at once. It's important from my point of view that you should show up on your balcony as soon as possible after the result is declared."

"I see," said Rames.

"I will take you out by the back way through the police station," the chief constable continued, "and there's a lane opposite which will lead you straight to your back door. You had better run, I think.

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For your own friends would tear you to pieces to-night without noticing they were doing you any harm."

The chief constable suddenly changed his tone. One of the scrutineers on the side of Rames's opponent had drawn close to them. The chief constable had no intention to allow a suspicion that he favored one side more than the other. He raised his voice.

"You have noticed our tapestry, perhaps. It is quite invaluable, I believe. We lent it two years ago to the South Kensington Museum. There was an American millionaire here the other day who wished to buy it."

Rames looked across the room.

"Isn't there some portion of it missing?" he asked.

"Yes. That disappeared in the Commonwealth times. Let us go and look at it."

Rames walked at the chief constable's side up the floor of the room toward the dais where Mr. Redling the Mayor, with his chain of office about his shoulders, sat in his big chair in the centre of the long council table. His mace lay upon the table in front of him, and he surveyed the busy scene over which he presided with an imperturbable gravity. But Mr. Redling was a genial soul with a twinkling eye and a red, round face like a crumpled cherub's; and as Harry Rames advanced toward the dais, Mr. Redling beckoned to him with a discreet twist of the finger of a hand lying idle upon the table.

Harry Rames took a seat beside the Mayor at the long table and again words of comfort were poured into his ears in a gentle undertone.

"I think you are going to do it," said Mr. Redling, repeating almost word for word the utterance of his chief constable. "Of course, I couldn't take any part. But you know what I should have been doing if I hadn't been Mayor, don't you? But I have asked quietly here and there about your chances and I fancy it's all right."

He winked, and his face broke into triumphant smiles. He was a man. Then he remembered again that he was a Mayor, and he sat a pillar of municipal propriety.

"It's good of you to say that," cried Harry Rames in a low voice. "I needed to hear it, I can tell you."

Mr. Redling looked at his face. The three weeks had taken a heavy toll of him. He had thinned and sharpened; his eyes were heavy and very tired; for the moment his buoyancy had gone.

"Yes," said Mr. Redling. "An election takes a good deal out of one. And these two hours are the worst of it when the fight's all over and there's nothing to do but wait. Gives you a kind of glimpse into what women have to put up with all their lives, eh?"

Harry Rames glanced at the Mayor with interest.

"Why, I suppose that's true."

Mr. Redling nodded his head.

"Yes. It teaches you that sitting with your hands in your lap isn't the same as sitting soft, after all."

Harry Rames felt comfort steal in upon him from the neighborhood of the little Mayor. Mr. Redling was that rare bird, a strong politician without a fad, and, therefore, a veritable haven of refuge to a candidate in the cudgelling of an election. On the few afternoons when Harry Rames had been able to snatch a half hour of leisure he had been wont to run round to the Mayor's house and spend a restful interval with one of the Mayor's cigars. Mr. Redling laid his Mayoralty aside with the silk hat he invariably wore and when he took off his chain of office he usually took off his coat too. He had had his ups and downs, and as he discoursed upon his city in his shirt-sleeves, Harry Rames never failed to draw comfort from his talk, so strong a spirit of human friendship breathed from him.

"They like you here," continued Mr. Redling, "both sides. Take us for all in all we are not violent people. Give us the right sort of man, and we'll be sure he won't do us harm, whatever his politics," and then as Mr. Benoliel, who was acting as one of Rames's scrutineers, came to him with a doubtful voting paper, he switched off to another topic; and it happened quite naturally that he chose the very same subject as the chief constable had done.

"Have you noticed our tapestry?" he asked. "We are proud of it. An American gentleman, a Mr. Cronin, came over here last week with Mr. Benoliel to see it. And after he had seen it, he wanted to buy it."

"Oh, did he?" said Benoliel as he handed the voting paper to the Mayor. "But I might have guessed that he would.

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I brought him over when we met outside—came on with us and Mrs. Royle. Mrs. Royle seemed as interested in it as Cronin himself."

While Mr. Redling examined the voting paper, Harry Rames cast an eye over the tapestry. The æsthetic qualities formed a quite insignificant element in his nature. Of art he thought nothing at all. It connoted in his mind long hair and an absence of baths—such was his ignorance. The only picture-gallery into which he had ever entered was the Royal Academy; and the only occasion upon which he had ventured over that threshold was the Academy dinner to which he had been invited after his return from his Antarctic expedition. He had a primitive appreciation of scarlet as a color and he recognized that women upon canvas could look beautiful. There for him art ended. So he gazed at the tapestry with a lack-lustre eye. There was no vividness of color, and the human forms worked upon it had an angularity and a thickness of joint which pleased him not at all.

"I suppose it's very beautiful," he said.

"It's unique," replied Mr. Benoliel, "that's why Cronin wanted it. Let a thing be unique, he'll not trouble his head so much about its beauty, and I am told he will ask no questions how it comes to be offered to him."

"Well, he offered us a hundred thousand pounds," Mr. Redling remarked with half a sigh. Ludsey was growing at a pace which made it difficult for the borough council to keep up with it. Mr. Redling thought of baths and schools and houses. "A hundred thousand pounds—a good deal of money for a municipality to refuse. But of course, we did. We couldn't let that tapestry go." He returned to the voting paper and gave his decision upon it. Harry Rames drifted down again into the body of the hall. He troubled no more about the priceless tapestry swinging under the high carved roof in this ancient place. He was a man of his own day, absorbed in its doings, and wondering always in a great labor of thought how he might make his name familiar in all men's mouths before nightfall swept him into the darkness. His anxieties were now diminished, his heart beat high. For here were two men, both experienced in elections and both convinced that he would surely win. So the first small victory, it seemed, was won. He crossed to the row of windows and looked down through a lozenge of white in the painted pattern into the street below. And having once looked he could not again withdraw his eyes.

It was a night of January, dreary and loud with a roar of falling rain. A light wind carried the rain at a slant so that it shot down past the street lamps like slender javelins of steel. And exposed to that pitiless assault a silent crowd of men stood packed together in the narrow street between St. Anne's Hall and the railings of the church. A few, a very few, carried umbrellas over their heads, the rest stood with their coat collars turned up about their throats and their hands deep in their pockets. No one moved, for there was no room to move; and all the faces were uplifted under the brims of their soaking hats to the great window beyond the hall whence the result would be declared. The patience of the throng, its acquiescence in discomfort, as though discomfort were the ordinary condition of its life, suddenly caught hold of Harry Rames. He took a step, nay, a stride, forward. Last night when he had come out of the Exchange and the herd of animals had been transfigured into the uplifted faces of men, his thought had been:

"This is for me."

But now his thoughts changed. The men of Ludsey did not wait in vain that night. For Harry Rames the glamor faded off the arena. At the very moment when the bars were being withdrawn for him to enter it the exultation of battle died out of his heart. He woke to something new—the claim of the constituency. The longer he looked, the stronger the claim grew, the more loudly the silence of that throng proclaimed and shouted it. They stood under the javelins of the rain, the men who had voted for him. They emphasized their claim by their extraordinary quietude. Almost they menaced.

"A queer sight," said a voice at his elbow.

Harry Rames turned. It was Mr. Arnall who had interrupted him.

"I shall not easily forget it," he said, drawing a breath, and then with an irritable outburst, he cried: "They look to Parliaments for more than Parliaments can do, to candidates for more than members can

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achieve. Each election is to open paradise for them."

"And whose fault is that?" asked Mr. Arnall dryly.

Rames nodded.

"Ours, I suppose," he said; and behind him in the room there was a bustle and a grating of chairs upon the floor. The votes had been sorted. The candidates and their friends gathered about the long table on the raised dais.

"They are taking yours first," said Mr. Arnall to Harry. "That's a good sign."

The papers cast for Harry Rames were brought to the table in sets of fifty. They were placed crosswise, one set on the top of the first, and the third on the second, until five hundred had been counted. Against that pile of five hundred votes a second rose. Gradually the orderly heaps of paper extended along the table's edge in front of the Mayor. There were half a dozen now. Rames's agent stood by them like a bulldog on the chain. The half-dozen became ten, eleven, twelve. And as the twelfth heap was completed, a quick movement ran among all of Rames's friends. He had polled now half the electorate of the city. One more set of papers and he was in.

It was laid next to the others at that moment, and Rames's hands were silently grasped and shaken. But the heaping up of the votes went on. There were three more piles to be added before the end was reached. Eighty-four per cent of the electorate had recorded their votes. Harry Rames had won by a majority well on to two thousand. He stood there in a buzz of congratulations, with a sudden vacancy of mind and thought. He remembered the extraordinary agility with which Mr. Redling whipped out of the room, trying to say unconcernedly:

"I'll just announce the result at once."

He heard the storm of cheers in the street below. That patient silence was broken now in a hurricane of enthusiasm and even through it he could distinguish the words of the exultant cry:

"Rames is our man!"

He saw the Mayor return, much out of breath. He proposed the vote of thanks to the returning officers, with the usual eulogy of his opponents and depreciation of himself. But even at that moment the claim of the constituency would importunately obtrude and find acknowledgment in his words.

"You look to me very likely for more than I can do," he said simply. "At all events you shall have what I can."

But the most memorable achievement that night was the reply of Mr. Redling.

As he rose to his feet to acknowledge the vote of thanks, the man ran forward and got a fair start of the Mayor. He cried out, all one bubble of delight:

"I need hardly say, gentlemen, how utterly I rejoice at—" and then the Mayor put on a spurt and caught up the man—"at the admirable manner in which this contest has been conducted by both sides."

But the correction deceived no one. Mr. Redling's politics were known and so in a general splutter of good-humored laughter, the Ludsey election came to an end.

The Mayor turned from the table wiping his forehead.

"I nearly made a bad break there," he said in a whisper. "They won't come at you again, I think. I reckon you have got Ludsey, Captain Rames," and then Rames felt the hand of the chief constable laid upon his arm. He was rushed across the Mayor's parlor, down the stairs through the police station, where the police at their supper rose and gave him a loud cheer.

"Silence!" cried the chief constable savagely. He opened the street door and peeped out.

"All's clear. Run—down that alley opposite. Say something from your balcony, never mind what—they won't hear more than two words."

"That's just all that I want them to hear," cried Rames.

He had foreseen that moment. He ran with one or two of his friends to the back door of his hotel. A path was made for him through the crowded hall. He came out upon the balcony, and up and down the hill as far as his eyes could see the street was thronged. He stretched out his hand. He had a second of absolute silence, and in that second his voice rang out:

"My constituents ——"

The roar which answered him showed him that once more his foresight had served him well. No other word of his was heard. But any other words would have spoiled the two which he had uttered.

(To be continued.)

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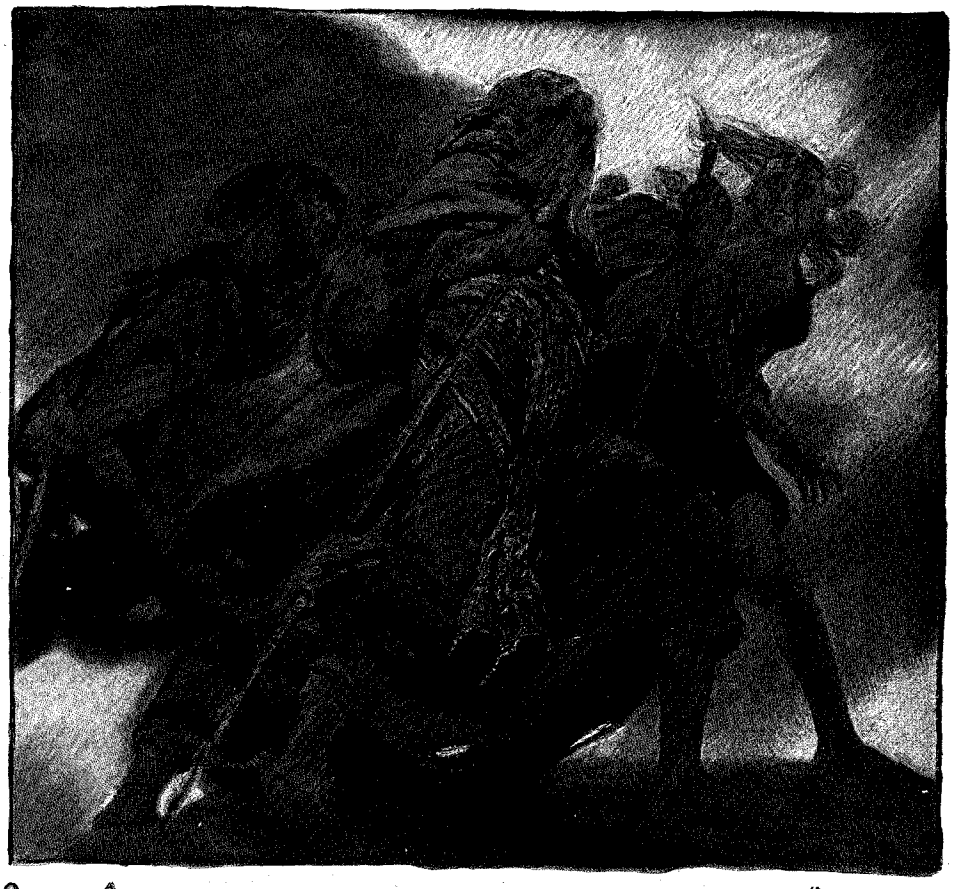

THE PASSING OF THE KINGS

BY THOMAS WALSH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY MCCARTER

THREE vagrants toil along the wintry way
As night is falling fast;
"And who are ye, O strangers gaunt and gray,
With eyes to heaven upcast?"
"Three Eastern Kings they called us, brother; pray
Didst see the Star go past?"
"The Star?—and look ye for a star to-night
Through all these blinding snows?

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Come take ye shelter here—no more that Light
The sky of Bethlehem knows;
But see, where out against the roadway white
Some wounded footprint shows!"
"Nay, we must on!—'Twas in the ancient time
Yet once we saw that Star,
And left such thrones as minions call sublime
To trace its gleam afar;
Wouldst see a monarch boast of rags and grime?—
Behold me—Balthasar!
Yea, these are mortal eyes, yet they have gazed
Upon the Manger's state!
But homeward hastening from that glory dazed
I cried, 'Throw wide the gate.'
Alas, to hear within the wassail raised
Where on the high throne sate
My first-born with the gold and vine-leaves crowned.
'King Balthasar alive?"—
He paled—'Some madman mocks us!—Hold him bound,
And ere the dawn arrive
From out the kingdom cast!'—That night profound
I, still a king, survive!"
"I too"—the second ancient in a voice
As drear and wintry cries—
"I, Gaspar from a Magian throne made choice
Of guidance from the skies!
On my return they bade the hills rejoice
With flame and sacrifice;
But when I strove to speak the mystic lore
The Starlight had enshrined,
Its peace surpassing peace, its doom of war,
Its love for all mankind—
They tore me down—proclaimed me evermore
To banishment consigned!"
"But he, was he a king—yon wight that seems
Unsteady as with wine—
His eyes ablaze as one who stalks in dreams
Some dismal street malign?"
"Nay, brother, hold—thy hasty tongue blasphemes
A madness half divine!
For as at dawn from Bethlehem town we stole,
We spied him where he lay,
His crown and sceptre in the gutter hole,
With none his name to say,
Or tell the empery he bore—the goal
His aimless feet would stray.
So doth he trudge to find the Star with us.
Half mocking what we seek,
They throw life's tavern lees to stain him thus—
But see, his eyes bespeak
The Star!—the Star of promise glorious
That calls the blind and weak!

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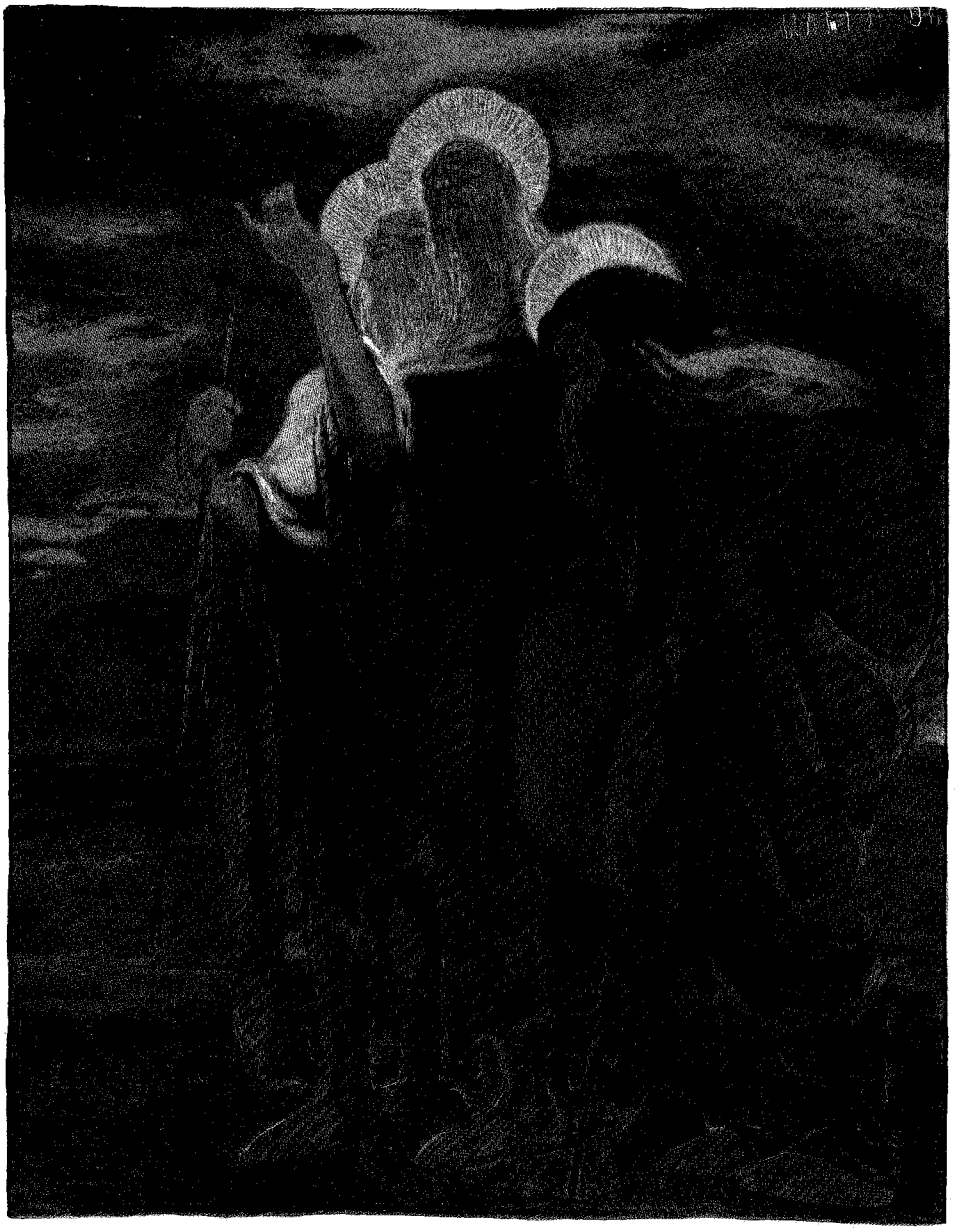

Ye vaults of heaven that sound with prayers and vows,
Keep compact with our soul!—
See, they are clearing—yonder starry boughs
Proclaim our kingly goal.
Yea, see'st thou not already round our brows
The furtive aureole?"

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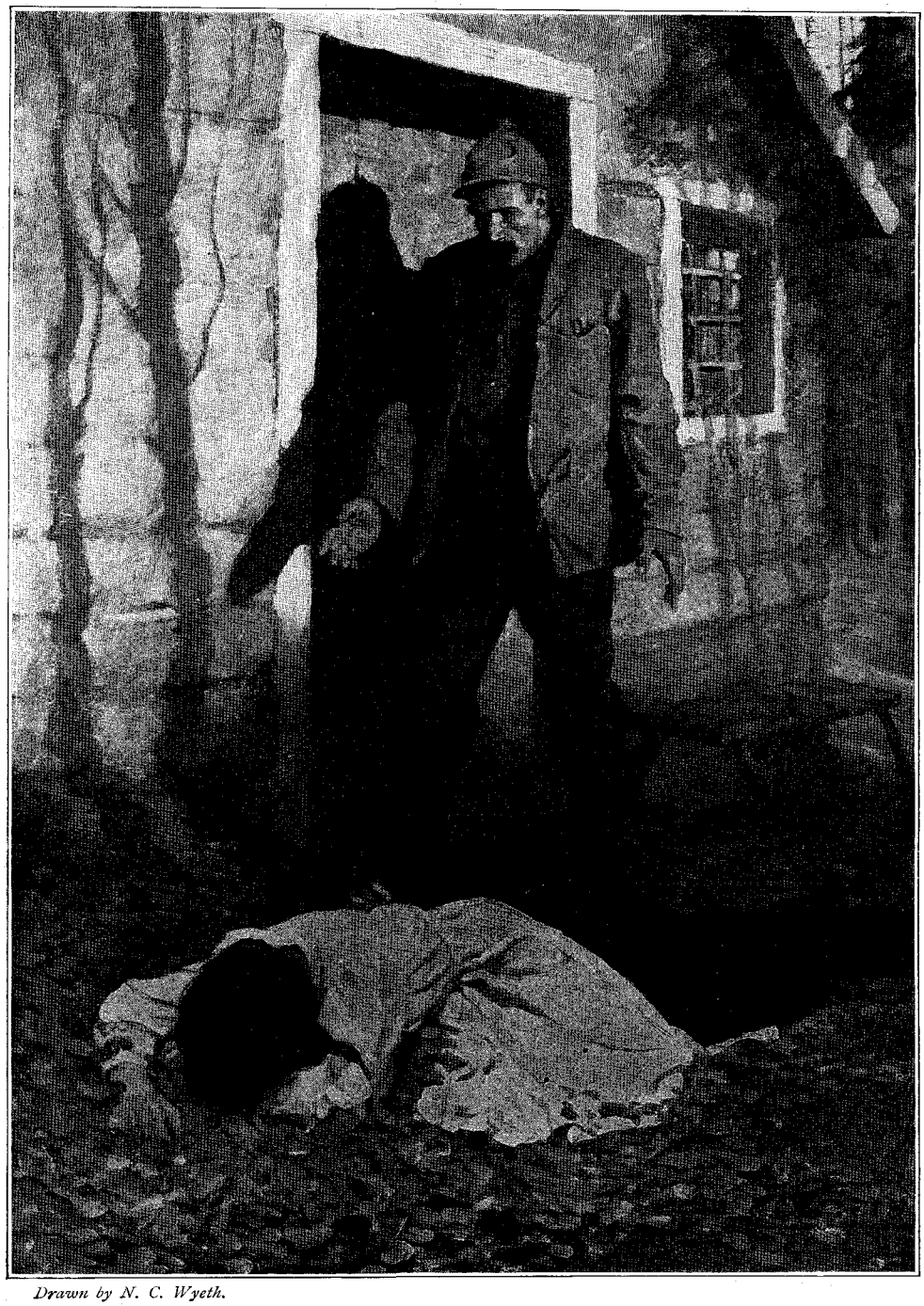

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

The next morning Kenyon found her just outside Ferguson's shack, prone on the fallen leaves.—Page 42.

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SAVING DONALD FERGUSON

A STORY OF THE NORTH COUNTRY

By Mary Synon

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

FOR two years after he came to the Bush from his home town in southern Ontario, Donald Ferguson was friend and comrade to the five good men and true of Residency Number Eight, who held together through the trials and triumphs of building the Transcontinental across the North Country. Then he fell in love with Bella Martin, who aided the Widow in the management of Groundhog's only hotel, and who had transferred her cloak of admiration to his stout shoulders after MacLowrie, instrument man of the Abitibi office, had been transferred to the western branch of the government service.

Kenyon, chief of staff of the residency on the Frederick House River, knowing nothing of Ferguson's newly awakened interest in the mature Bella, sent the boy twice in one summer to the western border of the Right-of-Way, choosing him for the work simply because he chanced to be the only available inspector of road-beds. In the gloom of the Bush, tormented by black flies and a sub-contractor who denied his authority and his estimates, Ferguson brooded over his exile until he decided that if he were no longer welcome in the great council at Eight, who determined the destinies of lesser men along the line of construction, he was at least certain of the welcome of Bella Martin.

He came back from the camp at the Kabinakagami with a well-nursed grievance. The reception that Kenyon and O'Hara and Steve MacDonald, whom he had once served with the fealty of a Scot for a Scot, and Randall and little Jean Feroux gave him, did not appease him, though he should have gauged the genuineness of their pleasure in his return by the sacrifice they made at supper in giving him a whole dried-apple pie. But Ferguson, setting himself outside their gayety, gulped down his supper, rose from the table, grabbed his wide hat from the peg on the door, slid across the narrow porch and started on a dog-trot up the hill to the bridge.

O'Hara, seated where he could watch the fugitive without moving from his own place at the table, lighted a cigarette as he stared through the doorway. "He's taken Jean's speeder," he reported to the four who had ceased to eat in their sheer amazement at Ferguson's sudden departure.

"Who sent him a wireless?" asked Steve MacDonald.

"Has he gone for mail?" asked little Jean Feroux.

"Queer he didn't ask one of us to go with him," grumbled Randall. "Don't you think so, Mac?"

"Do you suppose he's gone to Molly Law's?" demanded Steve. "Come on after him, fellows. We'll overtake him at the Fauquier if we all speed the hand-car."

"What's wrong with Don?" Kenyon's question was to O'Hara.

O'Hara puffed twice at his cigarette. "Bella Martin," he said.

Steve MacDonald's laugh rang out blithely, filling the low dining shack with its volleying bigness. Randall grinned derisively. Jean Feroux shrugged his shoulders. But Kenyon frowned. "You aren't guessing?" he asked.

"I'm adding two and two."

"There's something in that," Randall hazarded. "Bella stopped me twice last week in Groundhog to ask me when Don would be back."

"That proves nothing," Kenyon decided, "but interest on her part."

"Ferguson sent her a message two weeks ago," O'Hara explained. "The big Slav who came down with the typhoid patient from Don's camp brought it."

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"That's serious," Kenyon admitted.

"And if it is?" asked Jean Feroux. "What right have we, any of us, to meddle with Don's personal affairs?"

Dull red blazed under the tan of Kenyon's cheeks. "While I have neither the right nor the desire to meddle with the personal affairs of any man in the service outside of those here," he said deliberately, "I do feel an obligation to consider the welfare of every man in this residency. I'm head of Eight, you know. Do I make myself understood?"

"You do," said Steve MacDonald.

> "Then, oh, beware my country
> When my country grows polite,"

O'Hara quoted.

"I didn't mean that, Ken," Feroux apologized.

"Aren't we making a mountain out of a mole-hill?" Randall's voice was anxious.

"We're not." O'Hara's conviction carried to all of them. He cast his cigarette through the open door, then faced the four. "Before I say more," he continued, "I want you to agree with me that Bella Martin is a good, kindly, honest, hard-working woman."

"I don't like her," said Steve, "but she's all that."

"Right-O!" said Randall. Kenyon and Feroux nodded.

"But Ken is right," he continued, "in thinking that it's something to all of us that she's decided to marry Donald Ferguson."

"You don't think he'll really marry her?" Jean Feroux's genuine surprise brought out O'Hara's rare laugh. "Why not?" he asked. "She's so altogether impossible," was the boy's reason.

"She's so much older," put in Randall.

"She's so entirely out of Don's class," Feroux persisted

"Isn't it strange how class distinctions hold here in the Bush?" O'Hara turned to Kenyon.

"They are most likely to hold here," said the chief. "They're among the few portable luxuries."

"I don't believe he'll marry her," reflected Steve MacDonald. "He's Scotch."

"This talk of caste is all rot," declared Randall, "but I hate to see one of us marry a woman he'd be ashamed of in five years."

"That's the last word for caste," observed O'Hara.

"If only he'd marry Molly Law!" sighed Steve.

"Eh?" exploded Kenyon and Feroux.

"Well, I—" began Randall.

"'Tis a good thought," said O'Hara.

"Or if Bella would marry some other man," said Jean.

"With true Gallic wit ye've found the answer," said O'Hara. "Now, who'll bell the cat?"

"Who'll marry Bella?" Steve shouted. "There's a sub-contractor on the Abitibi job who was crazy about her before she grabbed MacLowrie. Bring him back!"

"That's no way to talk of any woman," said Jean Feroux.

"Let's talk over this matter with Don," was Kenyon's advice.

"Who'll do that?" Three of them raised the query.

"I fancy you'll all agree that it's my duty," Kenyon told them.

"We'll not dispute ye," O'Hara assured him.

Kenyon waited to broach the matter to Donald Ferguson until he had definite evidence that the boy's devotion to the Groundhog Siren was really a serious crisis. Ferguson was sedulously avoiding the residency men. He arranged a work schedule an hour ahead of theirs and before they came in from the grade in the evening he was on his way to Groundhog. Whenever a man from the Frederick House went down to the little junction town he came back with some report of Ferguson's amorous attentions. Steve MacDonald, on his way to Molly Law's one brilliant September night, saw Donald and Bella Martin singing from one hymn-book in the tent the Presbyterian minister called his church. With hearty laughter he pictured the scene to Kenyon and O'Hara. The latter showed the chief his duty and Kenyon waited up to perform it. The performance took place on the office porch after midnight. Kenyon went as directly to the heart of the problem as he would have swung an axe in blazing a trail. Ferguson listened composedly while the chief sprung from hesitating apology to pounding emphasis in denouncing the blind folly of men who married women below them in station and above them in age.

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"Is that all?" Ferguson asked after Kenyon's most impassioned statement.

Kenyon knew when he was beaten. "No," he said in answer. "I shall present my compliments to Miss Martin."

"For all the good it will do," said Ferguson, "you may." He strode off to his own shack, leaving Kenyon to puzzled musing, in which O'Hara joined him. "'Tis the Bush," the Irishman announced at dawn. "If he were down among his own people, Don Ferguson would fall in love with some girl about fifteen years younger than the Siren and about one-fifteenth as much of a woman; and they'd marry and live as stupidly as most people do who wed for affection. But he's here in the Bush, about to marry Bella—by the way, Ken, did ye find that out for certain? and some day he'll wake up, chained."

"What's the use of talking about it?" drawled Kenyon wearily. "He won't listen."

"All the forts in Ireland had two sides," said O'Hara.

Kenyon thought he was taking O'Hara's counsel when he attacked the other side of the citadel directly. He sought out Bella Martin at the cigar counter of the hotel shack and stated his object without preface. He addressed her in the same arguments he had used to Ferguson. Bella rested her plump elbows on the counter and regarded him with non-committal attention as he progressed through the exposition of his objections to the Ferguson-Martin alliance. "Well, of all the grandmothers!" was her sole comment on his eloquence.

"As I told Ferguson—" Kenyon continued, nettled by her ironic amusement.

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him," Kenyon said, "that marrying you was no fairer to you than it was to himself."

"Oh, you did? What else?"

"Quite a little more," he declared with more valor than he felt under her kindling eyes.

"Did you tell him my age?"

"I didn't know it."

"No—and you won't," she declared. "Say, Kenyon," she called to him as she retreated to the kitchen, "if you old ladies out at Eight would like a job of knitting, I'll get it for you."

Kenyon, going home in disgruntled anger, found O'Hara chuckling over some joke that seemed to become more mirth-provoking after his swift survey of the chief. "Ye've been to Groundhog," he guessed, "and Bella's out-manœuvred the attack. Cheer up! Ye've plenty of company." He laughed outright at a recollection he hastened to share. "Steve and Ran went to the Widow's for dinner and with sledge-hammer tact told the Siren that if she didn't give up Don of her own accord, they'd find a way to make her. They had an awful row, according to their expurgated accounts, and they retired from the field defeated. They're now soothing their souls with hand-ball. And Don's gone to Groundhog."

"But it isn't funny, Brian," Kenyon protested.

"It is funny," said O'Hara, "even if she marries him."

"Well, why don't you do something?"

"I shall play Talleyrand," O'Hara announced, "one week from to-night."

Every night of that week O'Hara went to Groundhog, sometimes preceding Ferguson, sometimes following him by a brief time margin, but always arriving at the Widow's in time to intercept any possible confidences between Ferguson and Bella. Ferguson began to regard him with open hostility. The nightly run to Groundhog became a race between them. On the last night of the seven O'Hara won it.

Bella Martin was clearing the dishes from the tables when he came into the restaurant. "You're late for supper," she told him, "but if you're hungry, I'll cook you something." He winced under her hospitable offer and declined it.

"What kind of a cook have you boys now?" she went on, pitching her voice higher as she disappeared behind the partition that separated dining-room and kitchen.

"No worse than most of the cooks along the Transcontinental," he replied indifferently. "Are ye very busy, Miss Martin?" he called above the clatter of plates.

"I'm through now," she said, coming to the front of the room again and tossing her apron over a chair. "What can I do for you?"

"Will you come canoeing?"

Bella gave him a shrewd glance. "Sure, I'll go," she consented. She followed him to the shore of the river without further

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speech, but as the paddle dipped in the quiet waters she turned to him. "You boys at Frederick House have found a good deal to say to me lately," she declared. "Even Jean Feroux honored me with a conference. I thought you'd be around soon. You've got a way of starting a row in the backyard, O'Hara, and then sneaking around to ring the bell at the front door and ask what the trouble's all about. Well, what's your order?"

O'Hara paddled a moment, then let the canoe drift down the river. "I don't know what the others have said—" he spoke with hesitation—"but 'tis true that I've a conference of my own with ye."

"Well, you've got me where I can't help hearing," was her encouragement.

"Miss Martin," said O'Hara solemnly, and in the tension he dropped all the forms of his whimsical speech, "I know that you are a good woman, a brave woman, and a kind woman. You're no more selfish than any of the rest of us and I believe you're lonely. The boys seem to have an idea of asking you to give up something that would have relieved the loneliness, though they never thought of that side of it, I'm sure. Now, I've never believed in asking for a sacrifice without proposing a substitute. Here the only substitute I can offer you for giving up Ferguson is unworthy enough, for it's meself!" He whirled the paddle and without looking at her continued, "Will you marry me?"

Bella Martin stared at him. "If I wasn't so mad," she said evenly, "I'd laugh. Do you think I'm so crazy for a man that I'm going to marry Don Ferguson because he's the only one who's ever asked me? Wake up, O'Hara! Don't you know that there are a dozen men along the T. C. R. that I could have for the winking?" Then her amusement triumphed over her wrath and she rocked the canoe with her laughter. "You're too funny for anything," she gurgled, "coddling Don as if he was sugar or salt. I've been mad enough at the rest of you, but this is the last straw. I suppose you're poking fun at me, but I don't care."

"I wasn't doing that," said O'Hara earnestly. "'Tis my honest conviction that you're too good for any of us, but 'tis just as much my belief that you won't either of you be happy if you marry Donald Ferguson. Don't you know it?"

"Oh, sometimes I know it." Her voice had drifted with the canoe to the deeper places. "I know I'm a fool to care for him at all, I don't suppose any of you ever thought I really might care, did you? Well, I do," she said defiantly, "and I'll be fool enough to keep on caring for him, even when he stops liking me."

"That's just it," said O'Hara. "Won't *you* believe that my one real reason for interfering is my certainty that one or the other of you will stop caring sometime?"

"It'll be Don."

"'Tis likely," O'Hara agreed. "He's very young."

"You're all young," said Bella Martin. "I guess it's the service that keeps you just boys or else there's something in the country here that carries you away till you forget all about age. It's carried me away, all right, till I've forgotten that I'm getting middle-aged going from camp-town to camp-town, waiting on table, and fighting with cooks, and flirting with sub-contractors, and joshing with engineers. Oh, well, I'll be middle-aged soon, but you boys will stay boys as long as ever there's a railroad to be built."

"Thank God!" said O'Hara fervently. "'Tis a thought that reconciles me to your delicate refusal of my offer of marriage. I'm grateful to ye." He slipped back to the idioms again.

"You're welcome," said Bella drearily. But "Say," was her Parthian arrow, "you must care mighty well for Don to take such a chance at saving him from me. What if I'd taken you up?"

O'Hara told Kenyon of his rashness and its result and the chief, after laughing at the story itself, grew thoughtful over the phase of Bella's affection that it revealed. But if Bella Martin told Ferguson of her conversation with O'Hara, the boy gave no sign of his knowledge. He worked sullenly through the days and went to Groundhog every night. His gloomy silence at meals hung over the table like a pall even after he himself had gone from the shack. Though not one of the five mentioned him when he was away, they were all more acutely anxious over the outcome of his love affair than they had been during their active opposition. But since O'Hara's closing of their

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last discussion with the remark, "We played all the cards in our hands and we'll have to wait for the next deal," they had agreed that the direction of the game was no longer theirs.

So acute had their feeling become that when Ferguson failed to appear at breakfast one raw September morning the others attributed his tardiness to a bad case of surly dejection and went to their work on the line without inquiring for him. At noon the Hungarian cook told Kenyon that Ferguson was still in bed. Kenyon crossed to the boy's shack, pushed open the door, gave one look at the big form stretched across the bunk, and went down on his knees beside him in an agony of remorse. For his trained eye saw all too well that typhoid, that dread enemy of the construction camps, had come to grapple with Donald Ferguson.

That night, with O'Hara as nurse and Steve MacDonald on guard in front of the shack where Ferguson drowsed in feverish stupor, Kenyon rounded up two of the company's doctors and brought them to the Frederick House residency. One of them, fresh from college in Toronto, prescribed a course of treatment and gave orders to O'Hara to follow it rigorously. The other, an old Scotchman from the Mackenzie River country, grumbled a gruff warning to them. "In typhoid," he burred, "it's the nursing, not the doctoring, that saves. None of you boys are nurses. If you'd save Ferguson, get a nurse from Haileybury. Get two of them!"

"Let me wire," Randall pleaded, for Steve was still sentry, O'Hara held his post immovably, and Jean Feroux had established himself in the cook shack as supervisor of Ferguson's scanty food allowance. Speeding the hand-car into Groundhog, he brought back the operator from the game of whist he was enjoying with a subcontractor at the hotel and stood over him till he reached the superintendent of the Haileybury hospital. But "Can send no nurse," came the response to Randall's plea. "Typhoid epidemic in Cobalt."

"Try Toronto," the engineer ordered. But from Toronto the answers summed "Every available nurse sent to Cobalt." "Try any place," he begged. "No use," said the telegrapher, "Cobalt's tried them all."

Beaten and bitterly conscious of inefficiency in the conduct of his errand, Randall watched the operator lock the instrument. "If you think of any other place," the official said, "I'll be glad to try it, but even the Montreal extras are tied up with demands. Stay in town to-night," he advised with kindliness. "You can't do anything out there. Come with me to the hotel. Perhaps we'll have better luck in the morning."

Bella Martin, a lamp in her hand, was locking the hotel dining-room as Randall and the operator passed her on their way up the stairs. Randall had not spoken to her since the occasion of the quarrel he and Steve had thrust upon her and he tried to avoid her now. But Bella would not let him pass

"Who's sick at Eight?" she demanded.

"Ferguson," he replied. He did not see her reach unsteadily for the table behind her, but he heard her say, "What is it?"

"Typhoid." The word sounded recollection of his own futile errand and he burst out, "And old Grimshaw says that only nursing will save him, and Haileybury won't send any one and Toronto's tied up, and we can't find a typhoid nurse anywhere."

"The Widow's a good typhoid nurse," said Bella, "but she's gone to the Foley camp. Three of the boys there are down."

"Isn't there any one else in town?" The boy's demand was querulous. "Isn't there any other woman here who knows anything about typhoid nursing?"

"I do," said Bella, "but you boys at Eight wouldn't let me take care of Don." She faced him squarely in the light of the flickering lamp that trembled in her hand. Randall hesitated. The responsibility of bringing Bella Martin to nurse Ferguson was too great for him to undertake on impulse. "I could take care of him," she went on, "and I'd save him if any one could. I guess you know that, Randall. I pulled through the five men at the English River when the nurses there deserted, didn't I? But do you suppose I'd go to your residency when—" She paused as suddenly as she had spoken. "Who's taking care of him?"

"O'Hara."

"All the time?"

"Days. Ken has the night shift."

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"Is he very sick?"

"He couldn't be much worse."

Bella Martin set down the lamp and turned toward the kitchen. "The cook'll have to run this shack," she said. "I'm going back with you, Randall."

When Randall brought Bella Martin to the residency the next morning O'Hara was crossing the marsh between the cook shack and Ferguson's. He saw Bella as she came down the incline from the bridge and whistled so softly that even Randall did not hear him, though the boy had passed his charge in his haste to make explanation of her presence.

"There's an epidemic at Cobalt and one at the Foley," he gasped, "and I couldn't get a nurse anywhere till Miss Martin—" Bella had come up with him and was standing in front of O'Hara. The Irishman swung off his hat and extended his hand. "Miss Martin," he said, "'Twas noble of ye. Have ye had breakfast?"

The speech that he made in the dining shack, where he conducted the embarrassed Randall and the self-possessed volunteer, levelled the grade for Bella Martin's mission. When Kenyon took her to Ferguson's shack the four he left together made no comment; but Steve MacDonald and Randall moved from their comfortable quarters to the office so that Bella might have the better rooms, and Jean Feroux deferred to her for orders on the patient's diet. Before night Bella Martin was ruler of Eight. But the men of Eight might have been machines for all the heed she paid them. Day and night she watched the insidious advance of the fever on Donald Ferguson. Day and night she fought the enemy steadily, not knowing if she had any chance of final success. Ferguson accepted her presence complacently and her infrequent absence irritably. She was the only one whom he permitted to do service for him when he had strength to raise a protest. She did her tasks with such quiet certainty and such unwavering good-will that Steve MacDonald announced that typhoid nursing was no trick at all and O'Hara reminded him of Columbus and the egg.

The young doctor from Toronto was as fearful of Bella's methods as the old man from the Mackenzie River country was hopeful. As the crisis approached, every one of the five watchers sharpened his keen edge of nervous apprehension on the whet-stone of anxiety and Bella Martin alone remained cool and calm and cheerful.

"Day after to-morrow settles this," Kenyon said to her one wild September night when the Bush around the clearing tossed in a sea of tearing winds. O'Hara had insisted on relieving Bella and Kenyon was walking with her in front of the shacks. "Brian and I will stay up with you that night, if we may. And if Don pulls through, Miss Martin, we can all thank you for it. If he doesn't——"

"He will, though," said Bella steadily. "What I don't know about typhoid isn't worth knowing."

The next morning Kenyon found her just outside Ferguson's shack, prone on the fallen leaves that the wind had swept from the birches through the raging night. "What's the trouble?" he demanded as soon as he could find his voice.

"Oh, he's all right now," Bella Martin was sobbing, "he's all right. He's going to get well. Last night was the crisis."

"To-morrow," said Kenyon, but Bella Martin laughed a little wildly as she persisted, "Last night, last night. I knew it would be then, but I didn't tell you boys. What was the use? I just sat, and waited, and watched. And then I couldn't cry in there and I came out."

That night at supper O'Hara brought out a cherished bottle of anisette for the five to drink the health of Bella Martin. And it was little Jean Feroux who held his glass the highest as he said, "To the health of you both—to you and Don!" But Bella shook her head. "Now quit all that till he's well," she said.

The first week of Ferguson's convalescence re-established his old comradeship with the men of Eight. Every night they gathered around his bedside, drifting back to those discussions and arguments and dreams and half-confidences that made their friendships vital, till they all seemed to forget that any alien influence had ever threatened their unity. Bella Martin, declaring that Don saw enough of her during the day while the others were at work, would leave them alone except when Kenyon or O'Hara insisted that she remain. Then she would bend over her sewing while

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they talked of places and of people whose names meant nothing to her. "What makes you so quiet, Bella?" Steve MacDonald asked her one night. "I can't keep up with you," she retorted with a flash of her old fire. But on another night O'Hara had looked up from his study of a survey map of Central China to see her choking down furtive tears. When she rose to go he pushed aside his surveys and went out with her.

"Have ye any complaint to make against our commissary?" he asked her abruptly when they had passed out of hearing of the others.

"Well, I could improve on the cook if I had time to look after him," she said.

"Then what's the trouble?"

"Nothing," she said. "You boys have been mighty square with me since I came out here. Only—I'm going home to-morrow. Don's well enough to get on without me," she hastened to intercept O'Hara's objection, "and I think it will be a lot better for me to go. The hotel hasn't been running itself, you know, and the Widow's worn out with nursing at the Foley."

"I understand," O'Hara said. Bella looked at him keenly. "I guess you do," she acknowledged. "You've always had a sixth sense of finding out the other fellow's business. Well, it's coming, that crash you said would come. Don's stopped caring."

"Oh, impossible!" There was real consternation in O'Hara's surprise.

"He doesn't know it yet, but I know. I don't need to have a bridge fall on me to see daylight."

"But I don't understand——"

"It's not so hard to understand," she explained. "He thought he needed me because he had some sort of an idea that I was the only one who was good to him up here. Well, he's found out now that I'm not, and he's going to find out the rest. He had a letter yesterday from a girl down in his home town. She'd heard he was sick and she'd written him how sorry she was. He put it under his pillow—and it's there yet. When a woman of my age can't keep a boy from thinking about the girl back home, she might as well say good-by to him—or else he'll go without the good-by. And so I'm going home."

"Have ye told Don?"

"No, I haven't—and I won't. I'll say I have to go back to the hotel and that I'll see him soon. Isn't that best?"

"'Tis for your own saying," O'Hara admitted.

Donald Ferguson accepted her departure with complaisance. "Bella's a great old scout," he told the others when they were assembled in his shack that night, but before they went he had shown Steve MacDonald the postal photograph that the girl in his home town had sent in her letter to him, and had rattled off a recollection of their first meeting. But when three days passed without word from Bella he sent Randall to Groundhog with a message to come to the residency. Bella sent back word that she was too busy to come. Ferguson's disappointment was so evident that O'Hara suggested that they give a surprise party to Bella as soon as Don was well enough to go to Groundhog. The boy assented eagerly, and spent the next day writing to the girl of the photograph.

The first snow had already mantled the Bush in glistening whiteness when Ferguson was able to leave the residency. Twice Bella Martin had come to the Frederick House, but always in such a swirl of haste that she precluded any possible serious conversation between Donald and herself. Once, when he had tried to express his gratitude to her for her care, she cut him off with "The Widow did just as much for two boys at the Foley."

Randall had planned to make the surprise party on Bella the occasion of the announcement to Groundhog society of the residency's ratification of Ferguson's engagement; but O'Hara vetoed the proposition so decidedly that the five went down to the town with Ferguson under promise to make no reference to the pact. Their restraint was contagious, for after the first burst of amazement with which Bella greeted them the party degenerated into a gathering notable only for gloom. Bella's own preoccupation was also responsible for the social failure of the event. She fell into a concentrated absorption in her own mental processes from which all efforts failed to rouse her. Finally, O'Hara took her back to the kitchen and forced an issue with her. "Don't be rash," he begged, "Take time for thought." "I've taken time," she told him, "and I'll do what I've

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decided to do." Before midnight she was ungracious enough to inform the company that if they expected to catch the steel train back to the Frederick House in the morning, they had better go to bed. They'd find their rooms ready. They tried to banter her, but she was firm, "I'm too tired to fun," she declared.

"First time I ever knew you to be tired at a party," Steve MacDonald grumbled as he led the men upstairs. Bella intercepted Ferguson at the foot of the stairway, and, leading him back to the dining-room, beckoned him to a chair. The boy pushed it aside, facing her inquiringly as she seated herself at the long table. He was so boyish in his bewilderment that she turned her eyes away from him as she spoke. "I promised to marry you, didn't I?" She traced the pattern on the tablecloth. "Well, I've decided that I made a mistake in promising, and I thought you ought to know it."

"Why?"

"Oh, I can't say exactly why, but I've come to know it was a mistake. I'd rather you let it go that way."

"I like you mighty well, Bella," said Donald Ferguson. "I liked you before you came out to take care of me. You know that. Why, nobody was ever as good to me as you've been."

"You'll find some one who'll be even better," she said. "You're young yet, Don." She lingered over his name, then, repelling any possibility of tenderness, rose from the table.

"Can't we even stay friends?" he pleaded.

"Oh, I suppose so," she admitted. At the door she let him take her hand. "I can't ever begin to thank you for what you did for me," he said. "Oh, don't try," she cried sharply and ran up the stairs. Once in her room she flung herself on her knees at the window, staring outward at the lights that blazed in crackling rushes across the whiteness of the northern world.

She was still kneeling there in the eerie light of the reddening dawn when the shrill blast of the steel train shrieked summons to those men in Groundhog who would go west that day. She heard Jean Feroux's hasty call to the cook for more coffee. She heard Steve MacDonald's drowsy laugh in the kitchen below. She heard the scuffling and the murmurs of hasty dressing in the rooms down the hall. In the passageway there sounded the clicking footsteps that she would always know. They passed her door without pause and clattered down the stairs. Then a voice, vibrant with cheerfulness and hope and the eternal gladness of boyhood, raised the query, "Ready, fellows? We'll have to run for the train. Come on, you loafers from Eight!" There followed some reply in MacDonald's deeper tones. The footsteps rang out once more. Donald Ferguson was going down the frosty sidewalk and as he went he whistled blithely the song of the boys of the Bush:

> "For I'm lonesome, awf'lly lomesome,
> And I wish I had a girl."

Bella Martin turned away from the window to the tall commode beside it. A long time she gazed at the gray woman she saw in the cracked mirror. "O'Hara told you he would," she said. The sound of wheels grating on snow signalled the departure of the steel train from Groundhog, but Bella Martin did not move. "A man can always pull out," she went on drearily, "but me—how about me?" She laughed harshly. "I guess I'd better marry one of them roughnecks soon," she sighed, "or I won't be getting asked any more." But when the whistle of the train floated back from the Fauquier camp she let her head sink down on her arms while she sobbed out her sorrow for the youth and the love that had gone out from her upon the Right-of-Way.

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Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

"Can't we even stay friends?" he pleaded.—Page 44.

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HALF-TOLD TALES

by

HENRY VAN DYKE

Illustrated by Garth Jones

AN OLD GAME

THREE men were taking a walk together, as they said, just to while away the time.

The first man intended to go Somewhere, to look at a piece of property which he was considering. The second man was ready to go Anywhere, since he expected to be happy by the way. The third man thought he was going Nowhere, because he was a philosopher and held that time and space are only mental forms.

Therefore the third man walked in silence, reflecting upon the vanity of whiling away an hour which did not exist, and upon the futility of going when staying was the same thing. But the other men, being more simple, were playing the oldest game in the world and giving names to the things that they saw as they travelled.

"Mutton," said the Somewhere Man, as he looked over a stone wall.

"A flock of sheep," said the Anywhere Man, gazing upon the pasture, where the fleecy ewes were nipping grass between the rocks and the eager lambs nuzzled their mothers.

But the Nowhere Man meditated on the foolish habit of eating, and said nothing.

"An ant-hill," said the Anywhere Man, looking at a mound beside the path; "see how busy the citizens are!"

"Pismires," said the Somewhere Man, kicking the mound; "they sting like the devil."

But the Nowhere Man, being certain that the devil is a myth, said nothing.

"Briars," said the Somewhere Man, as they passed through a coppice.

"Blackberries," said the Anywhere Man; "they will blossom next month and ripen in August."

But the Nowhere Man, to whom they referred the settlement of the first round of the game, decided that both had lost because they spoke only of accidental phenomena.

With the next round they came into a little forest on a sandy hill. The oak-trees were still bare, and the fir-trees were rusty green, and the maple-trees were in rosy bud. On these things the travellers were agreed.

But among the withered foliage on the ground a vine trailed far and wide with

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verdant leaves, thick and heavy, and under the leaves were clusters of rosy stars, breathing a wonderful sweetness, so that the travellers could not but smell it.

"Rough-leaf," said the Somewhere Man; "gravel-weed we call it in our country, because it marks the poorest soil."

"Trailing arbutus," said the Anywhere Man; "May-flowers we call them in our country."

"But why?" asked the Nowhere Man. "May has not yet come."

"She is coming," answered the other; "she will be here before these are gone."

On the other side of the wood they entered a meadow where a little bird was bubbling over with music in the air.

"Skunk-blackbird," said the Somewhere Man; "colors the same as a skunk."

"Bobolink," said the Anywhere Man; "spills his song while he flies."

"It is a silly name," said the Nowhere Man. "Where did you find it?"

"I don't know," answered the other; "it just sounds to me like the bird."

By this time it was clear that the two men did not play the game by the same rules, but they went on playing, just as other people do.

They saw a little thatched house beside the brook. "Beastly hovel," said the first man. "Pretty cottage," said the second.

A woman was tossing and fondling her child, with kiss-words. "Sickly sentiment," said the first man. "Mother love," said the second.

They passed a youth sleeping on the grass under a tree. "Lazy hound!" said the first man. "Happy dog!" said the second.

Now the third man, remembering that he was a philosopher, concluded that he was wasting his imaginary time in hearing this endless old game.

"I must bid you good-day, gentlemen," said he, "for it seems to me that you are disputing only about appearances, and are not likely to arrive Somewhere or Anywhere. But I am seeking *das Ding an sich*."

So he left them, and went on his way Nowhere. And I know not which of the others won the game, but I think the second man had more pleasure in playing it.

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IN the ODOR of SANCTITY

Mortem suscepit cantando

LAST of all, the crouching plague leaped upon the Count Angelo, whose women and boon companions already lay dead around him in his castle of Montefeltro, and dragged him from the banquet-hall of many delights into the dim alley of the grave. There he looked, as it were through a door half open, into the shapeless horror of the face of Death, which turns all desires into stone. But even while he looked, the teeth of the black beast that gripped him were loosened, and he crept back into life as one returning from a far country.

His castle was empty save for the few terror-stricken servants who lingered because they knew not whither to flee. In the garden withered the rose and the lily, untended and unplucked. The chairs and couches where he had seen the faces of his friends were vacant. On the pillows of his great bed there were no curls of tangled gold, nor plaited tresses of long black spread out beside him in the morning light.

The world in which he had revelled away his youth was void; and in the unknown world, from whose threshold he had painfully escaped, but whither he knew he must one day return, there dwelt only a horrible fear and a certain looking for of judgment.

So Count Angelo came to life again. But all desires and passions which had hitherto warmed or burned him were like dead embers. For the flame of them all had gone into one desire—the resolve to die in the odor of sanctity, and so to pass into Paradise safely and unafraid.

Therefore he put aside the fine garments which his trembling servants brought, and clad himself in sackcloth with a girdle of rope about his loins. Thus apparelled he climbed on foot to the holy mountain of La Verna, above the Val d'Arno, which mountain the Count Rolando of Montefeltro had given, many years before, to St. Francis the minstrel of God and his poor little disciples of the cross, for a refuge and a sanctuary near the sky. At the door of the Friary built upon the land of his forefathers the Count Angelo knocked humbly as a beggar.

"Who is there?" said the door-keeper from his loophole.

"A poor sinner," answered Angelo, "who has no wish left in life but to die in the odor of sanctity."

At this the door-keeper opened grudgingly, supposing he had to do with some outcast seeking the house of religion as a last resort. But when he saw the stranger he knew that it was the rich and generous Count of Montefeltro.

"May it please your lordship to enter," he cried; "the guest-chamber awaits you,

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and the friars minor of St. Francis will rejoice in the presence of their patron."

"Not so," replied Angelo; "but in the meanest of your cells will I lodge. For I am come not to bestow, but to beg, and my request is the lowest place among the little servants of poverty."

Whereupon the door-keeper was greatly astonished, and led Angelo to the Warden, to whom he unfolded his purpose to strip himself of all worldly gear and possessions and give his remnant of life solely to the preparation of a saintly death. This proposal the Warden and the other brethren duly considered, not without satisfaction, and Angelo was received as a penitent and a novice.

The first year of his probation he passed as a servant of the cattle and the beasts of burden, cleansing their stables and conversing only with them. "For," said he, "the ox and the ass knew their Lord in the manger, but I in my castle was deaf to his voice."

The second year of his probation he labored in the kitchen, washing the dishes and preparing the food for the friars, but he himself ate sparingly and only of the crusts and crumbs which the others had despised. "For," said he, "I am less worthy than that lad who brought the few loaves and small fishes to feed the multitude, and for me it is enough to eat of the fragments that remain."

In all this he was so diligently humble and self-denying that in the third year he was admitted fully to the order and given the honorable office of sweeping and cleansing the sacred places.

In this duty Angelo showed an extraordinary devotion. Not content with this, he soon began to practise upon himself particular and extreme asperities and macerations. He slept only upon the ground and never beyond an hour at one space, rising four and twenty times a day to his prayers. He fasted thrice in the week from matins to matins, and observed the rule of silence every six days, speaking only on the seventh. He wore next to his naked skin a breastplate of iron, and a small leather band with sharp points about his loins, and rings of iron under his arms, whereby his flesh was wasted and frayed from his bones like a worn garment with holes in it, and he bled secretly. By reason of these things his face fell away into a dolorous sadness, and the fame of his afflictions spread through the Friary and to other houses where the little brothers of St. Francis were assembled.

But the inward gladness of Angelo did not increase in measure with his outward sadness and the renown of his piety. For the ray and the flame of divine Consolation were diminished within him, and he no longer felt that joy which he had formerly in the cleansing of the stables, in the washing of the dishes, and in the sweeping of the holy places, from which he was now relieved by reason of bodily weakness. He was tormented with the fear that his penances might not sufficiently atone for the sinful pleasures of his past life, of which he had a vivid and growing remembrance. The thought was ever present with him that he might not be predestined to die in the odor of sanctity.

In this anguish of heart he went forth one day into the wood which lies on the top of the mountain of La Verna, beyond the Friary, and ran up and down, stumbling among the roots of the trees and calling aloud with sighs and tears, "Little wretch, thou art lost! Abominable sinner Angelo, how shalt thou find a holy death?"

To him, in this distraction, comes the Warden with three of the older friars and asks him what has befallen him.

"The fear of dying in my sins," cries Angelo.

"You have the comfort of the Gospel, my son," says the Warden.

"It is not enough for me," sobs Angelo, beating his wounded breast. "You know not how great were my pleasures in the world!"

With that he starts away again to wander through the wood, but the Warden restrains him, and soothes him, and speaks comfortably to him; and at last Angelo makes his request that he may have a certain cave in the woods for his dwelling and be enclosed there as a recluse to await the coming of a holy death.

"But, my son," objects the Warden, "what will the Friary do without the example of your devotion and your service?"

"I will pray for you all," says Angelo; "night and day I will give myself to intercession for the order of friars minor."

So the Warden consents, and Angelo, for the time, is satisfied.

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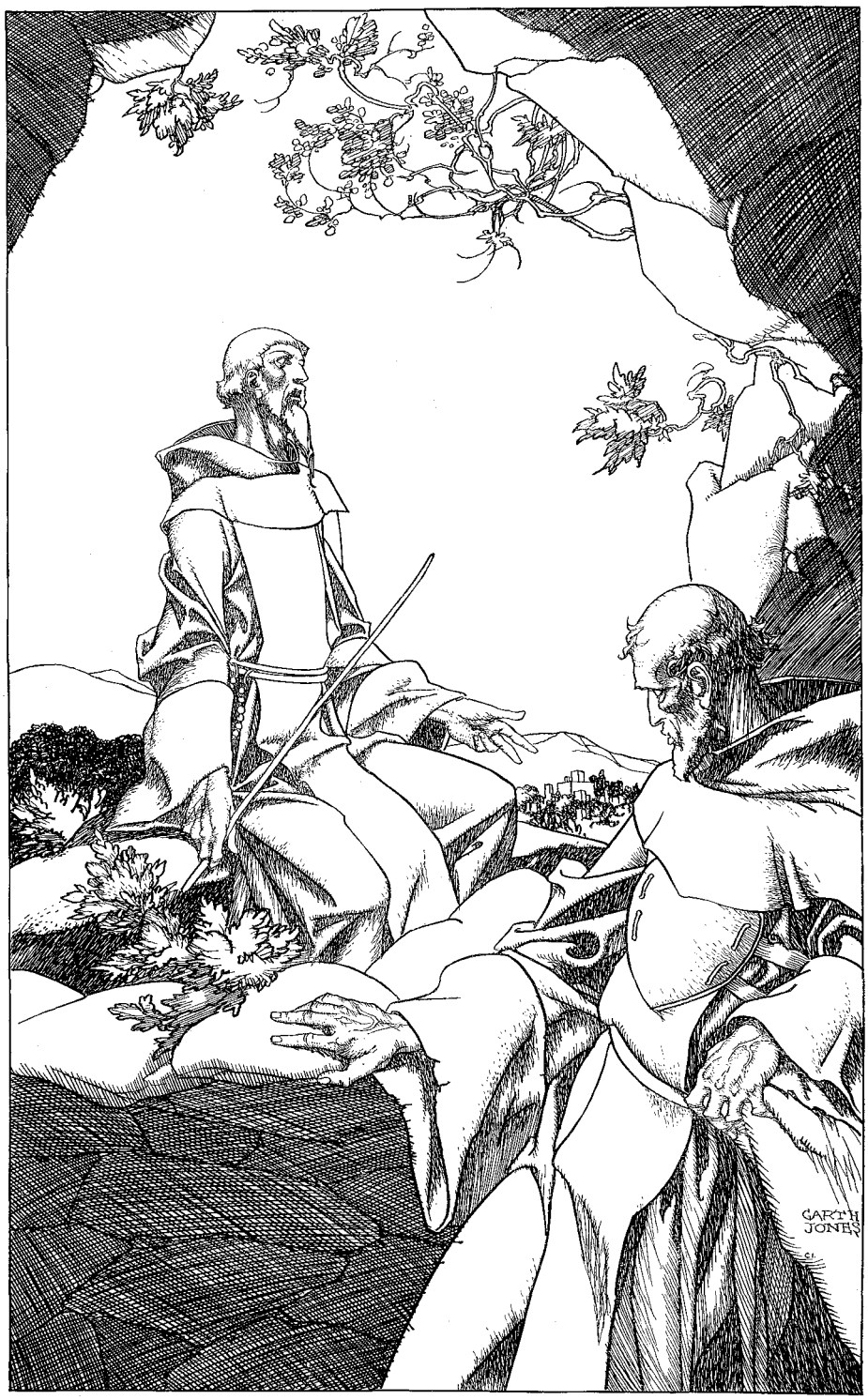

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Now, the top of the mountain of La Verna is full of rude clefts and caverns, with broken and jagged rocks. Truly, it were a frightful place to behold but for the tall trees that have grown up among the rocks clasping them with their roots, and the trailing vines and gentle wild flowers and green ferns that spring abundantly around them as if in token of kindness and good-will and bounty.

All these were much beloved of St. Francis, who heard every creature cry aloud, saying "God made me for thee, O man." So great was his affection for them that he would not have his little friars cut down a whole tree for firewood, but bade them only lop the branches and let the tree live in joy. And he taught them to make no garden of potherbs only, but to leave room always for the flowers, for love of One who was called "the rose of Sharon," and "the lily of the valley."

But this was not the mind of Angelo, who stumbled to his reclusery blindly, intent only on the thought of his death, and never marking the fine lace-work of the ferns that were broken by his passing nor the sweet fragrance of the flowers crushed beneath his feet.

The cave which he had chosen lay a little beyond that most sacred cavern where St. Francis had fasted and where the falcon had visited him every morning, beating her wings and singing to rouse him softly to matins, and where at last he had received in his body the marks of the holy Cross.

It was on the side of the mountain looking toward the west, and in front of it was a narrow, deep, and terrible chasm, which could only be crossed by a log laid in the manner of a bridge. But the cave itself looked out beyond into the wide and fruitful Val d'Arno, with the stream of silver coiling through it, and on the other side the wooded mountains of Valombrosa and Pratomagno.

Of this Angelo saw nothing, as he passed by the log bridge into the cave. The three friars who went with him walled up the entrance with stones, except for an opening at the height of a man's breast; and they returned, taking away the log at his request and casting it down the cliff. After that the food of Angelo was thrown across the chasm into the opening of the cave, and to drink he had a small spring of water trickling among the rocks a drop at a time, and he lived as a recluse considering only how to make a saintly end.

His thoughts were thus fixed and centred upon his own great concern, to a degree that made the world turn to nothing around him. Even the Friary seemed to lie at an infinite distance, and the prayers which he had promised to offer for it were more in word than in desire. There was no warmth in them, for all the fire of his soul had burned into one thought which consumed him. Day and night he cried, "O wicked life, let me go into a holy death!"

But he came no nearer to his goal, nor could he find any assurance that he was elect and chosen to attain it. On the contrary his anxiety increased and misery became his companion. For this reason: in his dreams he dwelt continually upon the most sinful pleasures of his past life, and they grew upon him; but in his waking hours he considered and measured the greatness of his penances, yet without ever arriving at the certainty that they balanced his offences.

Now, you are not to suppose that the past life of Angelo, though vain and worldly and streaked with evil, had been altogether woven of black threads. For he had been of an open and kindly heart, ready to share with others in the joy of living, greatly pleased to do a good turn to his neighbors, compassionate and gentle-natured, a lover of music and of little children. So there were many things in his youth of which he had no need to be ashamed, since they were both innocent and merry, and the white and golden threads of a pure and grateful happiness were not wanting in the fabric of his loom.

But of these he would not think, being set upon recalling only the sinful hours that needed repentance. And of these he thought so constantly that in the visions of the night they lived again, twining their limbs about him and pressing their burning lips upon his. But when he awoke he was filled with terror, and fell to counting the severities and privations which he had endured for an atonement. So it came to pass that he was strangely and dreadfully merry dreaming, but strangely and desperately sad waking. And between the two he found no peace, nor ever escaped from the trouble and anguish of himself.

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After a twelvemonth or more of this life, very early in the morning he awoke from a hot dream with horror, and groaned aloud, "If I die, I am damned."

"How so, little sheep of God," said a voice near at hand; "who has led thee into the wilderness?"

Fra Angelo lifted his head and looked at the opening of the cave, but there was no one there. Then he looked behind him, and on both sides, but he saw no one. Yet so clear and certain was the sound of the voice that he could not rest, but went to the entrance and thrust out his head.

On the shelf of the rock in front of the cave he saw a short and spare brother dressed in the habit of a friar minor, with a thin black beard, and dark simple eyes, kindled with gentle flames. In his right hand he held a stick of wood, as it were the bow of a viol, and this he drew across his left arm, singing the while in French a hymn of joy for the sun, his brother, and for the wind, his companion, and for the water, his sister, and for the earth, his mother.

At this Fra Angelo was astonished and confused, for these songs had not been heard in the Friary since many years, and it seemed as if some foreign brother must have come from France with strange customs. But when he looked more closely he saw that the long and delicate hands of the little brother were pierced in the palm, and his feet were wounded as if a nail had passed through them. Then he knew that he saw St. Francis, and he was so ashamed and afraid that he clung to the rocks and could not speak.

Then the little brother turned from looking out upon the morning in Val d'Arno and looked at Fra Angelo. After a long while he said, very softly, "What doest thou here in the cave, dearest?"

"Blessed father," stammered the recluse, "I dwell in solitude, to atone for my worldly life and find a holy death."

"That is for thyself," said the little brother in the sun; "but for others what doest thou?"

Angelo thought a moment and answered, humbly, "I give them an ensample of holiness."

"They need more," said the little brother smiling, "and thou must give it."

"Blessed father," cried Angelo, "command me and I will obey thee, for thou art in heaven and I am near to hell."

"Listen, then, thou lost sheep," said the little brother, "and I will show thee the way. Climb over the wall. Lay aside the breastplate and rings of iron—they hinder thee. Come near and sit beside me. In a certain city there is a poor widow whose child is sick even unto death. Go unto her with this box of electuary, and give it to the child that he may recover. I command thee by Obedience.

So saying he laid in the hand of Angelo a box of olive-wood, filled with an electuary so sweet that the fragrance of it went through the wood. But Angelo was confused.

"How shall I know the way," said he, "when I know not the city?"

"Stand up," answered the little brother with the wounded hands, "and close thine eyes firmly. Now turn round and round as children do, until I bid thee stop"

So Fra Angelo, fearing a little because the shelf of rock was narrow, shut tight his eyes and, stretching out his arms, turned round and round until he was dizzy. Then he fell to the ground, and when he looked up the little brother of the sun was gone.

But the head of Fra Angelo lay toward the city of Poppi on the other side of the valley, so he knew that this was the way, and he went down from the mountain.

As he went, his bodily weakness departed and the pains of his worn flesh left him, and he rejoiced in the brightness of the world. The linnets and blackbirds that sang in the thickets were the children of those that had been brothers of the air to St. Francis, and the larks that bubbled up from the fields wore the same sad-colored garments and chanted the same joyous music that he had commended. The primroses and the violets and the cyclamens had not forgotten to bloom because of sin, and the pure incense of their breath went forth unto gladness.

So Fra Angelo made his journey with a light heart, quickly, and came to the city of Poppi. There he found the poor widow with her child sick unto death, and he gave them the olive-wood box. The child took the electuary eagerly, for it was pleasant to the taste, and it did him good more than if it had been bitter. So presently the fever left him, and the mother rejoiced and blessed St. Francis and Fra Angelo. And he said, "I must be going."

Now, as he went and returned toward La Verna, he passed through a village, and in

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the field at the side of it he saw many children quarrelling.

"Why do you fight," said Angelo, laying hands on two of them, "when you might be playing?"

"Because we know not what to play," they answered; and some shouted one thing and some another.

"Let the older ones play at Fox and Geese," said Angelo; "and look, here is a plank! We will put it over this great stone and I will play at seesaw with the little ones."

Then the children all laughed when they saw a friar playing at seesaw; but he went up and down merrily, and they were all glad together. After a while they grew weary of the games, and Angelo asked what they would do next.

"Dance," cried the children; "dance and sing!"

"But where is the music?" said Angelo.

So one of the boys ran away to a house in the village and came back presently with an old viol and a bow. Angelo fingered the instrument, and tuned it, for he had been a skilful musician.

"Now I will teach you," said he, "a very sweet music that I heard this morning. And do you all sing as I teach you, and between the songs take hands and dance around."

Then he sat down upon a grassy hillock, with the children in a circle about him, and he taught them the songs that were sung by the little brother of the sun and of the wind and of the water and of the birds—even by that minstrel of God who came to the cave with the morning light. Between the verses the children, holding hands, danced in a ring around Fra Angelo, while he played upon the old viol.

As he played thus, he was aware of a hand upon his shoulder, and supposed it to be one of the children.

"Go back," he said, "go back to your place, dearest naughty one; the song is not finished."

"It is finished," said a voice behind him. "This is the right ending of the song."

And Angelo, looking up in amazement, saw the face of an angel, and the bow dropped from his fingers.

When the music ceased, the children broke their ring and ran to Angelo where he lay upon the grass. They wondered to see him so still and pale, yet because his face was smiling they were not afraid.

"He is weary," they cried; "the good friar has fallen asleep—perhaps he has fainted. Let us run and call help for him."

But they did not understand that the messenger of Holy Death had passed among them and called Angelo in the odor of sanctity.

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THE CONVICTIONS OF A GRANDFATHER

BY ROBERT GRANT

I

WHOEVER has set down his reflections as a married man and promulgated his opinions as a philosopher and attended his own silver wedding may be well preserved twenty years later, but is more than likely to be a grandfather and disposed to regard life from a patriarchal stand-point through gold-rimmed spectacles of wisdom. In my particular case the gold-rimmed spectacles are metaphorical. Yet I am a grandfather; and therefore the burden rests on me to demonstrate that my conclusions concerning what is or has been or is to be are not merely old-fashioned, but that the fountain of perpetual youth still bubbles in an anatomy the arteries of which have presumably begun to harden. For the world will not pause to listen to grumpy grandfathers out of touch with it, even though they be philosophers who have reflected on and sounded all the phases of matrimony.

Those of you who were present at my silver wedding, who knew me in my salad days of wedlock and have followed my dear wife Josephine and me through the blissful, if sometimes perplexing, vicissitudes of marital experience, will remember that I was already a grandfather when we parted. Made one through the birth of a son to my second daughter, Winona, herself a maiden convert to Christian Science, but weaned from exclusive devotion to its theories by her marriage to Harold Bruce, an attractive young man of means with political aspirations; made one subsequently from time to time by her and by my other children, of whom it behooves me to state for the benefit of the uninitiated that I have three. My namesake—little Fred, as we used to call him—a member of the banking house of Leggatt and Paine, awarded a position in that office immediately on graduation, as some of you will recollect, because of his proficiency and grit at foot-ball (not scholarship). Our second son, David, engrossed by science, whose vocation is germs, whose avocation electricity. Our eldest daughter, Josie, a sweet girl, named for, and closely resembling, in my opinion, her mother at the same age, except for her red hair, the wife of James Perkins, the rising architect. If Winona is known as the beauty of the family, Josie is distinguished by her social tact and charm; and their mental traits also furnish a pleasing contrast, for my eldest daughter's cast of mind is engagingly conventional, whereas her sister, rather to her mother's dismay, is prone to entertain advanced ideas, with some of which I secretly sympathize. As for my sons, both are married, though David procrastinated so long that we began to fear he might remain an old bachelor, and both are fathers. It is not the moment to describe the attractions of their wives, lest too many names and individuals at once breed confusion.

We are a harmonious and lively family circle; but when my sons and two sons-in-law get arguing together, as sometimes happens after dinner at my house, four poles of thought are represented, of which not infrequently I am constituted the umpire. This keeps me on my guard against harboring moss-grown conclusions supposed to be indicative of a grandfather, and causes my grandchildren to prick up their ears at the discovery that one who has lived so long should not be moribund.

"You keep so abreast of the times, dear," said my wife Josephine the other day, "that, a generation or two ago, your sons-in-law might have felt justified in shutting you up as a lunatic."

I understood what she meant. Let it be said that Josephine with all her sense and keenness of perception is constitutionally partial to conservatism, and prefers the well-trodden highway to the unblazed mountain path which attracts the sociological pioneer. Indeed, fond admirer as I

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am of the other sex and wonderful as it is at making the most or the best of what some man has found out, I am not altogether sure after a long life that woman has ever really originated anything. But this may merely prove either that I ought to be shut up or am sadly in need of the gold-rimmed spectacles already referred to.

Perhaps Josephine's conscience pricked her, for she hastened to anticipate my response to her sally at the expense of my eternal youth by adding:

"One would have to be really crazy or it couldn't happen now because of the legal safeguards. But you must admit, Fred, that most people at our age are content to have the world go on as it is."

"Whereas I——"

"Yes, it's splendid you're not like that. But don't forget, dear, it was I who had faith that we should fly. You were always sceptical concerning air-ships. I admit, though," she added, graciously, "that about most things—like the brotherhood of man, for instance—you are wonderfully progressive."

Possibly because of this sly reference to my incredulity regarding aerial navigation, I dismissed the subject by remarking, "I have never been sufficiently wealthy at any time, dear, to tempt my sons-in-law to deprive me of my liberty."

This had a sententious sound, and it may be that I sighed. My wife pondered my words for some moments, which showed that she did not intend to controvert them, and presently as the result of her reverie replied:

"I do not believe, Fred, that real wealth would have made us the least bit happier."

This was sweet of her; especially as Josephine, though conventional, never indulges in that form of cant which seeks spiritual consolation from the lack of what is really desired. She was merely expressing aloud her satisfaction with the treatment she had received from life during the holy state of matrimony and was continuing to receive as a grandmother. To be abreast of the times and happy, yet not really rich, may seem anomalous to a generation accustomed to associate any one in the van with ownership of touring cars, and to savor of socialism to magnates apt to suspect those who entertain modern ideas as possessing nothing but debts. Yet that phrase of hers—"real wealth"—seemed to me such a happy epitome of changed conditions that I instantly adopted it as a philosophic term, and, musing in my turn before I answered, thus afforded my wife time to exonerate herself from even the appearance of smugness by remarking:

"You remember, Fred, the reply of the woman asked why she was buying such an elaborate wrap?—'To ride in other people's automobiles.' Of course we do ride occasionally in other people's autos; but even if we didn't, I am sure that it would make no difference in our happiness. Don't you think so?"

"Not the remotest; we couldn't have been happier," and I accompanied this prompt reassurance with an embrace, for Josephine resents, now that she is a grandmother, quite as much as before, what she terms by pretence my niggardliness in kisses. She delights in being a grandmother, but is decidedly sensitive at being called one, and enjoys any illusion which leads her to forget that all her contemporaries are growing old.

I knew what she had in mind. The automobile was merely a figure of speech. We could have scraped together the means to buy one, but were patiently waiting for a prophesied crash in automobiles as the consequence of mortgaging premises to pay for them, and thus far prices had not fallen. What Josephine meant was that wealth as it existed when we were young and set up housekeeping has become barely a competency and that a new generation has introduced a new standard of living by virtue of those huge industrial fortunes which have deprived the word "million" of distinction unless multiplied.

It is typical of a grandfather to imagine that everything has changed more completely since he occupied the centre of the stage than during any other equal phase of the human drama. Yet I am confident that it is not an exaggeration to assert that the world has moved faster, and the social changes of various sorts have been more striking during the half century since Josephine and I were married than during any corresponding period in the lives of our predecessors; and more noticeably in the interval since we celebrated our silver wedding and felt ourselves a hundred than before. From that day, to be sure, we have

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been spectators chiefly, whereas previously we were engrossed by the active cares of life. But, after due allowance for a grandfatherly and grandmotherly propensity to study the present in the light of the past, Josephine and I share the opinion that the new generation is astonishingly different from our own, and not merely because it revels in the time and space annihilating conveniences of electricity and the lately redeemed promise of the conquest of the air. These are but symbols, though it may truly be said that a larger degree of responsibility rests on the telephone and the automobile than on any other material agent since the development of the steam-engine. What we have in mind is a matter of spirit—of point of view. And in promoting the changes there apparent what factor has been more potent than this real wealth, as Josephine termed it?

To identify myself further, let me state that I am a lawyer with an active practice, but not so lucrative that the expenses of my family have not nearly kept pace with my fairly large professional income. I have had my financial ups and downs, but my bills have always been paid promptly on the tenth of each month and I have managed to lay by something—a mere trifle. Certain honors have come to me. I delivered a Fourth of July oration; I am the President of our Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and Trustee of our Art Museum. Some years ago I was invited to run for Congress as an Independent in a hopelessly Republican District and narrowly escaped election. The driver of the local sight-seeing automobile, when he reaches the street on which I live, bawls through his megaphone, "residence of Frederick———, the well-known jury lawyer"; and although he points out as mine the stately mansion belonging to a wealthy acquaintance because it looks, I suppose, as if it ought to belong to me, the mention of my name in this public manner shows that I am not without standing in the community.

Moreover, my tastes and those of my family are social and not too severe. We are not unbending, but we also have our traditions, and have adopted neither "pleased to meet you" nor "mentality" as household words. That well-known club woman and publicist, Mrs. Mabel Flanders Foote, whose acquaintance we made at Ocean-Lea, where we habitually pass the summer, thought of us as "society people" before she knew us better. She has told us so herself since.

Ocean-Lea, as some of you may know, combines delightfully the country and the sea. We selected it years and years ago because off the beaten path; and latterly we have continued to spend our summers there at the behest of the younger generation, whose friends have discovered it also and have made it decidedly fashionable. Mrs. Foote came thither seeking a bracing air, yet a spot where she could lecture occasionally to pecuniary advantage for the uplifting of a worldly summer population and thus pay her board. The cottage which she chose was within a stone's-throw of ours, which is little more than a bungalow.

It seems that her prepossessions of us were favorable; though she was suspicious of the way Josephine did her hair. But the revelation that the artistic country house, visible from her windows, with gay week-end parties constantly coming and going in automobiles, belonged to my daughter Winona, dispelled, for the time being, her hopeful conception of us as plain people on whom she might drop in whenever she felt like talking. After she also found out that we had pleasant social relations with the family of Hugh Armitt Dawson, the genuine multi-millionaire, at whose princely establishment, less than a mile away, the doings were popularly conceived to be inordinately extravagant, if not vicious, she drew in the tentacles of friendship with the brusque celerity of a horrified sea-anemone. Nor did she refrain from exclaiming, "What! Those painfully rich and purposeless people?"

Mrs. Mabel Flanders Foote has become a valued friend. We understand her and she understands us. She is an intelligent and suggestive if somewhat monotonously earnest woman, whose opinions I shall have occasion frequently to quote. The most curious factor in our mutual appreciation is that it is a by-product of the intimacy formed that summer between her and my daughter Winona, whom at a bird's-eye view she had convicted of social levity.

It seems that Mrs. Foote's aspersion of the Hugh Armitt Dawsons was addressed to my wife Josephine, who in a quiet way

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has always the courage of her convictions, and who contented herself at the moment with the remark, "If you knew them better you would hold a very different opinion." But she straightway entered on a campaign of education, the first step of which was to invite this stern critic to accompany her to call on her daughter. This was on the day after Mrs. Foote had delivered at the Ocean-Lea town-hall, by what was termed general request (subscriptions steadfastly solicited at two dollars per ticket) her new lecture on American Womanhood, and was still bristling with her subject. The Dawsons had subscribed liberally, but their seats were occupied by the governess and some of the servants. Josephine and I lived too near the beneficiary not to go, and I succeeded by means of a bribe in inducing both my daughters, a daughter-in-law, and a granddaughter to accompany us, believing that we all might imbibe some new ideas.

The lecturer, having pointed out in the course of her thesis that in the early days of our Republic most of the wearing apparel and many of the comestibles, now the product of manufactories, were made or prepared by wives and daughters at the home, and having touched on the toiling masses and their present propensity for canned food, continued with the following antithesis: "At the other extreme may be found a large class of women who, with the coffers of husband and father filled to overflowing with the results of the successful management of what was formerly woman's work, find themselves with a possession hitherto unknown to woman—leisure time. These women have enlarged their homes, increased the adornment of their persons, and given themselves up to the pursuit of pleasure and to a life of self-indulgence."

The mental processes of women have all the swooping qualities of air-ships. I am not referring to the lecturer's tirade, but to the working of my wife's mind when I happened by way of reminiscence to point a slightly jocose moral in her presence apropos of Mrs. Foote's subsequent conversion. I was saying:

"Your hint to Mrs. Dawson was a masterstroke, my dear. The glamour of a luncheon there was irresistible."

"You mustn't put it so grossly, Fred," she murmured. "The luncheon was educational on both sides. You appreciate as fully as I the interesting subtleties of the situation; how Mrs. Foote went away ready to acknowledge that nine-tenths of the world can not know how the other tenth lives merely by newspaper hearsay, and they were surprised to find what an agreeable woman she was."

And then it was that Josephine's mind went off at a tangent and made the aerial swoop referred to. For she suddenly became pensive and after laughing softly said, "I must admit, Fred, that I took her that day to see Winona in fear and trembling, not having chosen to compromise myself by warning the dear child that we were coming; and it certainly seemed providential that we hit on a morning when Winona had her little ones grouped around her, quietly attentive as mice, and was reading to them, 'How to Know the Wild Flowers,' with specimens they had picked the day before on the table beside her. You may call that a master-stroke, if you choose. Of course it showed Winona at her best—the real Winona."

Josephine, as she paused, sighed involuntarily, and I was brute enough to supply the ellipsis by adding:

"Whereas——"

But she cut me short. "You needn't go on. It isn't necessary to elucidate or enumerate."

I obeyed orders, choosing not to press the matter, as I knew that Josephine was a little sensitive, for the reason that her eldest granddaughter—our daughter Josie's child, Dorothy Perkins—had been caught red-lipped with a cigarette in her mouth only the previous week, and the shortcomings of posterity loomed large for the time being. Besides, I had no wish to disturb the serene reflection that we—or rather Josephine—had been constituted an agent of Providence in opening the eyes of the social classes concerning each other. I surmise that Mrs. Foote may have expected to find Winona playing "bridge" at high noon, but she was certainly unprepared for the discovery that Mr. Hugh Armitt Dawson was not an embodiment of all the fleshly vices under the guise of a fashionable exterior, but a man of personal simplicity and intellectual tastes. During the luncheon itself, which though formally served and deliciously cooked, lacked spectacular features, I could

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see that she was endeavoring to adapt her conversation to the level of a rank materialist—a sort of human boa constrictor, whose ruling passion was to swallow creatures smaller than itself by the process of gambling. With this stricture in her mind, it must have been surprising to find herself listening to an account of his library, especially of two collections, one comprising every edition and the entire bibliography of a favorite English poet, the other all the extant printed matter throughout the civilized world bearing on co-operative industrial partnerships.

I am not without suspicions that Mrs. Dawson varies her behavior according to her company. It would not astonish me to hear that she had given orders that cigarettes should not be offered to the ladies on this occasion. In the interval after luncheon, before the men returned, it seems that she talked of pictures and of gardens in a manner so delightful as to leave no doubt in any mind that she was an ardent lover of both, and afterward she revealed a familiarity with what her guest was seeking to accomplish for homeless working-girls which could not have been simulated, however much of a social chameleon she may be. Mrs. Foote's conversion really was accomplished when with her host and hostess on either side she made a grand tour of the greenhouses, stables, parkway, Italian garden, and terraces. I have heard her tell the story: "It mortified me to find" (to quote her own words) "with what scientific thoroughness they had approached many subjects in regard to which I had imagined them to be misinformed and totally indifferent. After all, one must not forget that they too are Americans."

It is a pleasant reflection that, as the result of Josephine's campaign of education, Mrs. Foote has not only borrowed her mentor's shibboleth, "If you knew them better, you would alter your opinion," but has tempered the objectionable passage in her lecture on American Womanhood, so as to afford a bird's-eye glimpse of Winona reading "How to Know the Wild Flowers" to her children and the admirable saving graces of certain multi-millionaires. If in public she still throws upon the wealthy the burden of exculpating themselves from the popular presumption of their worthlessness, she does not conceal (from us) that her new lecture, "What the Social Classes Owe to One Another," was directly inspired by her enlightenment. In this she enlarges upon her epigram, "they too are Americans," by admonishing her hearers to remember that the rich are really a portion of themselves, the moral of which might be said to be that self-righteousness and envy are second cousins.

And yet (which explains why Mrs. Mabel Flanders Foote's conversion is immediately relevant to the topic "real wealth") —having succeeded in correcting her misapprehensions that those who think in millions and purchase precious stones and old masters with the freedom which the rest of us associate with the expenditure of a nickel, are devoid of domestic virtues, I cannot as the grandfather of fifteen grandchildren, whose excursions and friendships among the abnormally rich have afforded me the opportunity to survey the social arena at short range, blind myself to various modern manifestations which seem directly or at least partially traceable to the influence of inordinate possessions.

II

"But what do you regard as inordinate possessions?" asked Josephine, with whom I was discussing the subject.

I realized at once the pertinency of the inquiry, for it compelled a reflective pause, which my wife saw fit to terminate by the pensive words—"It's so hard to tell. When we started house-keeping forty years ago any one with half a million was considered rich, and a millionaire was more or less of a curiosity. Nowadays, people with merely a million are only comfortably well off, and among multi-millionaires themselves I dare say that even five millions are regarded as genteel millionaire poverty."

"And yet," I interjected, by way of rounding out the contrast, "my father used to tell me that in his day one hundred thousand dollars was a fortune."

"Yes, dear." Josephine ruminated a moment before adding, "I'm inclined to think, Fred, that after about five, or possibly seven, millions it doesn't really matter much except for the purpose of owning railroads or endowing colleges and libraries. Take Mr. Dawson, for instance. Of course he's disgustingly rich, as Mrs. Foote terms

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it ever since her conversion; but I don't suppose he is able to afford more than all the necessary things and all the things he really doesn't need. Don't you see what I mean? Besides several establishments the family can have tiaras and numerous automobiles and buy now and then an old master. But I don't imagine he has a quarter of fifty millions, for instance, and presumably from the stand-point of those who have—and take the entire world, there is quite a sprinkling of them—he is a—er—pauper."

"Sh!" I ejaculated. "You shock me. You seem to forget, my dear, that I was once indicted by an indignant press for intimating that a man with an income of ten thousand dollars a year could get more out of life than one with fifteen hundred."

"I remember. That was twenty years ago. It isn't much to-day. You know, Fred, that I don't care a straw about all those things—the establishments, tiaras, and the rest. I never have. I don't want them. And it is one of the satisfactions of my life that my children have had to make their own way and were not hampered at the start by being disgustingly or inordinately or even respectably rich. Winona, to be sure, was so lucky as to marry a man with money enough for them to live comfortably. But the others have had to wait. Think how much pleasure they would have lost if they could buy everything they saw and satisfy every longing by drawing a cheque. Would we have missed for anything our planning, economizing, and even scraping? And I'm sure it's the same with them. It's the struggle that's the fun."

I have already indicated that Josephine has no propensity for cant. Nor did it seem necessary to call her attention to the slight inconsistency contained in her reference to Winona, which I was sure she would be able to explain. I was proud that her simplicity and sterling sense had been proof against the wear and tear of a maximum ten thousand dollars a year, and that the dazzle of genteel millionaire poverty had not obscured the truth first discovered by Midas, that happiness is apt to be disproportionate to the ability to have everything. But the desire to resume the thread of our discussion, which had slightly swerved from the central point, and in the same breath to allude to a phase of the struggle which she appeared to me to be overlooking, led me to remark after a few words of sympathetic acquiescence:

"But what satisfied us is too apt not to satisfy the rising generation."

By using the impersonal phrase, rising generation, I was able to shield myself from the reproach of maligning my own offspring, being well aware that Josephine, though candidly critical of her children if left to her own devices, resents all other strictures, even mine. By recourse to a comprehensive expression I conveyed my meaning, which was aimed far more directly at other people's children than at my own, and at the same time gave her the opportunity to take the lead in a more personal application if she chose.

"That's the dreadful side to it," she murmured with almost a tragic air. "And it's everywhere. Ours are not the only ones. Indeed, Fred, everything considered, I think the children have done remarkably well. Of course, Winona entertains a great deal. And I admit all four have automobiles. How David and even Josie manage with other things besides is a mystery. It seems their own children insisted on it. The younger generation has the automobile on the brain, and you and I are nearly the only people in the United States who do not own one. And it isn't only autos; one can't make a scape-goat of them; it's everything. And it's not only our class, it's every class; and so it goes. Yet all the time everything is rising in price, often by leaps and bounds—servants, house-rent, eggs, butter, milk, and all the necessaries of life, except, possibly, oil, sugar, and cheap ready-made clothing. There's some plausible excuse given for every increase—as in the case of milk, for instance, it costs so much to keep it free from germs. But if prices don't stop going up and everybody insisting on having everything, what will become presently not of the poor man, but of every one who is not inordinately rich?"

"You look at me, Josephine, as if you thought I were a political economist. I am merely a social philosopher; a spectator, and chronicler like yourself, but without your flashes of genius."

"Pshaw! But you are a man. It seems to me that some man ought to have discovered the root of the matter long before this—whether it's the tariff or the increase in the production of gold as you call it. Most

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of the so-called intelligent men, when one talks of ruinous prices, answer serenely, 'it's the increase of gold,' and stop short as if that were a stone wall."

This had been my own experience, and I did not see fit to allude to the sardonic stare with which a banker once regarded me when I asked him why no attempt was made to limit the output of the standard of value. He evidently considered me as next of kin to a lunatic.

"Josephine," I answered a little loftily, using a current aphorism, "when gold is cheap commodities are dear; which means that lands, hereditaments, provisions, and automobiles are more valuable than money."

"If no man is able to discover the remedy, it's time for some woman to try her hand at it. There must be a way of preventing prices from going up continuously. Our great-grandchildren will be bankrupt otherwise."

Although I have no fossilized preconceptions concerning the limits of woman's genius, political economy has been so exclusively a domain of man that I hedged between acquiescence and dissent by the glittering generality, "The problem seems to baffle the wisest heads of the universe. We are told that what is true here regarding the cost of living is true the world over."

There is a certain amount of comfort to be derived from the assurance that any given state of affairs is not peculiar. It tends to substitute a more philosophic train of thought for personal or local misgivings. If what is true here is also true not merely of national conditions but of those in China and Peru, a grandfather may well pause before he indicts the rising generation on the strength of personal observation. Yet the facts within the range of one's own experience are always eloquent, and I am free to confess that in this particular case enumeration puts the rest of the world and philosophy in the shade when Josephine and I attempt to inventory the things considered essential to the comfort of the descendants of the people we know. Not only have the sheer luxuries of fifty years ago become the necessities of to-day, but the world finds difficulty in doing without a large variety of requirements which were either non-existent or had not been imagined when we were young. Here is a casual list which Josephine provided almost in a single breath, together with her (or my) comments in the margin.

NECESSARIES FOR AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG COUPLE WITH SEVERAL CHILDREN, BENT ON ECONOMY, BUT AMBITIOUS TO DO WELL:

Fresh butter, thick cream, and grapefruit.

What is life without them?

Separate tiled bath-rooms with electric light and modern plumbing.

Indispensable; but in our time one bath-room sufficed for the family.

Numerous maids at five to ten dollars per week, according to the laws of competition, accentuated by feverish fears that the supply may give out altogether.

How are they going to get them otherwise? We paid half the price and obtained better service.

White paint, white dresses, white gloves.

Hygienic and cheerful, but need frequent renewing.

Five dollars for tickets every time one takes one's wife to the theatre.

One has to pay a ticket agent or make up one's mind a week ahead. We used to pay one dollar and fifty cents at the box-office.

Golf balls, seventy-five cents apiece.

They used to be forty cents, and we play the same old game.

Golf club, eighty dollars per year, and an extra charge to play golf.

Curious logic, but a sad fact.

Champagne whenever one entertains.

(Josephine.) Totally unnecessary. A ridiculous extravagance.

Flowers, ditto.

(Fred.) Ornamental, but a woman's fancy.

An automobile.

How do they manage to have one? We gave our children bicycles.

Chauffeur after husband has tired of taking care of it.

Winona has a treasure who will take his meals in the kitchen. Most of them won't.

A trip to Europe every now and then to recuperate.

Plus the duties one has to pay on what is brought home.

Family portraits.

Rarely successful.

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The telephone.

Economizer of time and distance, but still an extra.

Fur coats for the household to ride in autos and sit at foot-ball games.

Is it better to run in debt or catch cold?

Savings for a flying-machine, with a careful eye to the future.

Life-insurance is so slow.

In contrasting the modern house, especially the country house, with its spacious, luxurious devices for making everybody comfortable, with that of fifty years ago, one is reminded of the plaintive domestic inquiry in Alice in Wonderland regarding the case of the sand beach:

> "If seven maids with seven mops
> Swept it for half a year,
> Do you suppose, the walrus said,
> That they could get it clear?
> I doubt it, said the carpenter,
> And shed a bitter tear."

Josephine properly omitted week-end house parties from her list of modern necessities, presumably for the reason that the typical young couple she had in mind were beneficiaries, not donors, of this form of entertainment. All that the guests at week-end house parties require are fur coats and attractive personalities. It is even possible sometimes to borrow a fur coat, and a truly hospitable host is expected to keep an extra supply. But if there is one factor more than another which has revolutionized social life by providing scope to the rich and a new and wider horizon to the young, it is the week-end house party.

When Josephine and I were young a spring or autumn visit to friends in the country was somewhat of an event. We looked forward to a certain amount of personal discomfort as regards warmth and bathing facilities in exchange for husking bees and the beauties of nature. How delightful were those rambles through the woods, when the fresh verdure of spring gladdened the eyes, or we picked a winding path through the dry leaves and chestnut burrs on Indian summer days which emulated perfection! Yet how frigid were those old-fashioned bedrooms, with their thin partitions, on a frosty night, and how the windows stuck and rattled! An occasional ride on horseback with one's sweetheart was a favor, for it was necessary to spare the horses; and reading aloud, twenty questions, or telling ghost stories were the favorite diversions following a high tea limited to two courses.

One must be a grandfather to realize completely the contrast. Do you happen to know our granddaughter, Dorothy Perkins? I think you must, by sight, at any rate, for her picture is so constantly in the newspapers. A very pretty girl—so every one says—the eldest child of my daughter Josie, who, as I believe I have intimated, is a sweetly conventional woman and was at the same age sensitive and rather retiring. There is no doubt that of all our granddaughters, and we have at least half a dozen, we are expected to be the proudest of Dorothy. She is a great social success to begin with, which is on her own merits, for her father, though a successful architect, is far from wealthy. One reason why she seems to be such a success is that she is so natural—as her friends say; is on such easy terms with the young men ("jollies" them the phrase is), calls them all by their Christian names, and is what is termed such a thorough sport. This means that she is extremely proficient at games, tennis especially, though she plays golf, rides horses man fashion, steers an auto, and sails a thirty-footer equally well. She wears queer-looking garments to meet the exigencies of exercise, which include short corduroy skirts, top boots, masculine neckwear, long woolly coats and squash hats; so it is not always easy to distinguish her at a distance from my grandsons. But she is very amiable and popular. Queerly enough her mother dotes on everything she does and assures me confidently, when I occasionally hazard surprise at Dorothy's unconventional doings, that girls are "different" nowadays, and that she merely emphasizes the prevailing type.

Or do you know my namesake, Frederick 3d, my son Fred's eldest boy? Possibly not, for young men after leaving college are not so conspicuous as the girls. He was no less prominent in athletics than his father before him, and shortly before graduation was offered a salaried position as pitcher by two professional base-ball teams—a tribute which distinguished him at once from the herd of his contemporaries. He resisted, however, the temptation to remain in what is termed the lime-light, and

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is now busily employed downtown, a vigorous, manly looking young fellow, and like his cousin, Dorothy Perkins, a social success. It is, indeed, because of their exceptionally engaging social qualities, as reported to me, that I single these young people out from the rest of my grandchildren.

Yet I rarely see either of them. When I visit their homes on Saturday or Sunday they are never there. The parental excuses, which are almost pathetic, have become stereotyped: "Dorothy will be sorry to miss you, father, but she has gone to the Flaggs for Sunday. One of their week-end house parties in their large, new country house. Ten girls and ten young men." "Your namesake is almost as much of a stranger to us as to you. This is the eighth Sunday in succession that he has been away. We expected he would be here, but at ten o'clock last evening, Beverly Gore came for him in an automobile; what could he do? Now that he is working so hard he needs all the fresh air and exercise he can get. But just as he was slamming the front door, he put his head in and shouted, 'Give my love to grandpa.' Wasn't it sweet of him? You can't blame him after that."

Surely not. These maternal explanations would convince an ogre, and a grandfather ought to be the most indulgent of beings. The plea for fresh air and recreation is not to be gainsaid. It is both natural and sensible that the young should yearn to exchange the confines of the city, where the dust is laid by oil and the tall silk hat is obsolete only in ultra fashionable circles, for the freedom and freshness of rustic or suburban surroundings. Why does the vendor of city houses for the well-to-do newly married repine? Because of the exodus from town to this or that settlement within a radius of thirty miles in search of breathing space. Electricity by superseding the flaring bed-room candle and annihilating distance has brought them into such close touch with metropolitan conveniences that residence in the country the year round becomes no hardship. Their fashionable forefathers left their city homes for ninety days at a summer resort, returning punctually before the dreaded equinoctial storm in September. Those who own both town and country house to-day lengthen from year to year their separation from bricks and asphalt, so that departure now antedates the coming of the Mayflower (or tax collector), and return is protracted beyond the Harvard-Yale foot-ball match until almost Christmas.

From this reasonable premise that one's home for nine months in the year should be comfortable, it is easy to argue that abundant space demands greater luxury. So one pleasant extravagance succeeds another and the walrus's seven maids with seven mops soon constitute merely genteel convenience. Not only have the well-to-do newly married appropriated the suburbs, but the really rich have rediscovered the country, and spread themselves upon it opulently. Their modern establishments ape and outvie those of the English country gentleman. But the owners lack the ties and traditions of their prototype. They are neither magisterial landlords nor patronizing almoners in partnership with an ancient church, working through obsequious curates. To the rank and file of the subsidized neighborhood they remain "those queer multi-millionaires with money to burn who bought Foster's timber-land," and by so doing raised the dignity of that once pitiful asset, the abandoned farm, to the level of a gilt-edged security. Yet what a godsend these extravagant new-comers have been to many a small country town rusting out from debt and the departure of its young people for the cities. The cry "back to the farm" is reinforced by the thrifty hope of having something else to sell. Hence the more energetic and less grudging stifle their emotions by raising produce and chickens for the nourishment of the invaders; yet observe with a mixture of disapproval, curiosity, and enjoyment the obliteration of their landmarks by terraced gardens, ornamental preserves, golf links, tennis-courts, and the smoothed, broadened highway over which speed and thunder myriads of dust-provoking automobiles—in one of the largest and swiftest of which are sure to be found my grandchildren, Dorothy Perkins and Frederick 3d.

Have you ever attended a week-end house party for young people at a home of the really rich? If so you cannot fail to have been impressed by the hum of vitality, the whir of excitement, and the complete lack of opportunity for the spiritual restfulness which former generations have sought in the presence of nature. Instead of

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sauntering two by two, lover-like couples wooing the seclusion of the wood paths and lanes, youthful society to-day travels in bunches, ever eager to be on the move, to be transported swiftly from one form of exercise to another until the body becomes pleasantly wearied, then fed gastronomically, and lest some one be bored, cajoled with expensive social novelties by prodigal hosts bent on pleasing. In the language of its vernacular there must be something "doing" all the time; which means a succession of open-air sports until dark, followed by a gay dinner-dance which may or may not compete in lateness with those of the city and prolongs to the last gasp the programme of rush and tension with which the day began.

What becomes of the simple life in this process? What room for books, contemplative silence, and self-scrutiny? These inquiries force themselves upon us against our wills, for it is only a grumpy grandfather who seeks to fasten upon those who come after the reproach of degeneration. Indeed, Josephine and I prefer to echo stoutly our daughter's phrase concerning these young people that, as a prevailing type, they are merely "different." Recall the healthy, glowing physique of both sexes; their energetic, vigorous movements, their entire naturalness and absence of ceremony or restraint in social intercourse, their honesty, hatred of shams, and fine animal spirits. What if my granddaughter Dorothy Perkins smokes? What if she permits young men to call her by her Christian name the second time she meets them? Every one says she could have passed the Harvard or Yale college examinations had she chosen to. What if my grandson Frederick 3d is so heedless of ownership in regard to clothing that the initials on the articles of his wardrobe include the son of the president of the United States and the janitor of his college dormitory? What if he drives a motor-car at breakneck speed, plays "bridge" at times, and continuously exaggerates the value of athletics? We are assured that his morals are far superior to those of two generations ago, and that both his mind and body are clean as a smelt.

In the face of such positive virtues the opinion that the rising generation is merely "different" may well suffice for a grandfather who would be thought progressive. When we seek an explanation of the difference, surely a plausible one is to be found in the lavish expenditures of the very wealthy whose inclination for competitive splendor, egged on by that American tendency, of which we all are conscious, to deny nothing to the young lest they cease to love us, tends to debauch the rising generation by giving a false value to merely material things and by starving those channels to the brain which nourish the finer senses.

I set forth this conclusion in much the same words the other day for the benefit of my wife Josephine, remarking also that I intended to expound it at the next meeting of my dinner club, which includes men so well qualified to judge and of such varied experience as Dr. Henry Meredith, the specialist on nervous diseases, my pastor, the Rev. Bradley Mason, and Gillespie Gore (great uncle of young Beverly Gore who has been fined three times for overspeeding), the former society beau and still a well-preserved man of fashion.

"Every word is true," said Josephine; then she continued a little plaintively, "I was perfectly right, Fred, in stating that one can have seven or at least five millions nowadays without being really rich. You thought at the time I was wandering from the point, but I wasn't. With less than that it isn't possible to have all the things which some people to-day think essential for comfort. But," she concluded with a sigh, "it makes it hard for the poor dears with less who have got used to having so many extra things."

(To be continued.)

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A WINTER CRUISE

By Frances Wilson Huard

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES HUARD

WE made up our minds in less than no time, and with the accustomed ardor of all young people when realizing their desires, we set to work organizing our expedition. We had decided to accept the Janviers' invitation to spend our Christmas holidays shooting and fishing aboard their sail yacht *Korrigan*, and once the resolve taken we began hurrying all over Paris, rejoicing in this unlooked-for escapade, and anxious to lay in our provisions and be off.

There were five of us: two Frenchmen, two American women, and a Parisian poet, who declared himself a citizen of the universe. Before the latter was invited, however, it was suggested that it might be extremely dangerous to take a dreamer along on a hunting trip; but as Delorme is a delightful fellow, a brilliant talker, and a close friend of ours, who declared that he would never lift a gun, but rather raise his voice to denounce us blood-thirsty mortals, all protestations were overruled, and he was asked to join.

Accordingly the 18th of December, 1907, found us at the Gare St. Lazare, booted, armed, equipped, and encumbered with packages as though we were going to the North Pole. Janvier at the telegraph office wired last instructions to his sailors. H. was busy making up accounts on a leather register bought for the occasion, while Bertha and I were on the lookout for the belated poet.

"All aboard! all aboard!" cried the guard. We had barely time to jump into our compartment, and as the train left the station we cast a last glance onto the platform, but no Delorme was to be seen, and all along the route we lamented his absence and the misadventure that had detained him.

An hour later, as we pulled up at the first station—Dreux, I think—a head wearing a high silk hat bobbed into our compartment window.

"Delorme!" we cried with one voice.

"Here I am." Turning the handle he opened the door and entered. As he did so, we all set up a cry of surprise, for beneath his great fur coat we discovered that he wore full evening dress. He understood our amazement, and hardly waited to compose himself.

"Forgive me," he pleaded, "but I was in Madame de Rey's drawing-room, waiting for dinner to be announced, when suddenly it dawned on me that you were leaving this evening at eight o'clock. It was striking seven then, and the Countess lives beyond the Eiffel Tower. Raising my eyes toward Heaven, 'Let me go! I must go!' I murmured. Then dashing into the anteroom, I seized my coat. 'Tell your mistress it is an inspiration! An inspiration!' I cried to the astonished servant, as I hurried down the stairs and literally threw myself into a taxicab. In the carriage I remembered something having been said about my bringing preserves or pastries, so I got down at Bourbonneux, and presently I was running madly across the station court. Eight o'clock! I never stopped to think of a ticket, but brushing past every one, I somehow or other got onto the platform. The gate was shut! I could just see the train moving off. Over the fence I went, raced down the quai, and fairly fell into the baggage car, much to the surprise of the guard, who after all was obliged to accept my presence, as he couldn't very well put me out. Nice chap, too, that guard! I fixed matters up with him. We even discussed metaphysics, which he didn't seem to know much about, and here I am. Only I'm afraid your pastries are a little the worse for the trip." And amid our general laughter he produced and commenced to untie a sticky-looking package which proved to contain the crushed remains of cakes and tarts, floating on a river of variegated sauces, all he had had time to snatch at Bourbonneux. We shortly de-

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spatched the mess by the car window, and Janvier turned his attention to Delorme's costume.

"But how on earth are you going to manage with that attire?"

"Oh, don't worry. I'll find something in Granville." And thus laughing and joking we continued our route, until at length at 4 A. M. we reached our destination.

Granville was dead and the station deserted save for two giant sailors, who, smiling from ear to ear, stood there, cap in hand, to greet us. They put our baggage onto a hand-cart, and led the way through the streets of the silent little city, where, for economy's sake, the street lamps are not lighted after 11 P. M. We were therefore obliged to feel our way in the darkness, each carefully surveying his steps, and all looking after the poet, whose evening pumps were anything but practical for such purposes.

Arriving at a small public square, a fresh sea-breeze blew briskly into our faces and we could just distinguish the mast-heads in the starlight. Delorme sought a sheltered corner and struck a match.

BIDANET
Confections pour hommes. Spécialité pour la marine
(Men's tailor. Marine suits a specialty)

read a sign above our heads. The poet made a rush for the door and began knocking with all his might. Presently we all joined him, and in the silence of the night the sound redoubled in volume. At length a voice within cried:

"In Heaven's name what's the trouble? Who's there?"

"Open, we are customers."

"Go your way, good-for-nothings! Drunkards!"

"But there is a fire!" shouted Delorme.

"Fire! Fire!" echoed the voice, and as the bolts were drawn, a dishevelled, night-gowned, night-capped, masculine figure appeared in the doorway, holding a candle.

"Fire! Fire! What? Who? When? Where?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Delorme. "But what I want is to purchase some clothes."

Here Janvier stepped forward:

"Calm yourself, good sir; calm your fears. My friend here is on his way to Jersey, taking an unexpected trip, and needs clothes to make a change." He repeated his explanation to a woman that appeared on the scene, and who, less frightened than her husband, prepared to execute our orders.

Delorme, obliged to procure a complete outfit, had to make his choice among piles of clothes that for years had lain on the shelves of the old store. He finally finished by selecting a bottle-green suit (such as wear the eccentric singers in a vaudeville show), a pair of fur-lined boots, some knitted underwear, and several variegated mufflers, not to mention a dozen seamen's handkerchiefs, on whose borders was stamped the "History of France," the "Sailor's Manual," and other useful knowledge. The whole was topped by an old-fashioned cap with ear muffs, which surely dated from the time when the Orleans reigned over France. At length the poet asked for a valise, but the old woman had none.

"There's my old travelling-sack," put in her husband, who commenced to regain his senses, and seeing a man in full evening dress buying everything at no matter what cost, supposed he was dealing with a criminal, some important thief in haste to get out of the country and reach Jersey; he therefore profited by the circumstances to ask exorbitant prices for his goods. He left us a moment and we heard him rummaging in the back of the store, and then presently he reappeared carrying the most extraordinary bag I have ever laid eyes on. It was what we call a carpet-sack, embroidered with large flowers, and ornamented with leather handles and borders, whereon were hammered brass-headed nails forming festoons and the owner's initials.

We could hardly suppress our merriment, especially as the old fellow emptied out his winter provision of chestnuts, and with tears in his voice, demanded forty francs (eight dollars) for the relic, saying it was the only remembrance he possessed of his departed father. When it was new, the thing couldn't have been worth more than two dollars. But have it we must. So Delorme paid, and we quickly packed the other purchases and started on our way, passing through the already animated and picturesque fish-market, where white-capped merchants

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were busy preparing their fish for transportation by an early train.

When we reached the docks not a living soul was to be seen. In the distance the wind howled mournfully, and beneath our feet the waves rolled sullenly toward the shore. A glimmering light on the water guided us.

"There is the *Korrigan*," announced Janvier, and presently the yacht, all sails hoisted, loomed up before us. By the aid of perpendicular ladders we climbed down to the deck, and then:

"All right, François," said Janvier, and slowly the boat began to turn.

"Coffee is ready in the saloon," a polite young jack tar informed us, and we eagerly drank the steaming beverage that the sailors had prepared and served on a dainty white cloth, in a room where everything, even a bunch of winter roses, was arranged to complete our enchantment.

It was what we call a carpet-sack, with leather handles and borders, whereon were hammered brass-headed nails forming the owner's initials.—Page 66.

When Janvier joined us in the cabin we greeted him with a rousing "Hurrah!" and after breakfast he proceeded to allot us our places. Leading the way through to a little chamber, "You" (nodding to me), "will sleep here, and my wife opposite in that lower berth. There are two bunks and a couch forward, for which we men shall draw lots, so don't worry about us."

Sleep, which we had thus far evaded, now began to overtake us, so Bertha and I lay down for an impromptu nap, and when next we woke it was to hear François calling luncheon. We hastened on deck, but were unable to see Chausey, the islands we were heading for, on account of a slight fog, but our sailors announced that we would reach there shortly after our early luncheon, although we were obliged to go most cautiously.

The men had planned to set the seines for fish as soon after we reached the "dead water" as they could conveniently do so; so while waiting for the boat to gain the desired position, we commenced to become acquainted with our delightful craft and her crew.

The *Korrigan* is a twenty-ton boat, all painted white, with a narrow gold rim around her hull, which is deep and strong, having been constructed to bear the heavy seas in the Channel, and on the coast of Brittany. Within as without white predominates, and the walls are ornamented by Japanese prints representing exotic fish and marine scenes, while all the necessary appointments, such as hooks, chest-handles, and door-knobs, are of shining nickel. Cosey seats and comfortable cushions were to be found everywhere, and we were in ecstasies about the delightful interior, where nothing was lacking, not even a little library of well-selected books.

Our two sailors were sturdy Normans, with clear, piercing blue eyes; those eyes that are characteristic of that whole race

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Chausey.

of daring adventurers, which still exists in these parts. The elder man's name was François Bultel, the younger's, Paul Davout; the latter our cook, our butler, our steward, and later on, our chamber-maid, washing and ironing our clothes, and sewing on lost buttons as dexterously as he handled the sails, made a sauce, baited a line, or fired a gun. A most precious person on such an expedition.

"*On arrive*" (we are arriving) was called down from above, and as we approached, the winter sun struggled through the clouds and danced feebly in the water, making it just possible for us to see the details of the shore in front of us. It was like a fairy scene, an hallucination come true, for I could just distinguish hills and vales, still half-hidden in the mist, and I was anxious to know how much was imaginary vision, and how much was real.

Soon we began to glide between overhanging rocks, and it seemed as though we were arriving in some prehistoric landscape. Surely this must be the spot where shy water-gods chose to dwell, and sirens and naiads abounded.

The air was strong and bracing; so strong that it was almost intoxicating, and I felt my whole being vibrating beneath its force. I was glad to be alive. I rejoiced in my youth, and all worldly cares were obliterated as I stood there breathing in the invigorating gusts, my body aglow, my soul attune to every new sensation that nature was producing. Surely the others shared my emotions, for we were grouped together in silence as the boat silently wended its way over the rippleless water. The stillness was magnificent, yet reposeful, and it was as though we were arriving in a hitherto undiscovered country of dreams, one of those unknown lands about which sing the authors of the "Thousand and One Nights."

The boat turned.

"*Mouille!*" cried François. The anchor dropped, and as it splashed into the water, thousands of unseen birds rose from a neighboring island and took flight. Bang! Bang! went a gun from the stern, and Janvier and H., already engaged in their favorite sport, were seen loading their rifles ready to pursue their prey.

The sail hung limp about the mast. Paul was in the small boat ready to put us huntsmen ashore, and presently we alighted, having left the poet comfortably rolled up in blankets on the deck, preparing to enjoy the treasures contained in a volume of Homer, while he sipped his tea in the open air.

From the time we touched shore until night closed in we pursued our exciting

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sport, with every shot bringing down a white-winged creature, until at last I couldn't help feeling that ours was indeed a "bloody business," and that we were not unlike savages, bringing death and desolation with us to these hospitable shores.

As twilight fell about us we made haste to regain our boat, the men taking time to spread their net that François had brought ashore with him. They were obliged to hurry, the tide being about to turn, and as the fish follow the current, even a minute makes a difference. The smell of boiling soup mingled agreeably with the salt sea air as we pulled back to the *Korrigan*, and we fairly devoured our dinner, our exercise in the open air having given us ravenous appetites.

We turned in early, H. and I having promised to help lift the nets, while Janvier, his wife, and Paul were going to lie in wait for wild ducks. In the middle of the night I heard some one gently rapping on my door.

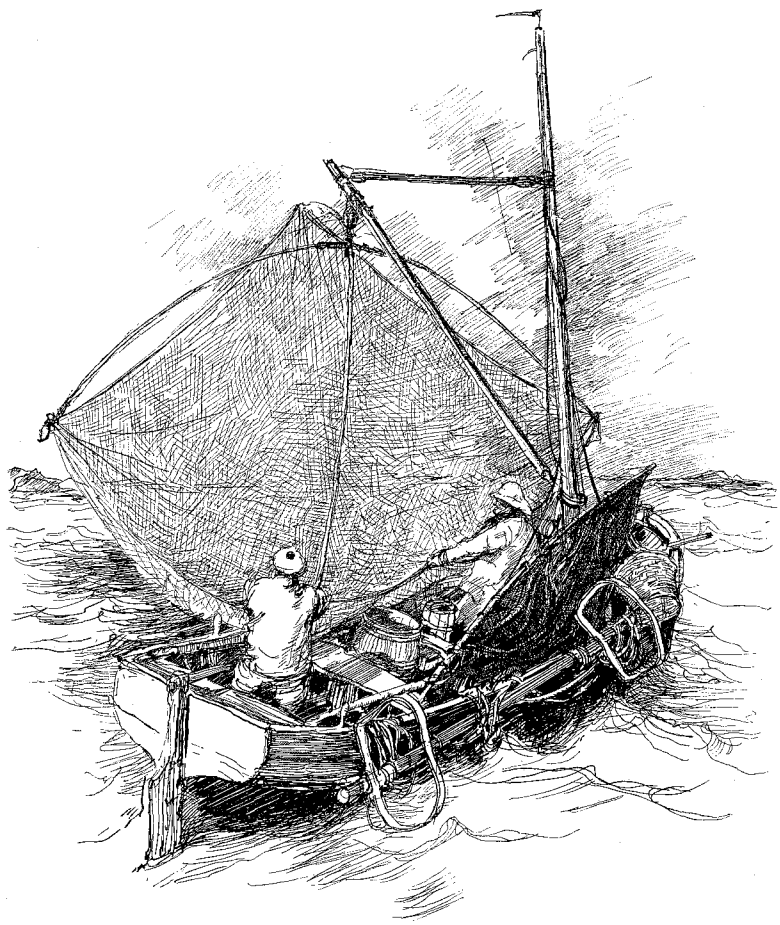
"Yes?"

"Madame, it is time for the nets."

H. and I dressed quickly, left the others slumbering peacefully, and made our way toward the deck. François, who met us at the foot of the hatch, smilingly offered us a tiny glass of brandy and some dry biscuits.

"Take it. You'll need it. It's cold outside."

We reached the deck, jumped into the boat and rowed toward the beach, which the tide was rapidly uncovering, though our net could not as yet be seen. François waded into the water, lifted one end of it, and then turned and said:



Hauling the net. Chausey Fishermen.

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"I think we have had luck."

Luck, I should think so, and when at length it came time to haul in, it took all our strength to raise the seine. Sole, turbot, skate, flounders, eels, and snappers soon lay floundering in the bottom of the boat, and, our hands bleeding, our backs nearly broken, we kept on pulling in the heavily laden net. Our load was so weighty that I almost feared for our little craft, but after an hour and a half's absence, we managed to land our cargo, and I retired to my berth to finish my interrupted sleep, while the Janviers made ready to hunt on some distant island. I didn't awake until they returned, and coming on deck a most magnificent sight greeted my eyes. Hundreds of fish lay all about, their silver scales flashing in the sunshine, while here and there lay ducks, heron, and curlews, some twenty birds in all, the fruit of the morning's sport.

"A veritable Snyders," exclaimed the poet, and surely 'twould have been a treat for the great master to gaze on so superb a subject for a painting.

"But what are we going to do with so much fish and game? It seems a pity to have killed so many birds. We will never be able to eat half of them."

"Oh, we have friends," said Janvier, smiling, and looking at François and Paul, whose eyes twinkled knowingly.

"To-night we shall leave here, and to-morrow morning when you get up we shall be in the Sound, and then I shall show you the Mother Island."

And true enough, at daylight we sailed into a little harbor where several small fishing smacks were moored. Numbers of little boats were seen pushing off from the shore; the *Korrigan*, though unexpected at this season, had been recognized at a distance, and presently men and boys were clambering over her sides, welcoming Janvier in the heartiest manner. Big and little they strode up to him and shook his hands, and our friend seemed delighted to greet his old companions.

We didn't wait to anchor, but went ashore almost immediately, landing at the foot of a little stone light-house, whose guardians rushed forward to help us alight. Decidedly our arrival had revolutionized the island!

Our first excursion was made to the light-house itself, from where we were able to get a general view of the Mother Island, and we soon discovered a very rocky landscape, bounded by the sea, notched here and there by little beaches, with a semaphore marking its opposite extremity. Presently we descried several small thatched houses, the vestiges of an old abbey, two or three deep ravines, the skeletons of some lonely trees, and then some thin-looking cattle, who didn't seem to mind the great roar of the wind or the mighty waves that dashed themselves into foam against the huge bowlders.

Janvier informed us that sixty-five persons, fishermen, customs officers, and guardians, dwelt here, and then we commenced to pick our way along the paths in the direction of the church and the rectory.

"Our first visit must be made on the curate," he explained, "for he is the chief official here, not only accomplishing his ecclesiastical duties as father and confessor of this curious little flock, but also acting as schoolmaster, magistrate, postman, and often medical adviser."

When shortly we came to a deserted little enclosure that must have served as a garden in summer-time, Janvier opened the gate and we all followed him toward the house, from which issued the sound of childish voices:

"B A, Ba. D A, Da."

Janvier rapped on the window.

"Good-day, Curate, good-day!"

A round, rosy, gold-spectacled face appeared behind the pane.

"Monsieur Janvier! What a joyful surprise!" And the good priest hurried to open his door, shaking our hands most heartily as each of us was presented.

"But you have come to spend Christmas with us? How lovely! What good news! Can't I make you comfortable here at the rectory?"

And then we ourselves began pressing him with questions, to which he had hardly time to reply, so busy was he getting out and dusting a set of glasses and opening a bottle of white wine which an old sailor, his servant and helper, now brought in.

Healths were proposed and drunk, and the interrupted spelling lesson seemed almost forgotten until a pummelling sound and a sharp wail from the corner reminded

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The curate and his little flock.

us that we were not the only occupants of the room. We turned to see three small boys and as many little girls engaged in a lively scuffle, and it soon became evident that outside assistance would be necessary to separate them. The good curate pulled them apart, and then tried to restore order among his rebellious pupils, in the meantime explaining that three Robins were trying to down three Tout Mangis; that is to say, the Montagus and the Capulets of Chausey were fighting for supremacy, their feud, which dated since 1856, having arisen over some lobster pots, which the Tout Mangis accused the Robins of having secretly opened and devastated.

"Certainly it *has* happened that a Romeo Robin married a Juliet Tout Mangis, but each succeeding generation has continued the war, and no amount of punishment, sermons, and even whole days of catechism have sufficed to extinguish the ardor of the youngsters."

The curate had hardly turned his back e'er they were on their feet and ready for the fray, and I assure you the poor old man had all he could do to look after those human demons.

We made him promise to come and dine with us on board the *Korrigan* that same evening, and then we took our leave, and started down a steep incline which led toward three cottages and a couple of hovels, pompously called "The City."

One of the houses is the summer home of two old maiden ladies, the owners of the island; the second is occupied by their farmer, and the other one belongs to Monsieur Gibault, the "King of the Islands," as he is called, who looks after their rents and their other business interests.

He spied us as we approached, and came out to ask us the honor of a visit.

We entered a large, low, brick-paved room, whose only light was let in through two iron-barred windows, and the store (for Gibault is a merchant as well as a landlord) contains everything from cheese to woollen jerseys, from gunpowder to nightcaps.

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Ranged along the walls were numerous iron-bound coffers, above which hung racks containing rifles, axes, spades, and anchors, and standing there, while Janvier left his order for eggs and poultry, it seemed as though I had suddenly stepped back into the seventeenth or eighteenth century, and was taking part in a scene in some colonial mart.

In spite of the cold we found most of the inhabitants outside engaged in their daily occupations, our arrival forming the chief topic of their animated conversations. The fishermen were busy cutting, cleaning, and preparing their fish; others were spreading out their nets on the sand to dry, while still others were mending theirs.

"Ah, there's Mother Hersent," cried Janvier, going toward an old woman who sat before her door peeling potatoes.

"*Bon jour, bon jour.* How are you? And how's your husband?"

"Oh, sir, he'll be glad indeed to see you. 'Tis winter, and he has rheumatism like all the rest of us. Go in, sir, you'll see him there."

The obscurity of the interior surprised us, but presently we were able to distinguish a bundle of blankets huddled in a corner on a sea-weed mattress. Then a white-bearded face turned in our direction. Father Hersent recognized Janvier at once, and when he learned that Bertha and I were Americans, he soon became less timid and spoke of his frequent trips to Philadelphia and even Valparaiso. Sometimes the pain stopped him, but only for a moment, and then he would continue his interesting recollections of when it took sixty days to cross the Atlantic.

"But, Father Hersent, you seem to suffer a great deal."

"'If everything were pleasant in life it would be too easy to live,' says the curate. But what makes me saddest is to think that Monsieur Janvier is here, and I am not able to go fishing and hunting with him."

When at length we got aboard again, the *Korrigan* was anchored in the midst of a tiny flotilla of fishing-smacks and row-boats, and a small boy, perhaps twelve years old, was talking familiarly with our sailors.

"That is the Admiral," said François, when the youngster had taken his leave. "You'll not find a better pilot than he if you search the whole island. He knows all the passes, all the rocks, everything, by heart. Why, last winter, on account of storms, the island was a whole month

The "King of the Islands."

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Father and Mother Hersent.

without getting word from mainland. His mother was over there in the hospital at Granville giving birth to a baby brother, his father was fishing cod on the Banks, and it was he who acted as guardian to all the other little ones left in his charge. He fished for their food, chopped and gathered wood for their fire, even made the soup, while his sister, aged ten, washed and sewed for the other little brothers and sisters. All went without a hitch, but one day the Admiral, worried at not having news from his mother, took his little brother Prosper, and without saying a word to any one, set sail for Granville in his frail little bark. It is a miracle that they ever reached Granville in safety, and the old commander of the port, when he saw them coming, was so touched by their bravery that, crusty old sea-dog that he is, he was actually moved to tears.

"They went to the hospital, embraced their mother, and started back by the same route. The commander ordered out the steam yacht that does the summer service between Granville and Chausey, to accompany them, but they scorned his offer, and returned home as they came.

"Doctor P., a professor of the Faculty of Paris, who comes here every year with Monsieur W. R., a former secretary of war, made them a present of the lovely fishing-boat you see there, and with the *Paul-Reneé*, as it is called, I wager they'd go to America, if they had the chance."

Later on we made friends with the Admiral, and when I had had several conversations with him, I marvelled that so small a boy, brought up almost as a savage, could have such clear views about life, so great a sense of justice, so deep a respect for duty and discipline, and possessed courage that many a man might envy.

Brave little Admiral! The curate that evening told us even more about him. How he had become his altar boy, how much he was generally loved, and what fine hopes and prospects were settled on him.

For several succeeding days we were quite content to live the lives of the brave fishermen that surrounded us, who looked after our welfare while we were on their shores, and who often took us with them on their expeditions. It was thus that one day old Mother Hersent said to Bertha and me:

"Come, come with me, and we'll go into the field and gather flowers."

We hurried after her, wondering what she could mean, and finally arrived on a

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One day the Admiral took his little brother Prosper, and set sail for Granville.—Page 73.

little beach left bare by the tide, and entirely covered with bright green sea-grass. It greatly resembled an Alpine valley, housed in on both sides by the rocks, and to make the illusion more complete, a cow was seen grazing knee-deep in the grass.

"This is my garden, and the Coquilles St. Jacques are my blossoms," cried the old lady. "Look fixedly at one spot. Then pretty soon you will see a little spout of water and hear a slight snapping noise. Rush to the place, and there you will find a coquille, hidden beneath the grass in the sand."

We were enchanted with the new sport and made a large provision of the delightful shell-fish, which are so delicious cooked as Paul arranges them.

Our evenings we passed in a most agreeable manner. Every time we were invited ashore we returned our invitations by giving dinners aboard the *Korrigan*, and in such gatherings I had occasion to admire the high spirits and great good-humor of the curate. Joy seemed to radiate from every pore of this simple, good man's body.

"One great duty to accomplish, and lots of smaller ones to surround it. That is the recipe for happiness," argued this jovial philosopher, who had found his "bonheur" here on an arid, weather-beaten island. Nor have I ever seen a busier man than was this kind shepherd, looking after his flock, and yet he would be the first to propose a fishing party, the first to tell a joke, or even suggest a game of cards, or a lively song, as an after-dinner pastime.

What a country this would have been for a Kant or a Spinoza, for any being, in fact, wishing to escape the world, to live his own life in his own manner, compiling his system, communing alone with his God, or with his inner self.

I had always imagined the curate of Chausey a pious, straitlaced man, devoted to solitude and meditation, and therefore judge of my complete surprise on finding this strong, lusty fellow, brimming over with health and spirits, taking the initiative in everything, always ready for action, yet strangely child-like in his astonishment when we told him in detail about our modern European civilization.

Janvier had planned to surprise him, so the day before Christmas we began carrying out his idea. Beneath a large shed at the farm he proposed giving a midnight

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supper, to which all the islanders were invited. We draped the nude walls with sails, flags, and evergreen, and installed tables and benches made out of planks, with barrels to support them.

Our sailors were kept busy cooking lobsters and fish, preparing sauces, roasting ducks and game, while Bertha and I lent a hand, concocting the most fantastic mayonnaises and salad dressings that one can imagine. Every one of us was anxious to have a finger in the pie, and we formed a jolly party, all singing and laughing as we worked, rejoicing in our independence, and delighting in the distance that lay between us and civilization.

Toward night, on Christmas-eve, Janvier and the sailors began hoisting a huge box on deck, and they seemed anxious lest the noise they made should attract attention on the shore.

"What on earth is in that?" questioned the poet.

"Presents. Presents. And I am going to try to get the load ashore without being seen, for if I am discovered I shall have more help than I need, but the surprise will be spoiled."

"Better wait a little longer, till night falls," advised H. His counsel was followed, and Janvier finally succeeded in reaching the farm without being perceived, and we all set to work to install the Christmas-tree in an old barrel filled with soil, and proceeded to decorate it with the countless little packages that Janvier kept pulling out of the box.

When we had finished it was time to go to the light-house for dinner, as we had promised, and long after the meal was over we sat about the table, eagerly drinking in the tales of adventure and daring, stories

"God bless us all, just as we are," he exclaimed, and then every one fell to eating.—Page 76.

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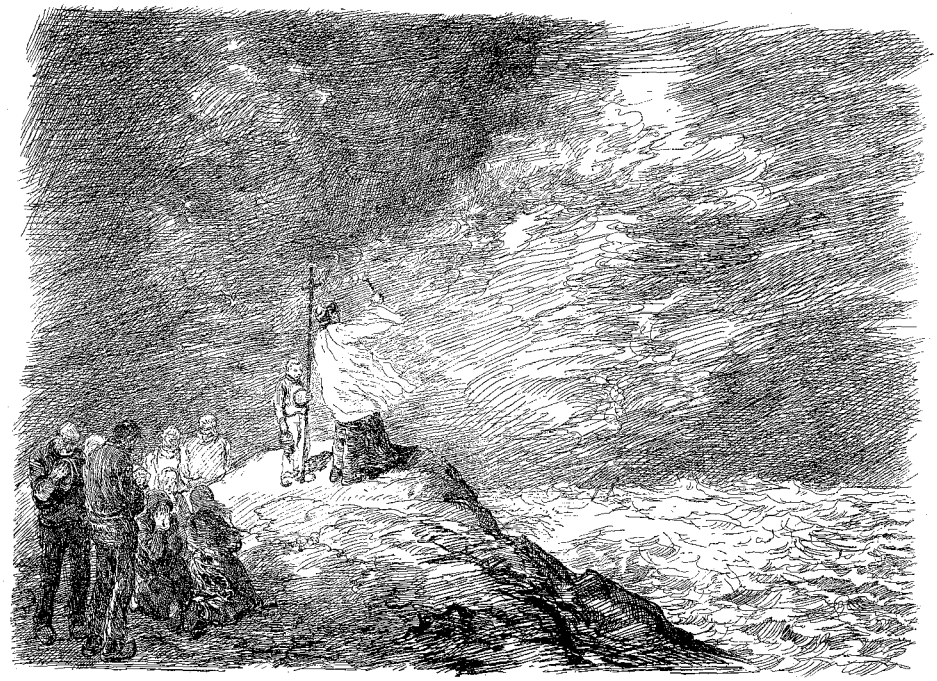

"Let them rest in peace."—Page 78.

of shipwrecks and tempests, told so simply and so well by these unpretentious people.

We were still listening when the peal of the little church bell reached our ears, and hastily putting on our cloaks, we bid good-by to the guardian, whose duty obliges him to stay and watch the sea, and accompanied by our hosts, we started in the direction of the church. Lights shone from the windows, and all along the route we could catch the gleams of lanterns carried by people bending their steps in the same direction.

Poor, humble little church, whose shaky little walls trembled in the wind that entered through the cracks in the roof, and made the candles on the altar flicker! Poor, humble little altar, devoid of every ornament save those absolutely necessary to the creed! Yet no cathedral could have been more mysterious, more awe-inspiring than was this barren little place of worship, crowded to the doors with devout and fervent people, listening most attentively to the divine service.

Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, went a little bell, rung by the white-surpliced Admiral, who stood below the altar steps. Every head bowed in response, and the curate's mellow voice continued the midnight Mass.

Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, the impressive moment of the elevation of the Host had arrived. Solemn silence reigned, and the breathless tension lasted until after the benediction, when every voice joined in a dear old-fashioned hymn, singing the praises of the Holy Babe.

Then all repaired to the impromptu banquet-hall, and our unexpected Christmas-tree proved a triumph. We all helped to distribute the presents, which included pipes, tobacco-pouches, and jack-knives for the men; scarfs and handkerchiefs for the women; toys and sweets for the children. Janvier had forgotten no one, and as we pressed about him to congratulate him on the success of his idea, three rousing cheers, led by the curate, made the walls ring. Then in the lull that followed:

"*A table, à table!*" cried Janvier, and there was a general bustle to get places.

The curate, who was led to the seat of honor, said a short grace, and his sentiments were echoed by Father Maquet, the oldest man on the island, who had been bundled up and carried out for the occasion.

"God bless us all, just as we are," he exclaimed, and then every one fell to eating.

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There were songs sung and verses recited. The Montagus and the Capulets forgot their feud, and were all seated together, eating out of one another's plates, and finally fell asleep, their arms about each other's necks, their heads resting on each other's shoulders.

It was late when we came aboard again. The wind was steadily rising, and the sea soon became very choppy.

"Bad weather ahead," said François, as he bid us good-night, and prepared to double our moorings. We retired quickly, but all night long the *Korrigan* danced on the waves, pulling at her chain like a wild beast anxious to escape. Several times I was awakened by the sound of the driving rain, and the steps of our cautious sailors who were on deck looking after our welfare.

Next morning the tempest continued to rage. Heavy clouds hung low, and great mountains of water dashed against the light-house, breaking with a deafening roar. Stray gulls hovered about our boat, mingling their strange wild cries with the mournful howling of the wind.

Arrayed in tarpaulins we ventured for a moment on deck, but were soon driven below by the violence of the storm. Then we tried to seek an occupation, but it was almost impossible to think of reading, writing, or even cleaning our arms, with the boat rolling now from side to side, now pitching from stem to stern.

At luncheon time François announced that we should have to eat a cold meal, for lighting the stove was not only extremely dangerous, but useless as well, for no pot or pan would be able to stay on it sufficiently long for the food to cook.

"Bad weather for those that are outside." As the words left his mouth the wind brought us the sound of a bell, ringing steadily in sharp, short peals.

"The alarm-bell! Some misfortune!" cried Janvier, jumping up quickly from the divan where he lay dozing. Half covered we rushed on deck, jumped into a row-boat, and made for the shore. Once there, we followed the frantic men and women who were running in the direction of the lighthouse. As he passed us a man cried:

"There's a boat going down!"

On the beach some men were pushing a long, eight-oared life-boat into the water. The curate was superintending the launching, bareheaded, his cassock rolled up. The sailors, while putting on their life-belts, pushed with all their might against the resisting waves. The curate let go the gaff-hook. The boat made a plunge, and as it left the shore a boy sprang into the bow. It was the Admiral. There was no bringing him back, as the craft had made head-way and was fast gaining the Sound.

Then every one made a rush up the hill to the light-house, from where the wreck could be plainly seen.

It was a fishing-boat from Cancale, a sloop, come there Heaven knows how, both masts broken, the rudder long since beyond control. Some one spied two men hanging in the rigging, and the wind brought us their cries for help. The light-house fired a gun to tell them they were seen, and then all eyes were turned toward the life-boat that had reached the Sound, and was advancing toward the open sea, the men straining every muscle in their efforts to get forward.

"'Tis folly for the curate to hope to reach them," sighed an old man beside me.

The gale continued. The tempest seemed to reach its very height, great masses of foam completely covering us as the huge waves battled against the rocks. The spectators' faces were drawn and wistful. They were watching the awful scene with the placidity of persons used to witnessing such struggles, and they followed with eager eyes the life-boat, doing its utmost to double the point. Then their eyes would turn in the direction of that pitiful hull to which clung two brave fellows about to die, within sight of land, but out of reach of help.

"Come on, boys!" finally cried Janvier, exasperated. "Let's make our boat ready!"

"It is useless," replied François. "We could never reach there, and might all be drowned."

"But are we going to stand here and watch those poor souls perish?"

"Look, look, Monsieur, even the life-boat can't stand it. Here it comes back. Why with such weather it is impossible to pass the light-house point. A hundred-ton boat couldn't do it!"

The boat returned and the curate scrambled over the rocks to join us. His face was grave and set. He seemed to have aged ten years in the last half hour.

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"Can nothing be done?" we implored.

"No, nothing, but pray. Quick, Admiral. My surplice and the cross."

They were brought. Then:

"On your knees, to your knees, my children!" cried the priest, as he commenced to read the prayer for the dying.

What a terrible moment! The women wept. Great sobs could be heard all about us. Every minute seemed an eternity. Then a great cry rent the air.

"Let them rest in peace," continued the priest, steadying himself by leaning on the humble iron cross that the Admiral hung onto with all his might. As he turned to bless the people the wind caught his surplice, and a strange, livid light of the expiring day shone on his face and on the sorrow-stricken group.

Our dinner was a sad repast, as one can well imagine; but next morning when we arose the sea was calm, and the sun was shining brightly. The fishermen were off as usual, and yesterday's tragedy seemed to be forgotten.

We stayed on a few days more, and on the 29th, our vacation over, we weighed anchor and took the sea, leaving Chausey with her sad yet beautiful islands in the distance.

"Ahoy, ahoy!" cried a familiar voice, and we discovered on our starboard side the Admiral, with all his little brothers. We had missed him at our departure, but he had come out to bid us a last farewell.

Presently Chausey became a dim streak on the horizon, the Admiral's boat a tiny speck on the sea, and we entered the harbor at Granville.

It is difficult to describe the almost painful impression that the great docks, the houses, and even the people made upon me. Good-by, liberty! After having lived with the free and the noble, it seemed as though we were coming back to the enslaved and the degraded. There was the station, then the train; Paris at length, where we would take up the thread of our old habits just where we left it. Adieu, Chausey!

THE BROKEN REVEL

By Helen Hay Whitney

THE Wind from her vindictive, fleshless hand
Hurls the wild rain in the wide eyes of Night.
Now baffled gods in anger and affright,
Balked of their saraband,
Wail for the lost peace of the summer moon,
Wail for their hour that passed away too soon.

With lean, fierce fingers in the Night's dark hair,
The Wind has twined it round her throat, in vain!
She may not still the long, low cry of pain
Making all earth aware
How once again is waged the bitter strife
Ancient as Love and Time, as Love and Life.

Sudden the fingers of the Wind are caught,
Are held in a great hush; the gods are tired
Of wars, of tumult, peace their soul desired—
Peace, and the change is wrought.
The moon, a pearl, shines on Night's brow once more—
Again the gods dance on their airy floor.

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PETER'S "OLD COUNTRY"

By C. Grant LaFarge

"The French dominion is a memory of the past, and when we evoke its departed shades, they rise upon us from their graves in strange romantic guise. Again their ghostly camp-fires seem to burn. . . ."—PARKMAN, "Pioneers of France in the New World."

THROUGH the hills of lower Canada flows a great and splendid river, fed by innumerable lakes and many streams; wild and turbulent in its upper reaches, white with rapids that only the most skilled may run; placid in the lower country that borders the St. Lawrence. Above a little line of short, one-track, amateur railway lie the mile upon mile of wilderness, where travel is only by canoe; where the primeval verdure covers all the hills; where the call of the moose, the hoot of the owl, the splash of the fish, the roar of the rapids, the murmur of wind in the trees, are the common sounds, and the only lights those of the sun, the moon and the stars, the aurora borealis and the occasional camp-fire.

In the country lying to the north-west of the lowest rapids is a region of lakes so thickly spread that even now no man knows them all, teeming with fish and a great haunt of game. Here I had gone in the season of short, still days and frosty nights. Far into the hills had we journeyed and made at last our camp. But though the calendar was propitious, the weather had been far otherwise: dull and rainy, with easterly winds; impossible fishing weather, which made heavy going on the portages and comfortless bivouacs. It was, therefore, with no little content, to say nothing of anticipation, that on the morning after our arrival, as I was arranging things in my tent for a presumably rather long stay, I was suddenly conscious of a gleam of sunshine. Lifting my head out of the pack-basket in which I was burrowing, I walked out and saw that the weather was changing; a breeze from the north-west was ruffling the surface of the lake before me, its waters showing every moment more patches of brilliant blue where for days past all had been sodden gray, and driving before it the tumbled cloud-masses through the sky, while from all the surrounding hills wisps and streamers of mist were blowing away to disclose the glorious color of the autumnal forest.

With a deep breath of satisfaction I added some little clouds of good tobacco smoke to those greater ones I was so glad to see the end of, and turned to look into the smiling faces of my two men: Pierre Jean—or Peter—the Indian, an Abenaki, tall, wiry, low-voiced, and grave, an excellent hunter; Hormidas Cloutier, the French Canadian, short and strongly built, active as a cat, merry and always in good-humor. There followed the usual discussion of the course to be taken that day, and we finally decided on a chain of little lakes, lying in high country, where there ought to be moose, according to Peter, for I did not know that particular district very well. As this was to be a sort of prospecting expedition, mainly to look the ground over, we all three went, determining to return to camp for the night. But though we did look it over thoroughly and carefully it was everywhere the same story: very few fresh tracks of either moose or caribou, and none of those large. We watched one of the lakes until the westering sun obliged us to leave if we were to reach the head of the big lake by dark, and we saw nothing.

A recital in detail of the following days would merely be wearisome in the telling, and in large measure repetition. The country was all that could be asked, the weather all that the autumn of the northern hills can show—and what is there better? But the game was not there, and though we wandered in all directions, on hard-wood ridges, about the lakes and in the swampy woods, watched the most likely points at the coming of the day, and as the long shadows melted into the growing darkness, my record was a blank. There were partridges in plenty, which we killed with a little .22 pop-gun that made no noise, and

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trout to be had for the trouble of taking them, but my rather long trip into Peter's famous moose country looked a good deal like a fizzle.

It was at the end of a day of much journeying that I broached to the men a project which had been growing upon me more and more as the prospect of game grew less and less. On one of our expeditions to outlying lakes, some twelve miles or more from camp, I had been attracted by a mountain of peculiar shape, which rose abruptly at no great distance beyond the place we had that day reached. It was a long ridge with a very irregular profile, of great picturesqueness, its slopes clothed with a forest which from where we saw it had the compact look of woods uncut and of great age. We all know the invitation held out to us by the hill lying just beyond the furthest point we have reached; and it seemed to me that this one must be the barrier, the limiting mark, behind which would be found some happy valley, some untramped wild, where the game, undisturbed, would be in plenty. A somewhat fantastic vision, of course, for our days of universal exploration and ubiquitous sportsmen—but the eye which one turns upon the wilderness from its depths is not the same with which one regards it from afar, amid the life and appurtenances of settled communities. At any rate, it was such a vision that I had, and wanted to test.

But for some reason that I could not fathom, all suggestions that I made to the Indian, all inquiries, met with utter lack of response. Usually he discussed with me quite freely the prospects offered by any new district, or told me all he knew about it. But here I got only the briefest professions of ignorance, or an entire lack of interest, so different from his customary willingness or curiosity that I had to conclude he did not want to talk about it. To an intimation that we might do well to go together and try it, he replied by such a show of reluctance that I saw that was no use. One thing only did he say at last in response to my somewhat insistent questioning: "Ah'll t'ought he's not varry good; that's 'nol' country."

This seemed inadequate, not to say meaningless, and the more I thought it over the more meaningless it seemed. At first I thought he meant that the country was occupied, but then I knew that was not so; if he meant that it had been much lumbered or anything of that sort, he would express himself quite differently. The more I puzzled over it, the more mysterious it became and the more strange his characterization of "old country." It was of no use to question Hormidas, for he was off his beat and not the hunter of our party; he would merely follow Peter's lead.

For two or three days I turned it over in my mind and finally concluded to go alone and see the "old country" for myself. For a moment I thought of announcing this, but I soon saw that would not do; Peter, with the best intentions in the world, however queer their origin, was sure to place some obstacle in my way. So upon the evening in question, as we sat about the camp-fire after supper, I began by reviewing the unsatisfactory outcome of our efforts to find game, notwithstanding that we had scoured the country in all directions, and then suggested that it might be well to pull up stakes altogether and move to another head-quarters. This proposition being well received, we then discussed the various places within reach, and I at last cast my vote for one, the road to which lay partway toward the lake from which we had seen my mountain—Lac à l'Orignal. I let it be understood for a bit that we would start the next morning, and then as though a new idea had come to me, I said, "Peter, I cannot understand at all why there are no moose about Lac à l'Orignal; it is perfect country, and you say they always used to be there; I hate to go away and leave it without one more look."

"Wal," he replied, "mebbe it's better we wait day or two, go see 'um 'gain?"

"No," I answered, "there is no need for that. I'll go ahead early in the morning; you two follow during the day to Lac des Visons" (this was where the road branched) "and wait there for me. It will take you most of the day, as you'll have to make double portages. I'll get the evening at Lac à l'Orignal, and the next morning, and then I'll come and join you and we can go along."

There was no dissent to this scheme, which seemed not to awaken any suspicion on the part of either of the men, and which was entirely plausible.

Next morning I started very early, taking a little bark canoe that was very light and

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easy to carry, and only the barest necessaries for a hunter's camp. Travelling light over a trail that I now knew, I made good progress, and it still lacked full two hours of noon when I reached the shore of Lac à l'Orignal and gazed at the mountain which stood between me and the "old country," and which I was determined to cross. The first thing to do was to look for any signs of a trail leading westerly from the lake, but before doing this I inspected the great hill with a view to determine on the most likely course in case no trail should be found.

A little below its northern end, and about north-west from the upper end of the lake, was a sort of notch which looked practicable and at this upper end the forest reached down to near the lake, whereas elsewhere it had broad, grassy margins. I paddled all along the western shore, then landed and skirted on foot the edge of the woods, but there was no sign whatever of any portage, so that I determined to advance upon the notch. I carried the canoe up into the woods a short way, took my little Hudson Bay axe, my rifle and pack, and started up the ascent. It was evident before long that I had not been mistaken about the character of the forest; it grew heavier as I advanced, until I was passing through such timber as I had never seen in this part of our country. The great maples and birches stood among innumerable evergreens, many of which were splendid white pines, lifting their straight trunks far into the air without a limb. My path had to wind a good deal, for I still would have to carry the canoe over it, and there was no time to clear away obstructions, nor had I a heavy axe to do it with. But I kept the general direction, dodging the worst fallen timber and seeking the most open passages through the dense growth. It was hard going, but I pushed on and ever upward, stopping only for a short time to eat a bite of luncheon that I had put up in advance. Partridges scuttled off through the underbrush, making their little chinking sound and bobbing their heads, but never taking wing; squirrels chattered at me from the trees; gray moose-birds flew near and peered at me inquisitively with their beady black eyes, and a funny old fat porcupine waddled clumsily out of my way.

I judged that I must have gone a mile and a half, or perhaps two miles, when I found that I was descending. There was no outlook to be had in such deep woods, but I advanced and presently came to boggy ground and cedars, through which I proceeded cautiously, and soon saw the gleam of water. It proved to be a little lake, of the typical height-of-land variety, with low wet shores, encircled by a dreary belt of dark swampy woodland. From where I stood it looked as though its waters ran off to the west, that is, down the mountain, which rather was here a high plateau. But what roused my expectations and made me feel that my little journey was probably not to be in vain, was the sight of many moose tracks in the soft ground.

That I had found their range was certain; should I stay and try my luck here, or push on? The day was still young, the spot unattractive; the desire strong to see more of the country, and besides, the chances were even better if I drove further into a region which showed such an abundance of signs upon its border. There would almost surely be another lake, and probably a larger one, below this; how far it might be to it there was only one way to tell.

Leaving my pack, I turned back to fetch the canoe, and following the blazes that I had cut on my way up, I made the trip in far shorter time than I had taken in coming. Then I returned with the canoe and set out upon the lake. I was glad of the change to a paddle, for I had already done a day's work, and was hot and a little tired, but I was in good condition and too full of the excitement of discovery to pay much attention to any moderate degree of fatigue.

Crossing the lake, I took once more to the woods, this time carrying the canoe. I had to put it down quite often while I found and blazed a trail, but I wanted to have it with me whenever I should reach a lake. It was not far, certainly not much over a mile, the timber heavy as ever, and the ground at times sloping downward quite sharply. I had struggled through a particularly dense bit of growth and come to an upward slope. I was beginning to think I might have more of a task than I had bargained for when, as I topped the rise, I beheld the lake and knew that what I had found was worth all the effort I had made.

It is nearly always the case, in approaching these lakes, that one gets at first only

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glimpses of the water through the trees, the real view of the lake itself being impossible until one reaches its very shore. Here, however, the picture, without any preparatory peering, burst full upon the vision like a scene that was set and lacked only the actors in some approaching drama. And such a scene! Many and beautiful as were the lakes I knew among the Laurentian hills, no one of them was quite the peer of this, the epitome and essence of them all. Little Wyagamack with its throbbing color and the fine contrasting profiles of its hills; the cliffs of Souci, all mottled and patched with lichens; the bushy margins of Wastaneau, dear to the moose; the grassy meadows and abrupt shapes of Antikaiagamac; the sandy beaches of Ciconcine and the crystal waters of Sintamaskin, here they all met, as though the inanimate parts of nature had found consciousness and had said: "We, the elect and specially chosen from all that is in this vast wilderness, we shall come together in one place and make of it the perfect jewel, the topmost splendor of autumn's diadem."

So it seemed to me, as I threw myself at full length upon the mossy ground and gazed at my discovery. It was after three o'clock and time for me to make arrangements for my night's shelter, to boil some water for tea and to cook some bacon. That might have to be my supper, for I proposed to put in the rest of the daylight watching for moose. But first I needed a bit of rest and a smoke; meanwhile from where I lay I could survey the lake and determine what the best watchpoint would be.

The lake stretched away to the north for about two miles—how much further I could not tell, for it seemed to curve around a great shoulder of cliff on its eastern shore. This I took to be either a spur of the mountain over which I had come, or a roughly parallel ridge prolonged further to the north. The cliff face fell sheer to the water at its upper extremity and thence trended in a south-easterly direction, gradually merging into slopes clad with forest. Somewhere through these ran the outlet of the little lake above, and in the triangle between the shore and the ridge was a sort of plain, thickly set with low bushes to the water's edge. All along the western side rose a tumble of hills; from their base to the water ran grassy meadows, here and there dotted with groves, and intersected by winding lines of bushes that marked where brooks came down from the hills. The shore itself was irregular, with points and coves of white sand. To the north were lower hills, among them one strange tall conical peak with a ragged crown of rock at its crest. Beyond, line after line of mountains reached away into the violet distance, their tops only showing, so that one got a strong sense of this lake being set high in the air; and there was further evidence of this, for from the northern spaces there was borne to my ears, now stronger now fainter, as the gentle breeze rose and fell, the unmistakable sound of distant rapids. Evidently, to one or the other side of the peaked hill, ran the outlet, and it was running downhill pretty fast. About a half mile above my end of the lake lay a charming little island, its shore a sand beach upon which were scattered large flat-topped granite boulders; even at this distance I could see that they were carpeted with moss, out of which sprang here and there a little evergreen, a birch or a mountain ash. The body of the island was capped by a grove of unmixed pine. The island was set nearer the eastern shore, but from the west a long sandy point ran out toward it, making a narrows, so that the width of water on either side of the island was about equal. From where I was I could see just a little clear space of lake between the eastern edge of the island and the cliff.

These are the salient features of the scene before me; they are those which I had to notice for the purpose I had in view, and I therefore give them to you. To attempt anything like a description of the beauty of it all is beyond me, and beyond your patience. One point, however, because it was so remarkable, I must dwell upon: the foreground to this panorama. The forest ended abruptly some hundred yards back from the water, and about thirty feet above it. From here out ran a ledge of rock, sloping very gently toward the lake, and ending squarely in a low cliff. Just at the point upon which I had chanced as I came out from the woods, there was a break in the ledge, and through it there ran an even and gentle slope of green grass and greener moss, down to a little cove of pebbles and white sand. The rock ledge was all covered with thick moss, white and pink

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and emerald-green; in it grew clumps of blueberries, their leaves now bronze and crimson; in the crevices of its face, mountain ash had found footing and spread their brilliant clusters of scarlet berries before the sapphire blue of the lake. What fairy gardener tended the sloping lawn, mowed it and kept the trees and bushes away from it, I could only wonder, but there it was, looking like the path to some marvellous garden above—but there was no garden; nothing but the unbroken, shaggy forest.

Here, then, I lay and feasted my eyes, as the light of afternoon grew ever more golden and bathed the fair landscape in a deeper splendor. All through the forest I had traversed were the trails of the moose, and there was no doubt that they were also to be found on the meadows, the sands, and the bushy plain beneath me. Nowhere in those woods was there any sign, nor could I see any here, that the foot of man had ever been set within these precincts. It was such as this that, on their restless war-making explorations, had greeted the hardy adventurers of New France: La Salle, first to see the great flood of the Mississippi; Dulhut, to whom were first revealed the farthest shores of the inland ocean; Vérendrye, whose gaze first rested upon the peaks of the Rockies; and bloody Hertel de Rouville, leader of his fierce band of Abenaki against hapless Deerfield.

"Peter, you old rascal," I thought, "there will be news for you by to-morrow night. You will learn something about your 'old country' that will make you sit up"; and I then and there planned to abandon our projected change of base and to establish it somewhere near here.

But in the meantime the question before me was how I should proceed now. The wind, what there was of it, was a little west of north, that is, down the lake and off the sandy shore. I wanted particularly to see what lay beyond the cliff, for I had formed a notion that there might be some way of making a trail back from that part of the lake, over lower ground than I had come by, and so coming to the north end of Lac à l'Orignal. It could not be very far, and might well be a good deal easier, unless there was much swampy land. At any rate I wanted to see it, and thought I could well take the chance of being winded by any game on the east shore. The island looked to me as though it would be a good place from which to watch, after returning from beyond the cliff.

So I got up to go back to my belongings and make some rapid preparations for the night, and was looking along the fascinating sandy beaches, when out of the tail of my eye I saw something moving near the island. As I looked I just caught sight of some object which had crossed the little space between the cliff and the island while my head was turned away. I could not tell at all what it was, and supposed it must be a moose swimming, so I stood and waited to see if it would reappear. Presently out it came past the island—a canoe.

I could almost have cried at this shattering of my blissful dream-come-true, and it was with vexed mortification that I called myself thrice an ass for being so easily deluded by a bit of old woodland and a pretty lake. Of course the whole thing was ridiculous, and I must expect to meet the enterprising member of sporting clubs in any part of the woods, where he had quite as much right to be as I, and probably would be as pleased to see me as I to meet him. Well, here he came, and the best I could hope for was that he would pass on and leave me to hunt the place alone.

I could begin to make out something of the approaching party, enough at least to see that their canoe was of a type used by the Hudson Bay posts for carrying their furs down the heavy rapids of the big river: great, high-sided, birch-bark craft with the ends turned up and inward in sweeping curves. It was a little strange to see such a canoe here, where the carrying of it over the portages must be a troublesome job, and I could only guess that some energetic sportsman had started down from up-river and then, for reasons best known to himself, decided to strike off through the interior. I could see that a number of paddles were urging the canoe swiftly over the water, and that they were heading straight for my fairy lawn.

The advent of a party put a new aspect on things, so I thought I would postpone my arrangements until I saw what they would do. I went back into the bush, picked up canoe and pack, and carried them down to the shore. Then, going a little way up the slope, I sat down, leaning my rifle against the rock beside me, and

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waited. They had seen me, for they stopped paddling and evidently engaged in some discussion; then they came on again, and soon drove the bow of their great canoe upon the sand. As they drew near, I thought they were all Indians, doubtless Montagnais. The men at the bow and steering paddles were standing, as is necessary with these big canoes; in the body of the boat were six other paddlers, kneeling, three on a side. But as they made their landing, a man, whom I had not seen, rose and jumped ashore, advanced a few paces, and then stood staring at me.

He was a man rather above middle height, spare and sinewy, of very powerful physique, and giving every indication by his carriage and manner of moving that he was hardened by active exercise. He wore an otter-skin cap, his garments were entirely of dressed deer-skins, slightly ornamented with Indian embroidery of dyed porcupine quill. There was upon him apparently nothing of white man's manufacture, except a very beautiful sash, unmistakably of the kind that used to be made at St. Jacques l'Achigane. For an article that must be so old (my own goes back at least to the days of Montcalm), it was singularly fresh and brilliant in color. Naturally of a dark and ruddy complexion, he was tanned to the hue of an Indian, and had black hair, which he wore long, almost to his shoulders; I took him, though, to be without doubt a Frenchman, for such was the look of his face, his dark mustache and beard. I noticed that he carried a long knife in a sheath of caribou-hide at his hip, and that some sort of a pistol was stuck in his belt, while in the crook of his arm rested a gun, the butt turned toward me. As he advanced, I took a quick glance at his companions, who were all Indians. It struck me that they looked rather more aboriginal than any I had ever seen in this part of the world; they wore only skins and furs, and had embroidered headbands—two or three had some feathers in their hair, and one tall buck of very savage aspect had his face painted with vermilion. Taking the whole lot of them together, it was a wild-looking crew, and I was conscious of a growing wonder and some perplexity.

I returned his gaze, and finding the silence embarrassing, addressed him, wishing him good-day, which I instinctively did in French. He replied at once in that tongue, and courteously enough, "Good-day, sir; you are alone?"

"Yes, quite alone."

"That is unusual," he remarked, "and likely to be inconvenient in these parts; do you not find it so?"

"Well," I replied, "I can't say that I have as yet. I suppose it may be a little uncommon, now that such swarms of people come into these woods for recreation."

"Swarms of people? Recreation?" he asked in a puzzled way.

"Oh, I mean camping parties," I explained, though I thought my meaning was pretty obvious; "as a matter of fact, I am not very far away from my own party."

"Ah! I see—you have a party, then?"

"Yes," I said. "I left them on Lac des Voyageurs, as I wanted to have a look at the country by myself."

"Then, sir," he asked, "may I inquire, you and your party, you have come from quite a distance?" There was a curious inquisitorial note in his queries, which I could not understand and supposed to be his manner. He spoke with gravity, and despite his rough attire, was obviously a gentleman. But what puzzled me was his French, which was unlike any I had ever heard spoken. I can't describe it, but it was not like a patois, and though I detected, even in the few words he had uttered, a faint, far-off likeness to some of the backwoods tongue of Quebec, it still was the speech of a person of position and good usage. The queerness was in shadings, as it were; in intonation. I answered him frankly, thinking that some lack of formality on my part might help to do away with his: "Oh, I? yes, far enough; from down in the States; my men belong up here."

"Pardon, sir," said he, "but you do not make yourself entirely clear. 'The States? Where is that? And your men—what is their tribe?"

This was really a little too much, and I felt an impulse to make rather a short answer. But there was something about the fellow that made me pause. He certainly was not fooling, and he looked as if he could be troublesome; moreover, he was well backed up by a stalwart crowd of ruffians, unless I mistook their character. So I smiled at him, and in as pleasant a manner as I could manage replied:

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"Surely, my dear sir, you won't confess to ignorance of the whereabouts of the United States. As for my men, they are"—I was about to tell him, but what strange whisper of caution came to me out of space, or why, I know not, and I said: "Some of them are Abenaki, and some French."

I could see that I had puzzled him, for he looked as though I had told him some utterly incredible thing. By this time his savage following had gathered near, and though I imagined they could not follow our conversation, they exchanged glances, and muttered some guttural remarks as I mentioned the Abenaki. The Frenchman, still looking puzzled, and as though seeking some reply to me, now shifted his position, sitting down upon a corner of rock. I had risen, of course, while talking with him, and I too sat down again, facing him. As he moved, he laid his gun across his lap, and for the first time I saw it, and was put to it not to show my astonishment. Such a relic of by-gone days is not seen outside of some military museum. Long and clumsy, with a fancifully shaped stock and a lock of most complicated, not to say involved construction and exaggerated size, it certainly was a marvellous weapon. I had seen some pretty rum old muskets in the hands of the Indians attached to Hudson Bay posts, and I should not have been much surprised to see one of them carry even a flint-lock of the Revolutionary period, but that a man like this should be armed with so queer a weapon was past comprehension. Had it not been for a growing uneasiness caused by the man's strange bearing, I should have betrayed my interest, but I judged best not to let it appear.

While I was taking in this further element of what had already begun to be a bewildering situation, the Frenchman found speech again, and in a tone so concentrated as to be almost fierce, he cried:

"You say things that mean nothing. Whether or no you jest I know not, nor if you do, do I know why. You say your men are Abenaki and yet you, sir, surely are a Bostonnais."

A Bostonnais! Good Lord, what was the matter with the man? Two centuries ago, or thereabouts, of course that term was used by the French in Canada to designate any one from the British colonies, but it survives only in the name of a river, so far as I know.

It began to be evident that I had a problem on my hands that I might need some wit to solve. It was no use speculating about this weird individual—I could do that later—though I began to have a horrid belief that I was dealing with a madman. Certainly, if I was to avoid trouble I must manage somehow to humor him. And to make things worse, the Indians, when he called me a Bostonnais, crowded closer, and looked ugly and whispered more to each other. With as careless an air as I could assume, I said laughingly:

"Bostonnais? Oh yes, I am indeed one of that rather overcrowded people. You must know well how we love to relieve our fatigue by invading your——"

"*Sapristi*, monsieur," he burst out, this time with undisguised ferocity, "your jest has proceeded far enough. How came you here?"

"I came," I answered very quietly, "as most people come. From the settlements by canoe; to them by railway."

"*Chemin de fer*," he cried violently; and then his voice dropped and his manner became quiet and singularly stern: "You seem determined to speak only in riddles, and what you mean to conceal I can only imagine. There are not many roads of any sort between your country and mine, but there surely is no road of iron. I do not propose, though, to discuss these matters with you further," and with that he rose and turned to his savages, with whom he withdrew a few paces and entered into an earnest discussion. They all spoke in some Algonkin tongue which I could not understand, except here and there some common word. It is not too much to say that my uneasiness by now amounted to something very like fright. What wild scheme this mad creature might evolve I could learn only by waiting, but no matter how desperate it should prove to be, he had abundant means for carrying it out, and probably no one would ever be the wiser. If I had him alone, and could get the drop on him, it were simple enough, but to make an attempt with even a repeating rifle against such odds, seemed too great a risk. And besides, bloodshed, actual resort to the last appeal, seemed scarcely warranted as yet. I tried to see what the armament of the

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party was. Two of the Indians had some sort of crazy old guns, worthless at any long range, but doubtless effective enough at such close quarters, and as they kept their eyes on me, a sudden dash uphill for cover was hopeless. The others had left their weapons in the canoe, except for the long knives and little axes which all wore, and as well as I could see, they were bows and arrows. What did it all mean, anyhow? It was too serious, too real for a masquerade, too full of undisguised and plainly unsimulated ferocity for a mere freak of some eccentric. I had to give it up and just wait to see what would happen next, hoping that some lucky turn would see me through.

He presently turned and came back to me. Still speaking very quietly, and with a return of his former courteous manner, he said: "I may have to disarrange your plans——"

"No need for that," I interrupted; "no need whatever. It is plain to me that you resent my presence in what I suppose you consider your own hunting-ground. I am sorry if I have trespassed, and it seems to me that the best thing I can do is to withdraw. The hour grows late, but there is still time for me to seek another camping-ground, so I shall leave you here in undisturbed possession. Perhaps, as you know this region better than I, you will be good enough to give me some directions which may assist me?"

While I talked I saw by his expression that I was being listened to merely out of cold civility, and felt no surprise when he answered in an icy voice: "That cannot be; I must ask you to stay with us. What plans or projects you may have on hand I do not know, nor do I ask you. The work that we have to do is too important for me to take any chance of its being interfered with. No, I cannot bear interference!" he went on in an accent almost of distress, "we have been so long—so long—upon the journey. It *must* come to its end at last. Sir, you will come with us."

Well, this was the devil of a situation. That it was incomprehensible made it no less urgent. My happy, exulting mood had by now long disappeared, and in its place was a creepy sort of horror, for it was impossible not to think that these people meant mischief. Desperately I cast about for some plan, some strategy, whereby I might free myself from this odious entanglement, and it suddenly came to me that I saw a chance. He had spoken of my projects; one sprang to my mind like a flash of light, born, I suppose, out of the stress of exasperation and alarm. It involved meanness and deceit, but this was no time to be too nice. I succeeded in mastering my trepidation, and in a tone as grave and reserved as his own, I responded: "I shall be delighted, monsieur. You may be surprised, but it is true. I can see that you suspect me of entertaining some sinister design. Yet, as a fact, I am merely a careless wanderer, glad to meet such adventure as your hills and forests may offer; I can imagine no better company than yours in which to seek, or to find it. I suppose you will camp here to-night?"

"Yes," he answered, and I thought I saw a better look come into his eyes, or at least some softening of his intense regard.

"Well, then," I went on, "I have more to say to you. You and I seem to have difficulty in understanding each other; I say, let that pass. There is no reason why we should bark at each other like two angry dogs. Whatever other differences between us there may be, we have one thing in common, that we both are gentlemen. I am an ardent lover of the chase, and I can hardly conceive that such as you should be quite indifferent to its pleasure." I saw by his look that I had reached him, and pressed my point. "My chief object here is to kill a fine bull moose, and it looks to me like a good place for it"

"None better," said he, with something like a smile.

"Let us then," I urged, "be hunting companions. Some fresh meat will come amiss to neither of us. I propose that we take my little canoe here, and go down the lake to some likely spot. Let your Indians stay here and busy themselves with preparing our camp. Now," I said, seeing a hard suspicion overcast his face, "what have you to fear? Suppose me so foolhardy as to make an attempt upon you; even should I succeed, which is surely doubtful, how long would it be before these wild companions of yours would run me down and make an end of me? Come, let us be friends, if only for the present; the future can take care of itself."

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I had thrown into my address all the ingenuous *bonhomie* I could command, and I awaited its result with a beating heart.

To my joy he responded with a little laugh, compounded of good-nature and contempt, and with a wave of his arm said: "Come on then, sir; we shall see how you deal with the moose," and gave some rapid instructions to his Indians. Then we lifted the little canoe into the water, and I asked him: "Will you take bow or stern?"

"As you like," he replied.

"The stern is the place of honor," I said, and motioned him to get in, which he did, and I followed him, kneeling in the bow. He had his ancient firearm, and I my rifle, still covered with its shabby old case of gray flannel. As I had expected, his weight was so much greater than mine that the canoe was not properly balanced, and as I saw him look about for something to add to the load forward, I stepped out and picked up my pack, saying: "That will do as well as anything." Then we struck out upon the lake.

We had paddled in silence for a bit, when he said: "This is your dance. What is the tune to be?"

I laughed and answered: "You are, I have no doubt, both a better dancer and a more skilled musician than I; but since you give me the choice, I am for going to the island there, and looking things over."

"As you say," said he, and without further parley we made for the island, ran upon its beach, and stepped ashore, near the southern end. I saw at once that the beach was covered with tracks.

He looked about for a moment, and then said: "You are, of course, pleasing your own fancy, but I should think there were better places to be found on the shore of the lake."

"Perhaps so," I responded, "but I have an idea this may do very well. You see how many tracks there are in this sand; it looks to me as though the moose must come out upon that long point, and thence cross the lake, stopping on this island. Should one do this, we shall have the best of chances to get him, by hiding opposite the end of the point. Then we can wait until he comes upon our beach, and he can hardly escape us."

"It may go like that," was his comment, as we started to find a hiding-place. There was no trouble about this, and we ensconced ourselves behind a couple of small boulders, I taking good care to choose one that was not too near him—perhaps a dozen paces away—and then we settled down to wait for a moose to appear. I had no idea whatever of letting one get as near me as upon our beach, but it was no part of my plan to tell him this. Never, before or since, have I so fervently prayed for the game to appear; not even the starving hunter awaits it with such an anxiety. For unless the moose were to help me carry out my plan, then before the coming night there might have to be murder done, and after that murder, massacre.

We sat for some time without speaking, while I watched the exquisite evening light become every moment more splendid, and thought, with a sort of cold and sickening anger, how utterly enjoyable it would be were it not for the presence of this impossible, crazy being and his barbarous train. After a while, in a low voice, I said to him: "I saw that you came from beyond the great cliff yonder; may I ask where you came upon the lake?"

"Half a mile the other side of the cliff," he said.

"And you found a good portage?"

"Oh yes, it is well known; a beaten road."

This rather surprised me, and I was about to push my queries further when I discovered an animal moving on the meadow, back by the forest edge. It was a moose coming toward the shore, and as it approached I could make out that it was a very large bull. He came straight across the meadow, making for the point, as I had hoped. When he reached its base, he stopped and looked up and down the lake. I could see him well now, and what a moose he was!—the very grandfather of them all. His tall withers, the long bell at his throat, the great spread of his superb antlers, made a beast such as surpassed even my fondest dreams. To this day I cannot think of him without a pang. Suddenly he broke into an ungainly trot and came rapidly to the end of the point, where he stopped, turned half-way, and looked up the lake. I think he caught some sound from the Indians, though to do them justice they were as quiet as mice.

He stood broadside to me, I judged about two hundred yards away. The time had

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come. I slipped the cover off my rifle and raised it. As I did so I heard a whispered exclamation from the Frenchman: "Not yet; wait, are you crazy? It is too far." I paid no attention to this, but sighting on the foreleg and raising to the point of the shoulder, I fired, and I saw the little wince that meant the bullet had gone home. Then I turned my head a trifle and I looked at the Frenchman. He had risen to his knees, and on his swarthy face was a broad grin of sheer derision. "Laugh then, while you may," I thought, and as the moose swung away from the shore and made a bound I threw the action and fired again, and I knew that I held true. Then as quickly as my hand could work I again threw the lever and again fired. I saw the great beast stop and slowly sink, then suddenly collapse.

Now I turned and faced my man; he was upon his knees, both hands grasping his gun, which he held across his chest; his grin had given place to a wide-eyed stare of amazement. In a hoarse voice he burst out, stammering:

"*Ciel!* Who—what are you? How many—how many times can you fire without reloading?"

"Twenty," said I, promptly and cheerfully giving him good measure, for I thought that a proper lie just now might be worth an arsenal later on.

"You have left, then——?"

"Seventeen," and with this there flamed up in me a white blaze of fury, and I levelled the good rifle square at the fellow's face, and shouted at him:

"Damn you, drop that gun."

I used English, of which tongue I misdoubt he knew but little; but the meaning was too plain for language to stand in the way, and the gun fell from his hands as though it burned them. I had some ado not to shoot him down, for the mere pleasure of a well-placed bullet, but I controlled myself, and my orders to him, again in French, came short and sharp.

I made him rise and turn away from me; throw down his pistol, an archaic specimen which I think I should have been more afraid to fire than to have pointed at me, then cast away his nasty long knife. Next I marched him ahead of me, past the canoe to the south end of the island, and there I bade him mount upon the top of a bowlder and seat himself. This done, I addressed him:

"Now do you listen well to what I tell you, for I have that to say that you will not find it wholesome to forget. You have chosen to conduct yourself like a mad fool, for reasons that are your own affair and no concern of mine. I, a peaceful hunter, you have treated as an enemy. You have made it necessary for me to go through all this play-acting of the moose hunt, merely that I might avoid killing you, through my making you see that against such armament as mine your ridiculous old relic of the middle ages is as much use as a tack-hammer. You will now do exactly as I say, or I shall kill you as I would a snake. You will sit here, while I withdraw in my canoe to the place where the moose lies. Then you may rise and call your damned savages to come to you. You will then go back with them to where we met. There is not much of the daylight left, but the moon is at the full, and there will be no darkness. You know the woods, and dark or light, through them this night you go, away from here. If you depart from my instructions, if your Indians make any attempt upon me, ay, if they so much as swerve from the appointed course, I shall pick you off one by one, like smashing flies upon a window-pane. Remember now, and make no mistake."

He said no word, though I never saw a human countenance so filled with bitter rage. And after all there was about the man something of brave gallantry and of sporting blood, although he seemed to be rather behind the times, that caused me, now that I had him at my mercy, and had given vent to feelings which had been hard indeed to bear, to be conscious of a little wave of pity for him. But I could not pay much attention to that, so I went quickly to my canoe and pushed off. He did not move and I paddled across to the point, passing by it and in a little toward the shore. There I pulled the canoe up a short way, and walked over to the dead moose and waved my hand to the Frenchman. He rose and called, in a roar that could have been heard for a mile, to the Indians. I saw them running down the slope and piling into the canoe, in which presently they pushed off and sent it flying for the island.

I looked at the magnificent dead beast; it was a shame to take the life of such a

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splendid creature and leave him here to rot, but so it had to be.

The Indians reached the island, and there was a short colloquy with the Frenchman, who after running along the shore and collecting his arms, got aboard and they put out again and headed for the sloping lawn. I stood at the ready all the time, but there was no need for it. As they struck the beach I determined to give them a reminder, and I sighted very high and a trifle to one side and pulled. The ball evidently struck near them, for there was a tremendous jumping about, and in an incredibly short time they had the great canoe lifted; they all went quickly up the slope and disappeared within the forest.

I now proceeded back to the island, which seemed to be the best place to spend the night. It was a weary and an anxious vigil. The sun set, but ere the last of his light was gone, the sky was filled with the radiance of the full moon, which by and by appeared over the eastern hills and sailed in a cloudless heaven. I was too overstrung for sleep even had I deemed it safe, I walked around the island, hour after hour; not to keep awake, but to watch the waters for some surprise. I lit a little fire and made a meal of tea and bacon, with some bread. It was nervous work, though, cooking; but I was faint with hunger and the hot food and drink put new heart in me; the good tobacco after gave me comfort.

Nothing happened. I heard moose sloshing in the wet ground along the bushy shore; owls hooted in the forest, and across the moonlit waters came the laughing cry of a loon. At long intervals the white-throated sparrow sang his dear little high-pitched song. Slowly the long night wore away, the moon sank to its rest in the bosom of the western mountains and the dawn flushed the eastern sky. Again I cooked my tea and bacon, my serenity returning as the daylight grew. A band of caribou came out upon the white sand and played, their gray bodies and the long white hairs of their throats shining in the first rays of the sun, which glistened upon their heraldic antlers. On the lawn a black shape appeared; far away as it was I could make out that it was a bear, and I watched him as he moved about unconcernedly among the blueberry bushes. That was proof positive that the crowd was no longer near the place.

The time had come to leave and I was only too glad to go. Over the glassy lake, mirror for all the matchless glory of the encircling hills, I paddled around the base of the cliff. To the eastward the land fell down; at the very end of the lake, scarce a mile away, was a great belt of black spruce which meant swamp and looked impassable. Between the swamp and the long slope that formed the eastern side of the cliff was a low bluff of gravelly soil on which stood a wood of red pine, open and dry. Here should be the Frenchman's road, and I searched all along for it, but not a trace of it was there, nor any sign that men had passed that way. It was strange, uncanny—but perhaps he had just lied to me.

I struck off through the open woods to the southward, finding much easier going than when I had crossed the mountain. I went as fast as I could, and after a while had to stop to rest, having forced the pace to the limit of my endurance. The sun was now high, and it was hot in the woods. I sat down to rest and smoke a pipe, when suddenly I heard voices. In a fair agony of apprehension I peered through the trees and saw, oh joy! my two men. I jumped up and gave a shout, which they answered and came on the run. To their broken accompaniment of ejaculations I told my story. When I had finished I said:

"Now let us get back to our own place as fast as we can, and away from this accursed country."

"Yas," said Peter, "it's better we go back."

"Peter," I asked him, "have you any idea who those people were?"

He looked at me a long time, and then, speaking very slowly: "No, sir; ah'll not know who is he, those mans. Wan time, long ago, it's my grandfather, he's vary 'nol' man, he's tell-it me how he's hear 'um say, Hertel de Rouville he's keep-it guard over 'nol' country."

And with that he shivered a little and crossed himself.

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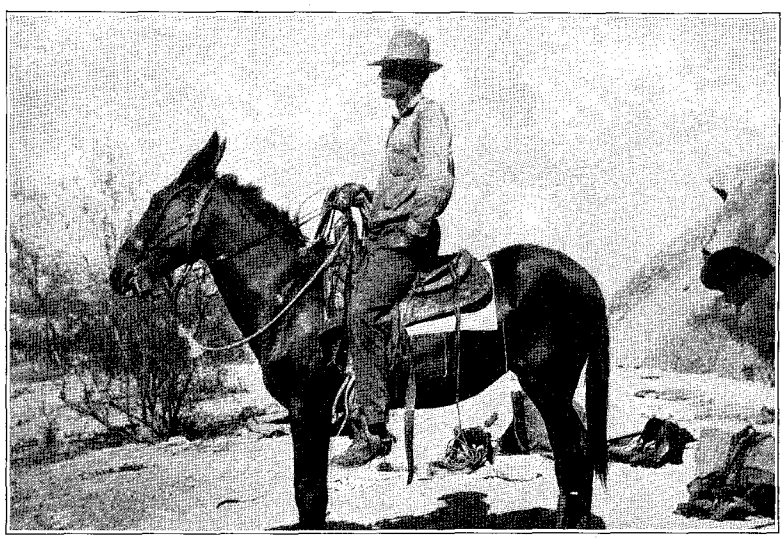
THE SHEEP OF THE DESERT

By Kermit Roosevelt

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



Mr. Win Proebstel, ranchman and prospector.

I WISHED to hunt the mountain sheep of the Mexican desert, hoping to be able to get a series needed by the National Museum.

At Yuma, on the Colorado River, in the extreme south-western corner of Arizona, I gathered my outfit. Dr. Carl Lumholtz, the explorer, had recently been travelling and hunting in that part of Mexico. In addition to much valuable help as to outfitting he told me how to get hold of a Mexican who had been with him, and whom he had found trustworthy. The postmaster, Mr. Chandler, and Mr. Verdugo, a prominent business man, had both been more than kind in helping me in every possible way. Mr. Charles Utting, clerk of the District Court, sometime Rough Rider, and inveterate prospector, was to start off with me for a short holiday from judicial duties. To him the desert was an open book, and from long experience he understood all the methods and needs of desert travel. Mr. Win Proebstel, ranchman and prospector, was also to start with us. He had shot mountain sheep all the way from Alaska to Mexico, and was a mine of first-hand information as to their habits and seasons. I had engaged two Mexicans, Cipriano Dominguez and Eustacio Casares.

On the afternoon of the 10th of August we reached Wellton, a little station on the Southern Pacific, some forty miles east of Yuma. Win and his brother, Ike Proebstel, were ready with a wagon, which the latter was to drive to a water-hole some sixteen miles south, near some mining claims of Win's. August is the hottest month in the year in that country, a time when on the desert plains of Sonora the thermometer marks 140 degrees; so we decided to take advantage of a glorious full moon for our first night march. We loaded as much as we could of our outfit into the wagon, so as to save our riding and pack animals. We started at nine in the evening. The moon rode high. At first the desert stretched in unbroken monotony on all sides, to the dim and far-off mountains. In a couple of hours we came to the country of the saguaro,

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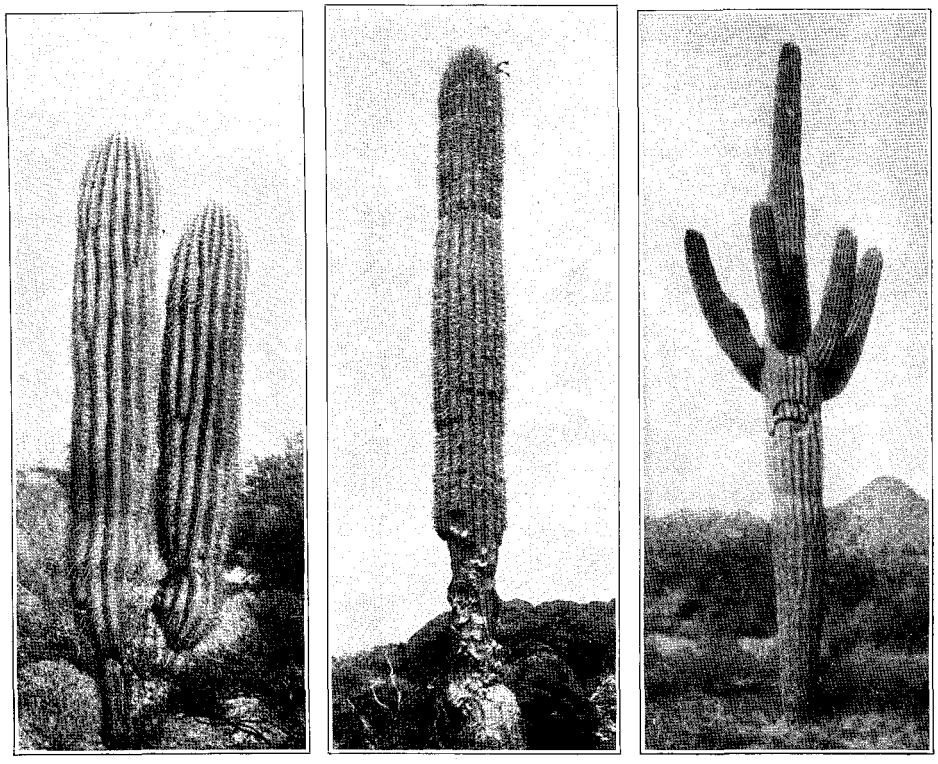
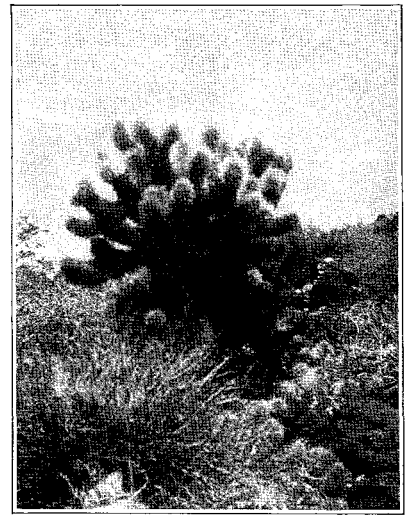


The giant cactus (Saguaro).

Their shafts, forty or fifty feet high, rose from the level floor of the desert.—Page 90.

the giant cactus. All around us, their shafts forty or fifty feet high, with occasional branches set at grotesque angles to the trunk, they rose from the level floor of the desert, ghostly in the moonlight. The air seemed cool in comparison with the heat of the day, though the ground was still warm to the touch.

Shortly before one in the morning we reached Win's water-hole—tank, in the parlance of the country—and were soon stretched out on our blankets, fast asleep.



The choya cactus.

The points of the spikes are barbed and are by no means easy to pull out.—Page 101.

Next day we loaded our outfit on our two pack-mules and struck out across the desert for the Tinajas Altas (High Tanks), which lay on the slopes of a distant range of mountains, about four miles from the Mexican border. For generations these tanks have been a well-known stepping-stone in crossing the desert. There are a series of them, worn out in the solid rock and extending up a cleft in the mountain side, which, in time of rain, becomes the course of a torrent. The camp lies on a small plateau, a couple of hundred yards from the lowest tank. This plateau lies in a gulch and is sheltered on either hand by its steep and barren sides. A few

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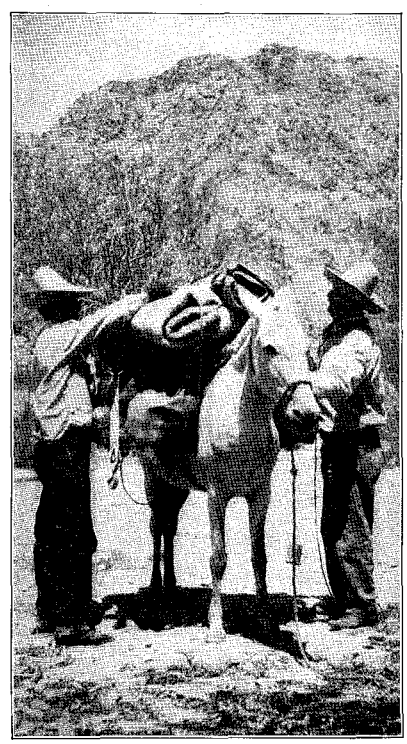
hundred feet from the entrance, on the desert and scattered about among the cactus, lie some hundred and fifty graves—the graves of men who have died of thirst; for this is a grim land, and death dogs the footsteps of those who cross it. Most of the dead men were Mexicans who had struggled across the deserts only to find the tanks dry. Each lay where he fell, until, sooner or later, some other traveller found him and scooped out for him a shallow grave, and on it laid a pile of rocks in the shape of a rude cross. Forty-six unfortunates perished here at one time of thirst. They were making their way across the deserts to the United States, and were in the last stages of exhaustion for lack of water when they reached these tanks. But a Mexican outlaw named Blanco reached the tanks ahead of them and bailed out the water, after carefully laying in a store for himself not far away. By this cache he waited until he felt sure that his victims were dead; he then returned to the tanks, gathered the possessions of the dead, and safely made his escape.



I had engaged two Mexicans.—Page 90.

A couple of months previously a band of insurrectos had been camped by these tanks, and two newly made graves marked their contribution. The men had been killed in a brawl.

Utting told us of an adventure that took place here, a few years ago, which very nearly had a tragic termination. It was in the winter season and there was an American camped at the tanks, when two Mexicans came there on their way to the Tule tanks, twenty-five miles away, near which they intended to do some prospecting. Forty-eight hours after they had left one of them turned up, riding their pack-mule; and in a bad way for water. He said that they had found the Tule tanks dry, but had resolved to have one day's prospecting anyway; they had separated, but agreed at what time they were to meet. Although he waited for a long while after the agreed time, his companion never appeared, and he was forced to start back alone.

Twenty-four hours after the return of this Mexican, the American was awakened in the night by hearing strange sounds in the bed of the arroyo. When he went down to investigate them he found the lost Mexican; he was in a fearful condition, totally out of his head, and was vainly struggling to crawl up the bank of the arroyo, in order to make the last hundred yards across the plateau to the waterhole. He would never have reached it alone. By careful treatment the American brought him round and then listened to his story. He had lost himself when he went off prospecting, and when he finally got his bearings he was already in a very bad way for water. Those dwelling in cool, well-watered regions can hardly make themselves realize what thirst means in that burning desert. He knew that although there was no water in the Tule wells, there was some damp mud in the bottom, and he said that all he wished to do was to reach the wells and cool himself off in the mud before he died. A short distance from the tanks the trail he was following divided, one branch leading to the Tule wells and the other back to the Tinajas Altas, twenty-five miles away. The Mexican was so crazed that he took the wrong branch and before he realized his mistake he had gone some way past Tule; he then decided that it was the hand of providence that had led him past, and that he must try to make Tinajas

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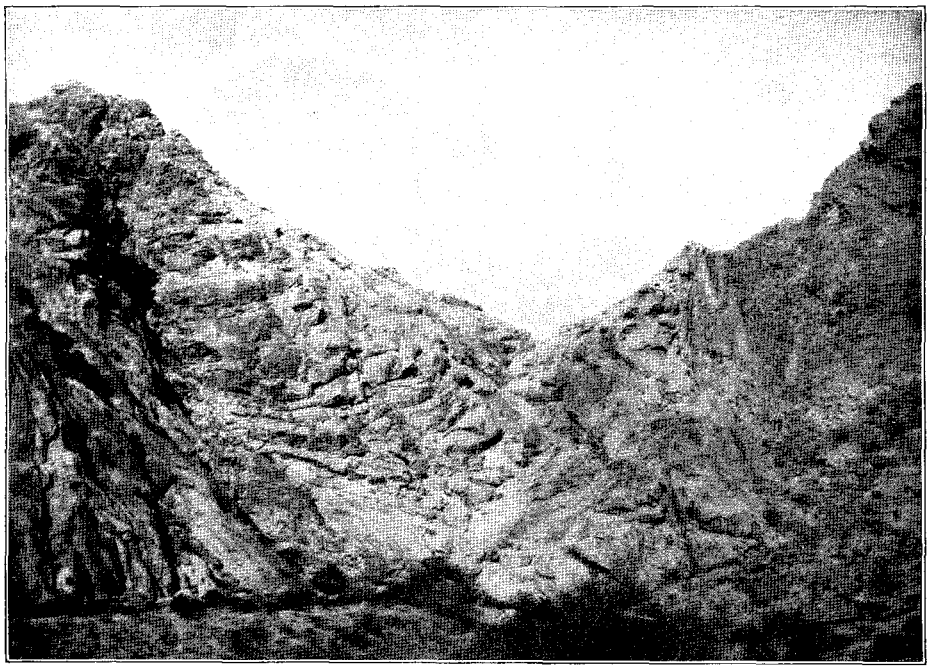
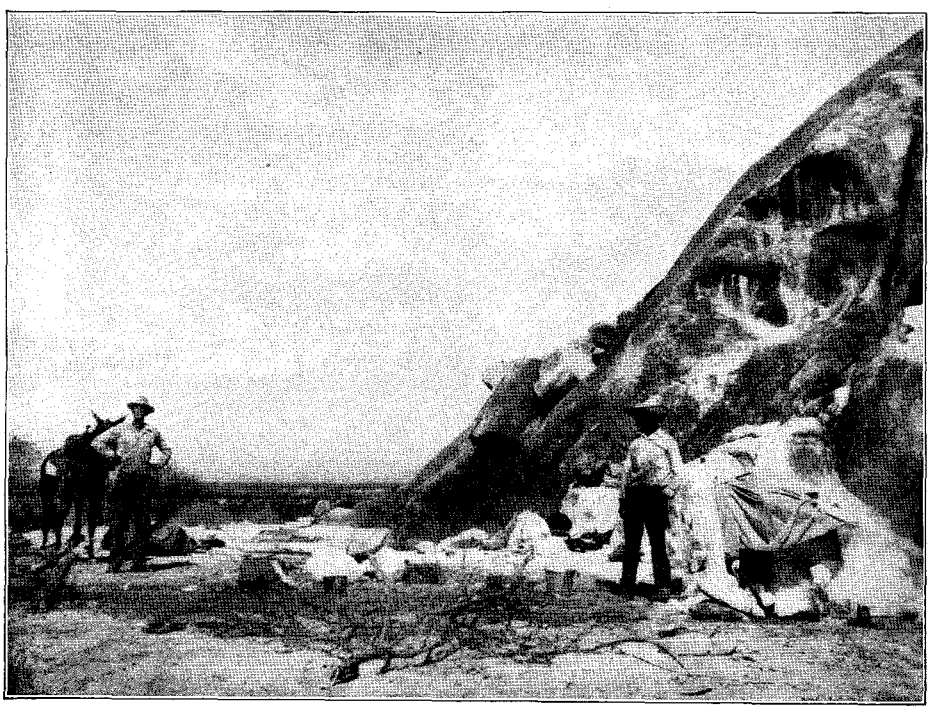


The Tinajas Altas (High Tanks), lay on the slopes of a distant range of mountains.—Page 91.

Altas; a feat which he would have just missed accomplishing but for the American encamped there.

The morning after we reached the tanks, the Tinah'alta, as they are called colloquially, Win and I were up and off for the



The camp lies on a small plateau, a couple of hundred yards from the lowest tank.—Page 91.

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hunting grounds by half-past three; by sun-up we were across the border, and hunted along the foot of the mountains, climbing across the outjutting ridges. At about nine we reached the top of a ridge and began looking around. Win called to me that he saw some sheep. We didn't manage things very skilfully, and the sheep took fright, but as they stopped I shot at a fine ram, Win's rifle echoing my shot. We neither of us scored a hit, and missed several running shots. This missing was mere bad luck on Win's part, for he was a crack shot, and later on that day, when we were not together, he shot a ram, only part of which was visible, at a distance of three hundred and fifty yards. As the sun grew hotter we hunted further up on the mountains, but we saw no more sheep, and returned to camp with Utting, who met us at a ravine near the border.

Camp at Tule under a palo verde tree.

After we got back to camp, Win and I filled some canteens, threw our blankets on one of the pack-mules, took Dominguez, and rode back over the border to camp in the dry bed of an arroyo near where we had been hunting in the morning. We sent back the animals, arranging with Dominguez to return with them the following day. Next morning at a little after three we rolled out of our blankets, built a little fire of mesquite wood, and after a steaming cup of coffee and some cold frying-pan bread we shouldered our rifles and set out. After several hours steady walking I got a chance at a fair ram and missed. I sat down and took out my field-glasses to try to see where he went; and I soon picked up three sheep standing on a great bowlder, near the foot of a mountain of the same range that we were on. They were watching us and were all ewes, but I wanted one for the museum. So I waited till they lost interest in us, got down from the rock, and disappeared from our sight. I then left Win and started toward the bowlder; after some rather careful stalking I got one of them at about two hundred yards by some fairly creditable shooting. The side of the mountain range along which we were hunting was cut by numerous deep gullies from two to three hundred yards across. After I had dressed the ewe I thought I would go a little way farther, on the chance of coming upon the ram I had missed; for he had disappeared in that direction. When I had crossed three or four ridges I sat down to look around. It was about half-past nine, the heat was burning, and I knew the sheep would soon be going up the mountains to seek the shelter of the caves in which they spend the noonday hours. Suddenly I realized that there were some sheep on the side of the next ridge standing quietly watching me. There were four bunches, scattered among the rocks; three were of ewes and young, and there was one bunch of rams; in all there were sixteen sheep. I picked out the best ram, and, estimating the distance at two hundred and fifty yards, I fired, hitting, but too low. I failed to score in the running shooting, but when he was out of sight I hurried over and picked up the trail; he was bleeding freely, and it was not difficult to follow him. He went half a mile or so and then lay down in a rock cave; but he was up and off before I could labor into sight,

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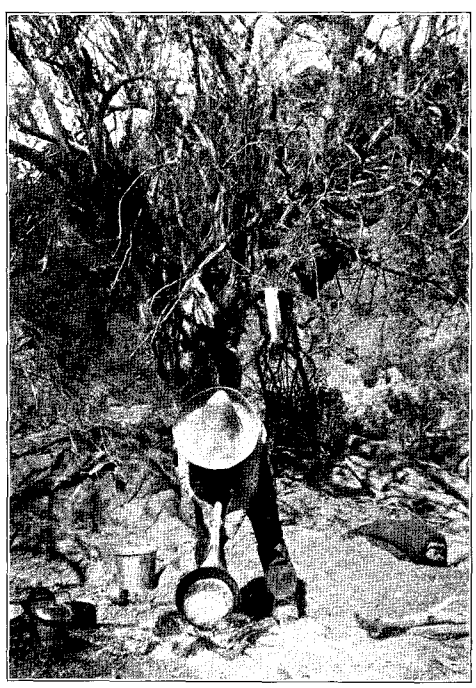
Sheep cave.

I knew the sheep would soon be going up the mountains to seek the shelter of the caves, in which they spend the noonday hours.—*Page 94.*

and made a most surprising descent down the side of a steep ravine. When I caught sight of him again he was half-way up the opposite wall of the ravine though only about a hundred yards distant; he was standing behind a large rock with only his quarters visible, but one more shot brought matters to a finish. The heat was very great, so I started right to work to get the skin off. A great swarm of bees gathered to the feast. They were villanous looking, and at first they gave me many qualms, but we got used to each other and I soon paid no attention to them, merely brushing them off any part that I wanted to skin. I was only once stung and that was when a bee got inside my clothing, and I inadvertently squeezed it. Before I had finished the skinning I heard a shot from Win; I replied, and a little while afterward he came along. I shall not soon forget packing the skin, with the head and the leg bones still in it, down that mountain side. In addition to being very heavy, it made an unwieldy bundle, as I had no rope with which to tie it up. I held the head balanced on one shoulder, with a horn hooked



Dominguez making some frying-pan bread.

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round my neck; the legs I bunched together as best I could, but they were continually coming loose and causing endless trouble. After I reached the bottom, I left Win with the sheep, and struck off for our night's camping place. It was after eleven and the very hottest part of the day. I had to be careful not to touch any of the metal part of my gun; indeed, the wooden stock was unpleasantly hot and I was exceedingly glad that there was to be water waiting for me at camp.

Head of first sheep.

I got Dominguez and the horses and brought in the sheep, which took several hours. That afternoon we were back at Tinah'alta, with a long evening's work ahead of me skinning out the heads and feet by starlight. Utting, who was always ready to do anything at any time, and did everything well, turned to with a will and took the ewe off my hands.

The next day I was hard at work on the skins. One of the tanks, about four hundred yards from camp, was a great favorite with the sheep, and more than once during our stay the men in camp saw sheep come down to drink at it. This had generally happened when I was off hunting; but on the morning when I was busy with the skins two rams came down to drink. It was an hour before noon; for at this place the sheep finished feeding before they drank. The wind was blowing directly up the gulch to them, but although they stopped several times to stare at the camp, they eventually came to the water-hole and drank. Of course we didn't disturb these sheep, for not only were they in the United States, but they were drinking at a water-hole in a desert country; and a man who has travelled the deserts, and is any sort of a sportsman, would not shoot game at a water-hole unless he were in straits for food.

I had been hunting on the extreme end of the Gila Range and near a range called El Viejo Hombre (The Old Man). After I shot my ram, in the confusion that followed, two of the young rams broke back, came down the mountain, passing quite close to Win, and crossed the plain to the Viejo Hombre Range, some mile and a half away. The bands of sheep out of which I shot my specimens had been feeding chiefly on the twigs of a small symmetrical bush, called by the Mexicans El Yerva del Baso, the same, I believe, that Professor Hornaday in his "Camp-Fires on Desert and Lava," calls the white Brittle bush. They had also been eating such galleta-grass as they could find; it was on this grass that we depended for food for our horses and mules. Apparently the sheep of these bands had not been going to the water-hole; there were numerous places where they had been breaking down cactus and eating the pulp. In this country Win said that the rams and the ewes began to run together in October, and that in February the young were born. When the rams left the ewes, they took with them the yearling rams; and they didn't join the ewes again until the next October.

On the following day I left Utting and Proebstel and took the trail to the Tule tank. The two Mexicans were with me and we had two horses and three mules. We were travelling very light, for we were

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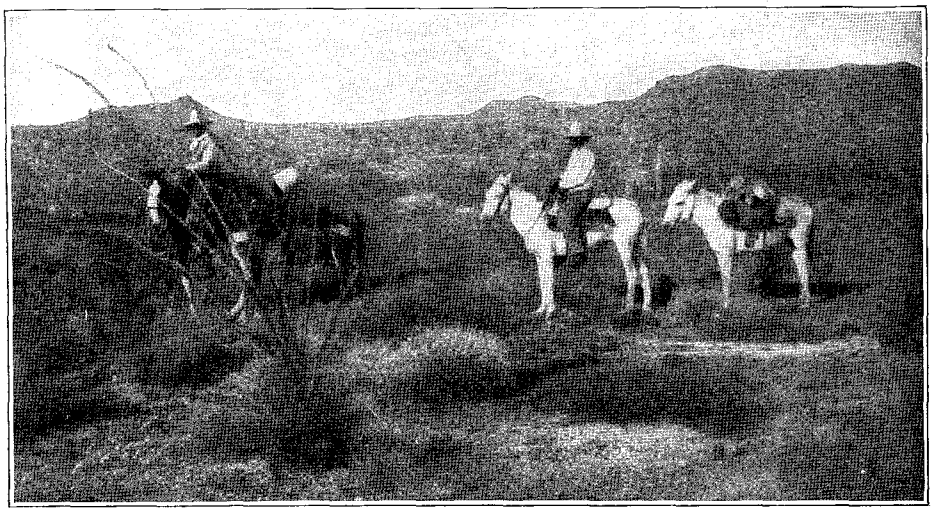
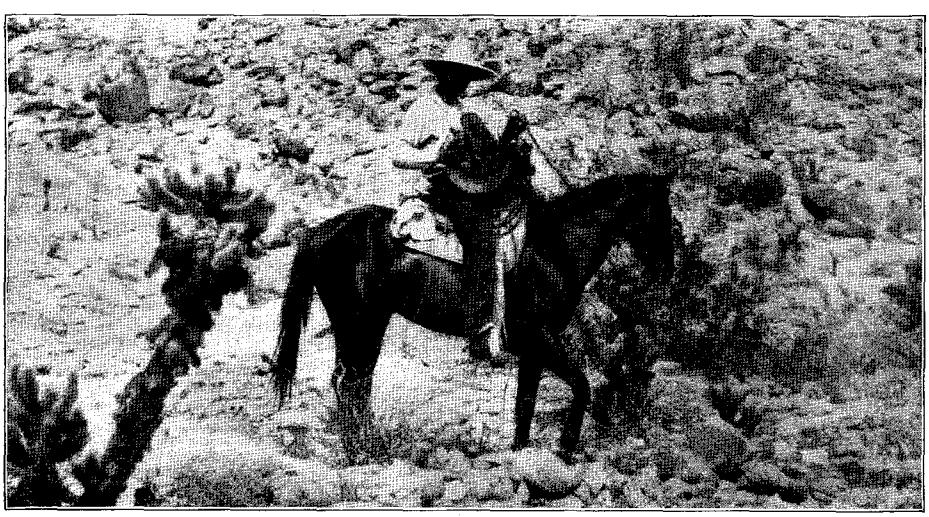


The desert we were riding through was covered with mesquite and creosote and cactus; ocatillas were plentiful: they are formed somewhat on the principle of an umbrella.

bound for a country where water-holes were not only few and far between, but most uncertain. My personal baggage consisted of my washing kit, an extra pair of shoes, a change of socks and a couple of books. Besides our bedding we had some coffee, tea, sugar, rice, flour (with a little bacon to take the place of lard in making bread) and a good supply of frijoles or Mexican beans. It was on these last that we really lived. As soon as we got to a camp we always put some frijoles in a kettle and started a little fire to boil them. If we were to be there for a couple of days we put in enough beans to last us the whole time, and then all that was necessary in getting a meal ready was to warm up the beans.

It was between four and five in the afternoon when we left Tinah'alta, and though the moon did not rise until late, the stars were bright and the trail was clear. The desert we were riding through was covered with mesquite and creosote and innumerable choya cactus; there were also two kinds of prickly pear cactus, and ocatillas were plentiful. The last are curious plants; they are formed somewhat on the principle of an umbrella, with a very short central



The ram was a good one.—Page 100

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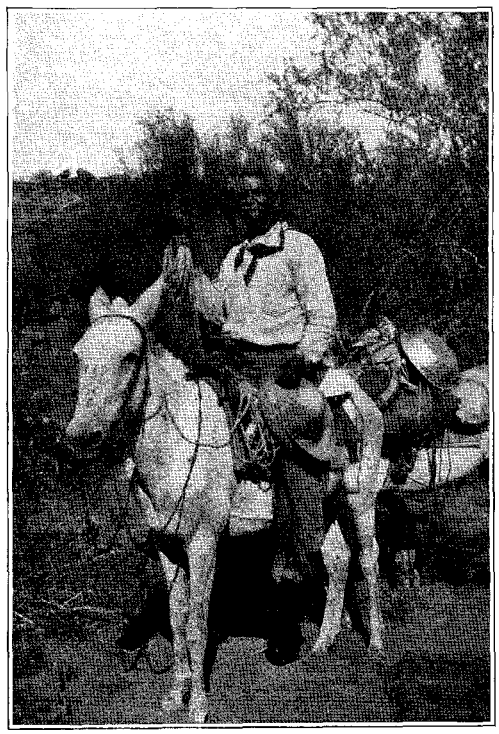
stem from which sometimes as many as twenty spokes radiate umbrella-wise. These spokes are generally about six feet long and are covered with thorns which are partially concealed by tiny leaves. The flower of the ocatilla is scarlet, and although most of them had stopped flowering by August there were a few still in bloom. After about six hours silent riding we reached Tule. The word means a marsh, but, needless to say, all that we found was a rock-basin with a fair supply of water and a very generous supply of tadpoles and water lice.



Eustacio Casares, who was white-haired, and must have been at least sixty, was as fresh as ever.—Page 99.

Next morning when we came to get breakfast ready we found we had lost, through a hole in a pack sack, all of our eating utensils except a knife and two spoons; but we were thankful at having got off so easily. By three in the afternoon we were ready for what was to be our hardest march. We wished to get into the Pinacate country; and our next water was to be the Papago tank, which Casares said was about forty-five miles south of us. He said that in this tank we were always sure to find water.

For the first fifteen miles our route lay over the Camino del Diablo, a trail running through the Tule desert—and it has proved indeed a "road of the devil" for many an unfortunate. Then we left the trail, the sun sank, twilight passed, and in spite of the brilliancy of the stars, the going became difficult. In many places where the ground was free from bowlders the kangaroo rats had made a net-work of tunnels and into these our animals fell, often sinking shoulder deep. Casares was leading, riding a hardy little white mule. While he rode he rolled cigarette after cigarette, and as he bent forward in his saddle to light them, for a moment his face would be brought into relief by the burning match and a trail of sparks would light up the succeeding darkness. Once his mule shied violently, and we heard the angry rattling of a side-winder, a sound which once heard is never forgotten.

At about eight o'clock, what with rocks and kangaroo rat burrows, the going became so bad that we decided to off saddle and wait till the moon should rise. We stretched out with our heads on our saddles and dozed until about midnight, when it was time to start on again. Soon the desert changed and we were free of the hills among which we had been travelling, and were riding over endless rolling dunes of white sand. As dawn broke the twin peaks of Pinacate appeared ahead of us, and the sand gave place to a waste of red and black lava, broken by steep arroyos. We had been hearing coyotes during the night, and now a couple jumped up from some rocks, a hundred yards away, and made off amongst the lava.

By eight o'clock the sun was fiercely hot, but we were in among the foothills of Pinacate. I asked Casares where the tanks were, and he seemed rather vague, but said they were beyond the next hills. They were not; but several times more he felt sure they were "just around the next hill." I realized that we were lost and resolved to give him one more try, and then if I found that he was totally at sea as to the whereabouts of the tank, I intended to find some

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shelter for the heat of the day, and, when it got cooler, to throw the packs off our animals and strike back to Tule. It is difficult to realize how quickly that fierce sun dries up man and beast. I doubt if in that country a really good walker could have covered ten miles in the noonday heat without water and without stopping. We could have made Tule all right, but the return trip would have been a very unpleasant one, and we would probably have lost some of our animals.

Ready to leave Tinaja del Bévora.—Page 101.

However, just before we reached Casares's last location of the Papago tanks, we came upon an unknown water-hole, in the bed of an arroyo. The rains there are very local, and although the rest of the country was as dry as tinder, some fairly recent downpour had filled up this little rocky basin. There were two trees near it, a mesquite and a palo verde, and though neither would fit exactly into the category of shade-trees, we were most grateful to them for being there at all. The palo verde is very deceptive. When seen from a distance, its greenness gives it a false air of being a lovely, restful screen from the sun, but when one tries to avail oneself of its shade, the fallacy is soon evident. It is only when there is some parasitical mistletoe growing on it that the palo verde offers any real shade. The horses were very thirsty, and it was a revelation to see how they lowered the water in the pool.

Dominguez was only about thirty years old, but he seemed jaded and tired, whereas Casares, who was white-haired, and must have been at least sixty, was as fresh as ever. Two days later, when I was off hunting on the mountains, Casares succeeded in finding the Papago tanks; they were about fifteen miles to our north-west, and were as dry as a bone! I later learned that a Mexican had come through this country some three weeks before we were in there. He had a number of pack animals. When he found the Papago dry, he struck on for the next water, and succeeded in making it only after abandoning his packs and losing most of his horses.

We sat under our two trees during the heat of the day; but shortly after four I took my rifle and my canteen, and went off to look for sheep, leaving the two Mexicans in camp. Although I saw no rams, I found plenty of sign and got a good idea of the lay of the land.

The next four or five days I spent hunting from this camp. I was very anxious to get some antelope, and I spent three or four days in a fruitless search for them. It was, I believe, unusually dry, even for that country, and the antelope had migrated to better feeding-grounds. Aside from a herd of nine, which I saw from a long way off, but failed to come up with, not only did I not see any antelope, but I did not even find any fresh tracks. There were many very old tracks and I have no doubt that, at certain times of the year, there are great numbers of antelope in the country over which I was hunting.

The long rides, however, were full of interest. I took the Mexicans on alternate days, and we always left camp before daylight. As the hours wore on the sun would grow hotter and hotter. In the middle of the day there was generally a breeze blowing across the lava beds, and that breeze was

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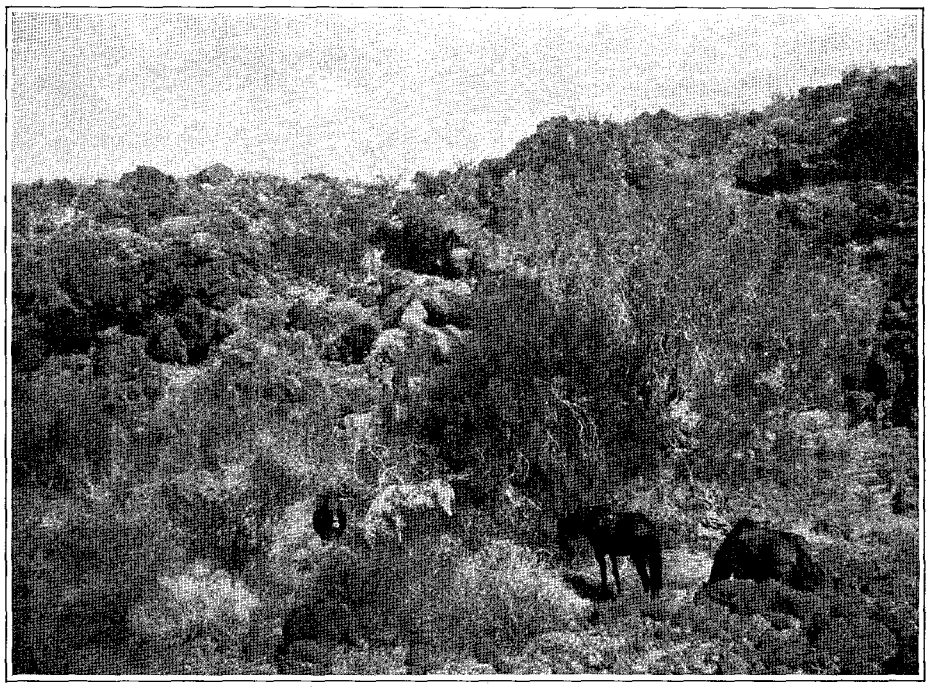

Our camp in the Pinacate.

We came upon an unknown water-hole, in the bed of an arroyo.—Page 99.

like the blast from a furnace. There are few whom the desert, at sunset and sunrise, fails to fascinate; but only those who have the love of the wastes born in them feel the magic of their appeal under the scorching noonday sun. Reptile life was abundant; lizards scuttled away in every direction; there were some rather large ones that held their tails up at an oblique angle above the ground as they ran, which gave them a ludicrous appearance. A species of toad whose back was speckled with red was rather common. Jack-rabbits and cotton-tails were fairly numerous, and among the birds Gambel's quail, and the white-wings, or sonora pigeons, were most in evidence. I came upon one of these later on her nest in a palo verde tree; the eggs were about the size of a robin's, and were white; and the nest was made chiefly of galleta-grass. The white-wings are very fond of the fruit of the saguaro; this fruit is of a reddish orange color when ripe, and the birds peck a hole in it and eat the scarlet pulp within. It is delicious, and the Indians collect it and dry it; the season was over when I was in the country, but there was some late fruit on a few of the trees. If I was back in camp at sunset it was pretty to hear the pigeons trilling as they flew down to the pool to drink.

One day we got back to the camp at about two. I was rather hot and tired, so I made a cup of tea and sat under the trees and smoked my pipe until almost four. Then I picked up my rifle and went out by myself to look for sheep. I climbed to the top of a great crater hill and sat down to look around with my field-glasses. Hearing a stone move behind, I turned very slowly around. About a hundred and fifty yards off, on the rim of the crater, stood six sheep, two of them fine rams. Very slowly I put down the field-glasses and raised my rifle, and I killed the finest of the rams. It was getting dark, so, without bestowing more than a passing look upon him, I struck off for camp at a round pace. Now the Mexicans, although good enough in the saddle, were no walkers, and so Dominguez saddled a horse, put a pack-saddle on a mule, and followed me back to where the sheep lay. We left the animals at the foot of the hill, and although it was not a particularly hard climb up to the sheep the Mexican was blown and weary by the time we reached it. The ram was a good one.

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His horns measured sixteen and three-fourths inches around the base, and were thirty-five inches long, so they were larger in circumference, though shorter than my first specimen. He was very thin, however, and his hair was falling out, and one could pull out handfuls. All the sheep that I saw in this country seemed thin and in poor shape, while those near Tinah'alta were in very fair condition. The extreme dryness and scarcity of grass doubtless in part accounted for this, although the country in which I got my first two sheep was in no sense green. Making our way back to camp through the lava fields and across the numerous gullies was a difficult task. The horses got along much better than I should have supposed; indeed, they didn't seem to find as much difficulty as I did. Dominguez muttered that if the road past Tule was the Camino del Diablo, this certainly was the Camino del Inferno! When we reached camp my clothes were as wet as if I had been in swimming. I set right to work on the head-skin, but it was eleven o'clock before I had finished it; that meant but four hours sleep for me, and I felt somewhat melancholy about it. Indeed, on this trip, the thing that I chiefly felt was the need of sleep, for it was always necessary to make a very early start, and it was generally after sunset before I got back to camp.

The Mexicans spoke about as much English as I spoke Spanish, which was very little, and as they showed no signs of learning, I set to work to learn some Spanish. At first our conversation was very limited, but I soon got so that I could understand them pretty well. We occasionally tried to tell each other stories but became so confused that we would have to call it off. Dominguez had one English expression which he would pronounce with great pride and emphasis on all appropriate or inappropriate occasions; it was "You betcher!" Once he and I had some discussion as to what day it was and I appealed to Casares. "Ah, *quien sabe, quien sabe?*" (Who knows, who knows?) was his reply; he said that he never knew what day it was and got on very comfortably without knowing—a point of view which gave one quite a restful feeling. They christened our water-hole Tinaja del Bévora, which means the tank of the rattlesnake. They so named it because of the advent in camp one night of a rattler. It escaped and got in a small lava cave from out of which the men tried long and unsuccessfully to smoke it.

At the place where we were camped our arroyo had tunnelled its way along the side of a hill; so that, from its bed, one bank was about ten feet high and the other nearer fifty. In the rocky wall of this latter side there were many caves. One, in particular, would have furnished good sleeping quarters for wet weather. It was about twenty-five feet long and fifteen feet deep, and it varied in height from four to six feet. The signs showed that for generations it had been a favorite abode of sheep; coyotes had also lived in it, and in the back there was a big pack-rat's nest. Pieces of the bisnaga cactus, with long, cruel spikes, formed a prominent part of the nest.

After I had hunted for antelope in every direction from camp, and within as large a radius as I could manage, I was forced to admit the hopelessness of the task. The water supply was getting low, but I determined to put in another good long day with the sheep before turning back. Accordingly, early one morning, I left the two Mexicans in camp to rest and set off for the mountains on foot. I headed for the main peak of Pinacate. It was not long before I got in among the foothills. I kept down along the ravines, for it was very early, and as a rule the sheep didn't begin to go up the hills from their night's feeding until nine or ten o'clock; at this place, also, they almost always spent the noon hours in caves. There were many little chipmunks running along with their tails arched forward over their backs, which gave them rather a comical look. At length I saw a sheep; he was well up the side of a large hill, an old crater, as were many of these mountains. I made off after him and found there were steep ravines to be reckoned with before I even reached the base of the hill. The sides of the crater were covered with choyas, and the footing on the loose lava was so uncertain that I said to myself, "I wonder how long it will be before you fall into one of these choyas," and only a few minutes later I was gingerly picking choya burrs off my arms, which had come off worst in the fall. The points of the spikes are barbed and are by no means easy to pull out. I stopped many times to wait for my courage to rise sufficiently to start to work again, and by the time I had got myself free I was so angry

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that I felt like devoting the rest of my day to waging a war of retaliation upon the cactus. The pain from the places from which I had pulled out the spikes lasted for about half an hour after I was free of them, and later, at Yuma, I had to have some of the spines that I had broken off in my flesh cut out.

An hour or so later I came across a very fine bisnaga or "niggerhead" cactus. I was feeling very thirsty, and, wishing to save my canteen as long as possible, I decided to cut the bisnaga open and eat some of its pulp, for this cactus always contains a good supply of sweetish water. As I was busy trying to remove the long spikes, I heard a rock fall, and looking round saw a sheep walking along the opposite side of the gully, and not more than four hundred yards away. He was travelling slowly and had not seen me, so I hastily made for a little ridge toward which he was heading. I reached some rocks near the top of the ridge in safety and crouched behind them. I soon saw that he was only a two-year-old, and when he was two hundred yards off I stood up to have a good look at him. When he saw me, instead of immediately making off, he stood and gazed at me. I slowly sat down and his curiosity quite overcame him. He proceeded to stalk me in a most scientific manner, taking due advantage of choyas and rocks; and cautiously poking his head out from behind them to stare at me. He finally got to within fifty feet of me, but suddenly, and for no apparent reason, he took fright and made off. He did not go far, and, from a distance of perhaps five hundred yards, watched me as I resumed operations on the cactus.

Not long after this, as I was standing on the top of a hill, I made out two sheep, half hidden in a draw. There was a great difference in the size of their horns, and, in the hasty glance I got of them, one seemed to me to be big enough to warrant shooting. I did not discover my mistake until I had brought down my game. He was but a two-year-old, and, although I should have been glad of a good specimen for the Museum, his hide was in such poor condition that it was quite useless. However, I took his head and some meat and headed back for camp. My camera, water bottle, and field-glasses were already slung over my shoulder, and the three hours' tramp back to camp, in the very hottest part of the day, was tiring; and I didn't feel safe in finishing my canteen until I could see camp.

The next day we collected as much galleta-grass as we could for the horses, and, having watered them well, an operation which practically finished our pool, we set out for Tule at a little after three. As soon as the Mexicans got a little saddle stiff they would stand up in one stirrup, crooking the other knee over the saddle, and keeping the free heel busy at the horses' ribs. The result was twofold; the first and most obvious being a sore back for the horses, and the second being that the horses became so accustomed to a continual tattoo to encourage them to improve their pace, that, with a rider unaccustomed to that method, they lagged most annoyingly. The ride back to Tule was as uneventful as it was lovely.

On the next day's march, from Tule toward Win's tank, I saw the only Gila monster—the sluggish, poisonous lizard of the south-western deserts—that I came across throughout the trip. He was crossing the trail in leisurely fashion and darted his tongue out angrily as I stopped to admire him. Utting told me of an interesting encounter he once saw between a Gila monster and a rattlesnake. He put the two in a large box; they were in opposite corners, but presently the Gila monster started slowly and sedately toward the rattler's side of the box. He paid absolutely no attention to the snake, who coiled himself up and rattled angrily. When the lizard got near enough, the rattler struck out two or three times, each time burying his fangs in the Gila monster's body; the latter showed not the slightest concern, and, though Utting waited expectantly for him to die, he apparently suffered no ill effects whatever from the encounter. He showed neither anger nor pain; he simply did not worry himself about the rattler at all.

We reached Wellton at about nine in the evening of the second day from Pinacate. We had eaten all our food and our pack animals were practically without loads; so we had made ninety miles in about fifty-five hours. Dominguez had suffered from the heat on the way back, and at Win's tank, which was inaccessible to the horses, I had been obliged myself to pack all the water out to the animals. At Wellton I parted company with the Mexicans, with the regret one always feels at leaving the comrades of a most interesting and delightful trip.

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MORE AFRICAN SKETCHES*

By Janet Allardyce

EXTRACT from the Notes and Diary of Miss Anstruther, a lady of certain principles and uncertain years, who had left her home in the cathedral town of Mulchester to visit her young married niece in the province of Ibea in equatorial Africa:

THE BUSIEST MAN IN THE COUNTRY

"ALAN, what sort of a person is Mrs. Francis?" said my niece Cecilia to her husband, as we lingered over dessert.

Ten slow puffs at his pipe were required to answer this conundrum. "Do you want to make a friend of her?" he asked.

"Oh, *goodness*, no!" said Cecilia rapidly; "she's far too old, she must be nearly twenty-eight! But I can't help watching her and she attracts me very much."

"I've known her just four years," Alan said. "She was an awfully pretty girl when she first came out—skin like a peach, but she lost all that during her first hot season." (Cecilia's hand went rapidly to her cheek.) "Nice little woman, too. I never saw any one so idiotic about her husband, though, and I fancy she overdid it. There's been some talk about her lately, I gather."

"What sort of talk?" said the irrepressible Cecilia. "Oh, nothing interesting. It's getting chilly, don't you think, Aunt Mary?"

"Well, I like Mrs. Francis, and I want to know her," said my little niece decidedly. "She is always nice to me and she never says horrid things about people. I'm going to see her to-morrow, for I hear she has had fever. Will you come too?"

I went next day with Cecilia, and many days after by myself, for though not every one would care to see an old maid like me, Mrs. Francis seemed to take a real pleasure in my visits. She was a graceful, slender woman, with shadowy eyes and hair and an almost colorless skin. She dressed very simply, but she possessed the faculty of making other women look either shabby or overdressed. This I imagine does not tend to popularity; certainly I never saw any one with fewer friends. Hour after hour she lay alone, while the fever worked its will and then left her, white and exhausted, to struggle back to health.

Her husband hurriedly looked in now and then, but I never knew him to spend more than five minutes with her. I remarked on this once to Alan.

"Busiest man in the country," he said; "there's nothing he can't do, and little he doesn't do. He is secretary of the Kenya Club and treasurer of two sports clubs. He is our best polo-player, and he'll probably win this billiard handicap. He got up our Roughriders we are all so keen on. Good chap, Francis, one of the best!"

I looked with interest on this prodigy of mankind next day when he rushed in on his way to polo. He is a small, dark man, clean-shaven and with a great personal charm. His wife followed him with her eyes, but I thought her manner to him distant in the extreme.

It would puzzle me to say what she and I talked of during the hours I spent with her! She read enormously, and every mail brought her packets of books from home. They were, however, mostly poetry and essays, in French and Italian, though she had a few novels by authors unknown to me. We had not a single taste in common, and yet she seemed to cling to my companionship.

Her room was always full of masses of roses, yellow, apricot, and white, sent, she told me, by a friend of her husband's whom I often met on my way home, and who seemed much distressed on her account. She always wore cream-colored things of lace and satin. She would have no bright colors near her, saying they hurt her. Her husband once brought her some violets, and she flushed with pleasure. "Ah, dearest, that was good of you, to think of me!" she said, and the violets remained by her bedside till the poor things had lost all scent and color.

* See SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for November, 1910.

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When she recovered strength enough to travel she was sent to the coast for a month. On her return I seemed to have dropped out of touch with her, and saw little or nothing of her for some weeks. She did not seem to regain strength as I should have liked, and there was a curiously strained expression in her eyes.

One evening I went in to see her on my way home to a solitary dinner, as Cecilia and Alan were going out. She was, to my surprise, sitting ready dressed for the evening, wearing a very beautiful white gown with a spray of white lilies, and with pearls round her neck. "You are going out?" I said. "I did not know I was so late; I fear I have disturbed you?" But she told me she was not going anywhere and that it was still quite early.

She puzzled me greatly, I must confess. Usually so quiet, she was restless, and started at every sound. Her color came and went, and though I never saw her look so beautiful I thought her positively rude in her inattention to me. Nevertheless she refused to let me go, and begged me to stay with her for half an hour at least.

As eight o'clock approached her restlessness increased. She suddenly stopped and took my hands in hers. "Is that some one coming?" she said (and my hands ached for hours afterward with the pressure).

"My dear, compose yourself," I replied; "it is only your husband coming back from the club."

She turned away at once, and began to arrange some flowers as he came quickly in, smiling and full of energy.

"You are late," she said. "How did your tournament go off?"

"Capitally for me, I'm in the semi-final. I say, I'm afraid I must dine with Green to-night, we've got to talk over this new— Well, what's the matter now? For goodness' sake don't look so ill-used! I *must* get this arranged to-night!"

They had both for the moment forgotten me. A hard look crept into his pleasant eyes and an exasperated tone, new to me, rang in his voice. She turned without a word to her flowers and he went to his room.

After a few moments she followed him. I heard low pleading and then his voice raised loudly: "I'm sorry, but you are asking what is impossible; I *must* go out to-night."

We stood together in silence before the cheerful wood fire, and heard his steps die away on the road. "Why did you come just to-night, of all times?" she said at length. "I could not have borne any one but you just because you are *you*, because you know nothing of this and you have never lived at all! No, don't be cross, you must hear me to-night, and I'm going to tell you what I've never told a living soul beside yourself, and never will. You know that I quarrelled with all my people when I married him? I gave up everything a woman can, relations, home, money, health, all to be with him out here. He has been literally my life to me. Everything he gave me I've kept." (She left me for a moment and returned with a small box.) "Look, his letters, these flowers—everything is here, I *could* not throw them away. He used to care, too— My God, he *did* care then!"

"Mrs. Francis," I said, "I *cannot* listen to this wild talk. It is both absurd and wrong to speak to me of your excellent husband in this way and you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

She went on as though I had never spoken a word. "Then this began, and now he is completely absorbed in his work and his sport and his games. He has gone utterly and finally away from me, he never notices me at all. He is one of the most popular men in the country, but *I* have no friends. Now that he has gone from me I have *nothing*. All his evenings are spent up there at the club where he and his friends have their accursed cards and billiards, and their wives go to the devil at home alone. Come here and look at this."

She drew me to the dining-room. It was a vision of pure bridal white; of jasmine, lilies, and sparkling silver. It had been prepared with loving care, but for two only. "This is my wedding-day and my birthday as well. I've been waiting for this day and looking forward to it for months. I made up my mind that if he only remembered it I would have been good and borne the rest. I would have given up—but you can see, he has simply forgotten all about it!"

She took the letters from the box and her face was convulsed for a moment. "These are the first of all, so they shall go first." She tore them up, one by one, and threw them into the flames.

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"You know," she went on, "I never used to be religious till I met him. Then everything was lit up, and I learned the love of God through love of my husband—or thought that I did! That's gone too; silly women invent it to comfort themselves with when men leave them. All lies, lies!"

The burnt letters stood stiff and black among the glowing logs. Now and then a little snake of flame ran up one, and the dead thing crackled and sank to ashes. I was long past speech, out of my depths in this sea of misery.

"I tried to live in my books, but I can't. I must have something human, I'm not old enough yet to do without it. Music might have helped me, but there is no music in this hole. So I've chosen—it's not even original—but though I can never be happy myself I may at least make some one else happy for a time. No, you don't understand, of course you don't, and thank the God people like you believe in for that."

She took the white lilies out of her bodice and threw them after the letters and dead flowers into the fire, and fastened in their place a magnificent cloth-of-gold rose—all cream and orange.

"And now say good-by to me—a real good-by, for you won't come back again and I shall never speak to you any more!" She leaned her head on my shoulder for a long moment, then kissed me and pushed me away.

Blind with tears, afraid of I knew not what, I left her. At the corner of the road I looked round. The house was dimly lighted, but suddenly a curtain was pulled back, and a brilliant ray of lamplight fell on the face of a man who stood opposite, waiting. From a bungalow a little further up the road came a sudden shout of laughter, and "the best chap going" laughed loudest of all.

THE EWINGS

May 17th

Cecilia and her husband having gone to the Lake, I have come here to spend a fortnight with the sister of our Mulchester Station-Master, who has married a fibre-planter named Ewing. After five hours' journey down the line, I arrived at Maburu, and found Mr. Ewing, a rough, surly-looking person, waiting for me with a wagon and a team of mules. He did his best, I am sure, to welcome me, but I was not favorably impressed, nor did his manner strike me as suitably respectful. We drove for many miles, following a rough track. The monotony of the country was remarkable, and yet I found it very beautiful. We passed herds of zebra, several wild ostriches, and a number of shy, exquisite gazelles. As we drew near the house, the sun set behind a range of stony mountains, their ramparts cutting harshly into the evening sky. In a few minutes the whole country was transfigured. Floods of violet poured over their barren outlines, and long shafts of rose converging at the horizon spread to the zenith of the cloudless sky. I cannot describe the magic with which it clothed this wilderness. But the glamour went out like the flame of a candle as the house appeared before us—small, poor, almost sinister, standing among acres of fibre plants, grim and forbidding as only an aloe can be.

Mrs. Ewing was waiting for us, a gentle, ladylike little woman. I caught the look on her husband's face as he came in, and, though he said never a word, an absolute glow of admiration leapt up in his dull eyes at sight of her.

There are only three rooms in the house, the living-room, the Ewings' room, and my own. As I write, the iron roof is cracking like pistol shots in the intolerable heat. What I shall do with myself here for fourteen long days, Heaven only knows!

May 21st

I have tried to help my little hostess, who is far from strong and is sorely tried by the heat. I endeavored to bake; I don't know what was amiss, but success did not attend my efforts and she has taken it over herself again. I have also tried to help her with dressmaking, but, after attempting to insert a sleeve into its armhole in four different ways, I gave it back to her. I have never thought the details of cooking and dressmaking to be worth the consideration of a busy and independent woman (though of course to the working classes they are essential), for at Mulchester my time was more than occupied with my Girls' Friendly Societies, the Guild of Converted Bootblacks, and our Literary Union. I am somewhat startled, I must own, to find the

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large proportion of time domestic drudgery demands in such a life as Mrs. Ewing's.

May 26th

The days crawl by with intolerable monotony. Much as I like my little hostess, and admire her sunny patience amongst her difficulties, I do *not* like my host. I may say, indeed, that I consider him really objectionable. He smokes through the house regardless of my presence; his hands are seldom clean, and he has sat through breakfast twice without removing his dirty sun-helmet. This house is, as I said, very small, and sounds carry with alarming distinctness.—Last night I was the unwilling eavesdropper to the following conversation (Mr. Ewing's voice is loud and harsh; his wife's so soft as to be almost inaudible):

—"I've sized *her* up long ago."

—Murmurs—"really kind lady."

—"All very well, but what use is she, tell me that? Where's the good of her, anyhow?"

—"'Don't understand her?' I understand her cannon-balls of loaves! She lets you slave from morning till night— Oh, all right, all right, then I *don't* understand her and don't want to. Only a week more of her, anyway!"

Though I do not expect to be appreciated by such a rough boor, I must own this conversation upset me greatly. Indeed, I cannot get it out of my mind.

After this the mornings were longer than ever and the meals more constrained. The evenings, which we spent sitting round the table, and dodging the mosquitoes, which swarmed round the cheap, unshaded lamp, were perhaps worst of all.

After tea, Mrs. Ewing and I, with her little terrier Dudu, generally stroll to a ravine about a mile away, and this I do indeed enjoy. It is a wonderful relief to leave the blazing veldt and to go down into the cool, damp shade, the rush of the stream in our ears, and great masses of maidenhair fern, the loveliest green thing ever made, hanging in clouds from the rocks above us.

Last night the Ewings told me some extraordinary tales of wild animals; one in particular I find very hard to believe. They were wakened one very hot night by a leopard which got into their bedroom, they suppose in pursuit of their dog. Enraged at finding itself entrapped, it tore up and down the room till it found the door and escaped. Mrs. Ewing, who is very nervous, was half dead with fright, and a lamp now burns all night on the veranda.

June 1st

Mrs. Ewing and I went again to the ravine, and while we rested watching the deep, clear pool at our feet, she shyly told me of her hopes. In about six weeks' time she intends going to the capital for skilled care and attention, as she is not quite satisfied that her health is all it should be. I have never, fortunately, been forced to come into contact with this side of life, but believing, as I do, in the All-wisdom of Nature, I have often thought much unnecessary fuss was made on the subject. I endeavored, therefore, to reassure Mrs. Ewing by explaining that, all being *natural*, there was nothing to fear, and begged her to rid her mind of foolish and weakening forebodings.

She did not answer, but I noticed, not for the first time, a peculiar little smile which always somewhat irritates me.

While she and I, with Dudu, were climbing up out of the ravine, I observed that we had stayed later than usual, and that it would be pitch-dark before we reached home. Little Dudu seemed very restless and nervous, keeping close to our heels and whining softly and pitifully. As we passed under a large rock Mrs. Ewing stood stock-still, whispering "What's that?" and I suddenly saw a large animal outlined against the green evening sky, not twenty feet away. It was crouched to spring, motionless but for the lashing tail. A dead feeling crept through my limbs and I was very cold. Mrs. Ewing muttered over and over:

"The leopard again—my God! my God! my God!"

Dudu, mad with terror, suddenly made a wild rush for cover. We could not see the rest. We heard one terrible scream—the leopard and poor little Dudu were gone.

We held on to each other blindly for a long time, and then I dragged her home.

I never experienced actual panic before. I did not know it could——

As I wrote these words at midnight, Mr. Ewing came to my door, to tell me his wife was not well. She appears to be suffering,

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and he seems to be rather absurdly concerned. I am many years older than her and was quite as alarmed this evening, yet I have not given way to my feelings. Surely, then, she should also make an effort to control herself! I pointed this out and he looked at me with a most unpleasant expression and shut the door in the middle of my words.

3 A. M.—Mr. Ewing has come again. He wishes me to watch with his wife while he rides six miles to the nearest neighbor to send him for the doctor. I can hear her calling, "Don't leave me, Jim, don't leave me, don't leave me!"

6 A. M.—He has returned. The doctor even now cannot be here for twelve hours at the earliest. This is too awful, too awful.

8 A. M.—Mr. Ewing has again come to me, quite beside himself.

"Can you do *nothing* for her?" he said. "You are a woman, for God's sake try anything——"

And I knew nothing, could do nothing. Only yesterday I had been glad of it. If I were only the poorest, coarsest charwoman—who knew——!

6 P. M.—She died at ten o'clock. He buried her and her baby all alone an hour ago. He would not let me see her, touch her.

"Call yourself a woman? Damn you!" he said, and turned his back on me.

June 3rd

The doctor arrived at eleven last night, and took me back with him this morning.

Mr. Ewing never spoke a word. He sat, staring with wild eyes, and drinking all night long.

The doctor told me afterward that his wife had been his salvation. Through love of her he had pulled himself together, but now there seemed little enough hope for him.

We left at dawn. The long golden rays caressed into fairylike beauty the inflexible lines of the surrounding hills, but the plain and the little lonely bungalow lay in cold gray mist. Within the open door was just visible the figure of a man, sitting dumb and stupefied as we had left him. We turned away from that last look, and the horse, quicker-sighted than we, shied suddenly to avoid treading on a rough red mound of newly turned earth.

CHRISTMAS IN EXILE

In an open glade of the monkey-haunted forest, where the short green turf sloped to the stream, they pitched their Christmas camp. Behind it the land rose, in belts of forest and slopes of plain, to a distant blue range of hills, barren and waterless by daylight, but mysteriously lovely in the violet evening. Their green tents stood in a row, and behind them were the smaller tents and shelters of the servants, porters, gun-bearers, and "syces" or grooms. Three men, one woman, and two children, all loving open-air life better than anything in the world, they had left behind them the baking little town on the plain, and had come to spend their short holiday in the clearer, fresher air of the hills. But whatever motive had prompted the elders in their choice, a truly great idea filled the mind of the children: nothing less than the "composion" of a standard work on natural history, which should eclipse and supersede all previous efforts of other less-informed authors.

But if the course of true love is notoriously checkered, how should that of camping, which is at least as fascinating, fare any better? And troubles came fast. The tent equipment got hopelessly mixed, and only those who have tried to put a "fly" on the wrong tent can realize what that means in time and temper. A haughty-minded porter threw their entire bread supply into the "bush," and only a most unusually wide-awake Providence arranged that it should be retrieved by a belated syce. The teapot was left behind, and a large saucepan served alternately for soup and tea. You dipped in your cup and took what you got, and it never lacked in flavor of some kind!

And on that first evening—Christmas Eve too—when the hungry and exhausted party sat down to tea-soup and stew—splash! came a deluge of rain.

They fled into the nearest tent and ate as best they could, sitting on the two camp-beds with the table wedged between. No one cared a straw that the food was cold and tough and the mosquitoes unpleasantly attentive, for the spell of the "open road" was on them all, and the green canvas walls shook with the gusts of uproarious mirth.

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During a break in the shower the mother ran across to the tent which she shared with her children, steering her way carefully among the treacherous guy-ropes and pegs. Within was darkness and the sound of soft breathing. By the light of a hurricane lantern she found the two brown stockings, dangling limply from the wall. Stealthily, and with much difficulty, she dragged out her little trunk, and, with mothers all the world over, filled the stockings from toe to knee.

The elder child, her hair streaming like sea-weed on the pillow, turned and smiled in her sleep. Almost too wise, she had of late ceased to pray for "Santa Claus, Mrs. Claus, and all the Claus family," but no doubts troubled the serene faith of her sister, whose flushed cheek was almost hidden by the tangled yellow curls. The beloved saint had never yet failed her, her stocking was ready—it was a beautiful world! Their mother dropped the flap of the tent behind her and stood alone in the mighty wonder of the night. The rain had ceased, the moon was covered with heavy clouds, but where the sky to the east was deep and clear, there swung the silver lamp of one radiant star. For many nights, in hushed wonder and joy, the children had watched its light. It shone in the East, and it was Christmas time—without any possible shade of doubt it was the star which the kings followed in the story, the story which is old and always new.

But a shout of merriment called her to the dining-tent, where the white-robed servant was gravely offering cherry brandy in enamelled egg-cups!

Very early next morning the camp was astir. Report had it that an obliging lion sat outside the camp, waiting to be slain. The three men on their ponies, their gun-bearers and syces trotting behind, rode many miles through the dewy, sunny morning, but no tragedy marred the lion's Christmas morning!

In the children's tent chaos its very self reigned triumphant. Take a space of about ten feet by eight, fill it up with three beds, the clothes, boots, and brushes of a woman and two children; spread Christmas presents and their paper and string over everything within reach—and dressing becomes a problem demanding the brain of a railway manager or the temper of a St. Francis. Luckily a khaki coat, short skirt and knickers, long boots and a sun-helmet, is not a very complicated costume, and small jerseys and the above in miniature are soon scrambled into.

The children made one or two expeditions with the guns, but the sun grew fiercely hot, and the little feet soon grew weary. One sad morning they, most unfortunately, caught sight of the remains of a buck as it was being carried away, and problems, for which she had, alas! no answer, were thrust tearfully on their mother during the tramp back to camp. The momentous Classic on Natural History, however, grew apace. In anticipation of its publication I give a few extracts:

The Lizard

This little creature is very interesting. When it lies down it lies on its *front*, and so then its sides bulge out. When it goes to sleep, the lower eye-lid goes to the uper eye-lid. Its tail is slightly curved in sleeping. Anon waking and seeing danger it straightens its tail and makes away.

The Ostrich

This bird is an extreemly interesting creature. It eats grains and herbs. It has got a large bag under its bill. It goes into the field when it eats and it has a good look round to see that no danger is near and then it arches its neck and begins to fead.

Its feading takes place like this. It fills the pouch as full as it will go, and then it raises its neck for the food to go down. You can see the food go down its long neck, but now and then it sticks, and the creature raises its long neck as bolt upright as it will go, and then when the lump goes down it arches its neck once more to fead. When alarmed, it runs away very fast with the wings raised as if starting to fly. It can kick very baddly and instead of flying it runs.

The Tortois

This Animal is perhaps the most extra ordinary creature in this book.

The Butcher Bird

This bird is coulored bright black and pure white he has got a bill something like a Hawk's only much smaller. The habits of these birds are very pecular it follows like this—he chaces a Moth Butterfly or

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flying Aunt etc Seases it in his bill and makes off with it to a neabouring *thorn tree*, and then on a large thorn it stiks its viktom. This is done to let the meat get high.

The nest is built in a thorn tree containing three eggs of a dull white crowned with a number of dull brown bloches and tow or three dark brown spekels. the song of this bird is an ugly harsh noise with no melody in it at all.

The Hyena

Is a cowardly, gready animal.

It always goes about alone, except in the mateing season when it goes about in pairs.

Other wise they are so gready that they want to enjoy & feast all by them-selves. So they follow the lion to the kill it has made and enjoyes its self imensly with the bits it has left.

Then he with draws to his hoal, there he sleeps like a log all day, after gorging all night.

The Horse

Race horses are the highest kind of horse, they have large nostrils and large eyes. They are tall with long legs and each horse has four corns on each foot. There is another set of horses, which are just opiset to the race horse in looks and manner. It has lots of long hair which reaches down to its ancles and it is big and clumsy.

The river on the whole was the best playground. Fishing for minnows with pigeon's "insides" for bait produced instead enchanting little violet and madder crabs, though once they hooked a really large fish —nearly three inches long! The stream was, for an African river, wonderfully clear and not too deep for paddling. The grass and long rushes on its banks were of a living golden-green, the sombre gray forest of wild olive trees towered above, and now and then a scarlet woodpecker stabbed the gloom like a sword, as he flashed across a little glade and vanished into the depths. Once an old baboon, coughing and barking, shuffled half-way down the rough pathway formed by slabs of red rock, before he took fright at the white sun-helmets and scolded himself back into the forest. The place was beautiful as Eden. Troops of immense swallow-tail butterflies, orange and brown, or velvety black barred with jade-green or vivid turquoise, turned and wheeled, poised and fluttered over the mirrorlike pools, a dance of living jewels. Seated on a rock, the water breaking over their white feet and ankles, the children watched them spellbound.

For their Christmas dinner they covered their two shaky little camp-tables with a white table-cloth, hoping vainly it would conceal the painful hiatus between them. They tied a scrap of red tissue-paper round the glass globe of the candlestick, arranged chocolates on large green leaves, and decorated everything with sprays of sweet-scented wild jasmine.

Some of the chairs were high, some so low that the soup and the mouth for which it was destined were on a level, and one seat was so unsteady that its small occupant fell over at the very feet of an astonished black boy. But the pudding, after a hasty and furtive absence on the part of the hostess, came along blazing merrily; and what remained of the mince-pies, after a stormy sojourn in a biscuit-tin, tasted fit for any king. The talk and laughter were only interrupted for a moment by the silence which follows the toast of those "Absent friends," seldom spoken of, but never far from thought. But, at eight years old, the one night of the year on which you sit up to dinner and on which the grown-ups are almost as amusing and sensible as people of your own age, is *not* the time for melancholy reflections!

The hilarious shouts must have startled the old rhinoceros in the papyrus swamp; and a painted Masai warrior, with spear and shield, paused on his way up from the river to look in amazement at these strange and demented intruders on the land of his fathers.

Long after the children were asleep the others sat round the camp-fire, till the logs smouldered low among the white ashes, and the Christmas Star had long set behind the shadowy indigo mountains.

SAFE HOME

In the blaze of an equatorial sun a little cemetery lies out on the slope of a hill. Round the low stone wall encircling it the zebra bark their strange call, and lions and

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hyenas prowl by night. No flowers or soft green grass will grow on the rough stony soil, and the gravestones stand in bare ugliness against the coarse tussocks. Four open graves yawn for their occupants, as yet unknown. For this rocky ground is hard to excavate, and in the tropics burial must be carried out with terrible speed. A sinister *memento mori*, only to be tolerated in a land of realities such as this.

The cemetery forms a pitiful record of the struggles of life in a crude and savage country. I contrast it with one at home, with its well-kept paths and glowing flower-beds, the marble tombs shining through the trees, and Sabbath peace and quiet over it all. And the inscriptions on the graves, one after another recording the tranquil, uneventful lives of father, mother, and children. "And they fell asleep and were gathered to their fathers:" the natural and quiet ending to a calm old age. Idealized? Yes, of course, but still true comparatively.

In God's acre here I counted the graves of twenty-six Europeans. Three only were over forty years of age, and only one stone marks the resting-place of a husband and his wife.

To me, who knew so many of the slumberers, the place is thronged with memory.

A little iron cross painted white, the transverse arm bearing the words "Safe Home," stands on the grave of "the oldest inhabitant," aged fifty-two. "Sam Pike, aged 51," is the curt notice on another. Further up the path stands a beautiful marble cross. Underneath lies a soldier, generous-hearted and sincere, a good friend and an honest enemy. Here he rests, after only one year amongst us, in the dreary cemetery, which he so hated.

"Aged 29. Killed in a trolley accident on the line. Erected by his sorrowing Brother Clerks."

"Died through injuries caused by a wounded lion."

A rough stone slab has a plate inlet: "Mauled by a lioness."

A little marble cross, sent by a mother from home, marks her soldier son's resting-place: "Killed by a wounded lioness." And yet another stone brings back the awful tragedy of some years ago, when a young police officer was dragged out of a railway carriage by the very man-eating lion that he hoped to shoot that night. Of such are those who answer to Africa's fatal muster roll.

Six women only are buried here. The age of "Marion his wife" is not recorded, one woman had reached the age of thirty-one, and all the rest were under twenty-four. Poor girl-wives, too young and tender for the rough life, with all its sorrows and perils.

Six white babies and one little Goanese sleep side by side. The little wooden cross over the latter bears this remarkable inscription:

R. I. P.
AMARO REGINALDO
SON OF
COSME AVELINO
AND
ETELVINA DE SOUZA
AGED TWO DAYS.

Here lie two little girl twins, who scarcely lived to draw breath; and close to them "Winnie, aged one year;" "Teddie," aged one year and three weeks; "May" and "Maurice," scarcely older, a sad little baby company. On nearly every small cross is the text of the children: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

Many graves there are with no memorial stone, amongst others those of the wanderers who drift in Africa from place to place, friendless and indifferent. Death, coming sudden and unexpected, as always here, smote them down, their very names unknown. Others, in a wave of black despair, summoned him themselves, but we are merciful, as we may well be, and they lie in peace with the rest.

Morning by morning the sun gilds the eternal snows of Kenia, as he rises in majesty—a bridegroom coming forth from the chambers of the east. Day by day he passes in blinding splendor over the plains and the squalid little cemetery, and evening by evening the after-glow lays its long fingers of rose and amethyst over the graves, transfiguring them for a moment to evanescent beauty, till the night wraps them softly in a pall of velvet black oblivion.

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LABOR EXCHANGES IN GERMANY

By Elmer Roberts

GERMANY, looked upon casually from abroad, has long seemed to be overflowing her frontiers and, owing to the pressure of population, to be falling below what might have been her numbers and power had her territories been wider. That was true up to a generation ago, when emigration from German states rose above 200,000 annually. The dissatisfied, the enterprising, the adventurous, without the solicitations of the steamship agent, sought the Golden West. The Imperial Ministry of Marine, in assembling reasons in 1905 for naval expansion, presented figures to parliament showing that 3,000,000 born in Germany lived abroad and that 2,250,000 of them had become citizens of other countries. But with the year 1881, when migration reached 220,902, the number going over seas for fortune or social betterment fell to 19,883 in 1908 and rose slightly to 24,921 in 1909. Strangely enough, the number of immigrants who have become German subjects or permanent residents has averaged during the last fifteen years 9,000 more annually than the emigrants. Every year some thousands who left in their youth come back well-to-do to live again at home. Other thousands from all countries of Europe settle there to share in economic opportunities which they think Germany has over their own countries.

The present population of 65,000,000 increases through the excess of births over deaths by 900,000 yearly, or at about the rate the population of the United States increases excluding immigration. The resources of Germany, as at present managed, are therefore sufficient to attract more than enough immigration to replace emigration and to take care of the excess of 900,000 newly-born subjects beyond the number that has died. Besides meeting these responsibilities, German production is able to provide a living for 1,000,000 foreign laborers admitted on special passports to do rough work—chiefly on farms or in mines.*

Something happened in Germany in the eighties that changed the outlook on life, and whose influence penetrated to those classes which had previously supplied the enormous emigration. Bismarck, speaking in the Reichstag, June 14, 1882, said:

"I have often drawn attention to the fact that emigration is not a consequence of over-population, for emigration is smallest from over-populated parts of the country; it is greatest from the least populous provinces. . . . In a purely agricultural population the career which a laborer can follow is straightforward and without change. When he is twenty-eight or thirty years old, he is able to overlook his work to the end. He knows how much he can earn and he knows that it is impossible by means of an agricultural occupation to raise himself above his condition. . . . In industry a workman cannot foresee how his life will close, even if he should not raise himself above the common level, and should have no connections. We have very many manufacturers who in one or two generations have risen from simple artisans into millionaires, powerful and important men. I need not name any such men to you—the names are on everybody's lips, and they are also on the lips of the workingman. For the artisan, industry has the marshal's baton, which it is said the French soldier carries in his knapsack. This raises and animates the hope of the artisan and he does not need to become a millionaire. Industry furnishes a thousand examples such as I have myself seen in Pomerania, little affected though it is by industry, of how the man who as an agricultural laborer never gets beyond ordinary day's wages, can in the factory, as soon as he shows more skill than others, earn much higher wages and eventually rise to the position of manager and higher; indeed, skilled workmen,

* The employment of foreign laborers in Germany will be dealt with in a later article.

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who often go farther as self-taught men than the most learned technologists, may hope to become partners of their employers. The prospect keeps hope active and increases the pleasure in work. . . . It is the destruction of hope in a man that drives him to emigration."

The something that happened in Germany in the eighties was that industrial and commercial expansion attained momentum and began to flourish because of the character and the universal mental training of the people. Also, Bismarck began to graft upon monarchical and aristocratic institutions his vast schemes of government supervision and participation in business, and compulsory provision for the ill, the disabled, and the aged. Bismarck's long conversations with Ferdinand Lasalle, a good many years before, became fruitful in a quite different way from the aims of the great socialist. Bismarck undertook to adjust limited collectivism to the semi-autocratic system. The breadth of Bismarck's ideas for economic reorganization have been understood in their full meaning in recent years only. It will probably take more decades than have passed already, to test the soundness of his internal policies and for other states to determine whether they must follow and imitate them. Besides leading the monarchy into state ownership of transportation, and imposing under government insurance compulsory thrift upon employed and enforced contributions from the employer, Bismarck undertook to interpose the powers of the state between the employer and the work people, and interweave the powers of administration with what had hitherto been considered individual rights. Under his initiative the Prussian Fiscus, the bureau supervising state domains, forests, and mines, became an active dealer in real estate, and is now the greatest land speculator in Germany, taking care to secure for the state as much "unearned increment" as the rise in city and country land values yields to large capitals and to time.

One may attribute too much to Bismarck in statesmanship, because it is not easy to discriminate between what he did and the force of the political and economic thought of his time, which, although led by him, also impelled him in the direction that Germany has taken in social legislation and continues to take. Among the ways that government and public associations have taken to bring order into the confusion caused by "hard times" and unemployment, from whatever cause, is that by Labor Exchange. The endeavor is to bring plan and effective intelligence into a field where the hap-hazard personal canvass of the individual has often been his only means of selling his labor. The man out of work is now able through the labor registries, and their co-operation with one another, to know the conditions in his trade in all the industrial districts in Germany. Employment fluctuates in ordinary times according to the orders ahead, and often with the courage and enterprise of the employing company. A high purpose of the labor bourses is to make fluid the labor surplus, so that it may flow into the changing forms of production, take the work to be done and meet the requirements of the employer, no matter in what part of Germany he may be. The question of transportation is disposed of in most states by the government-owned railways giving reduced rates to the man going for work. The conviction resting upon much experience is that national industry is served effectively by making it a simple transaction for the man out of work to get it immediately an opening occurs in any part of the empire, and for the manager who wants help to have it without delay.

These labor markets are a curious development of the time. In them 3,708,000 men and women put up their services for sale in 1909. Employers offered 2,208,000 places, and 1,524,000 of them were bought and sold. Five years have seen transactions in these markets doubled. In some cities almost all the unskilled labor is marketed in the local exchange. High percentages of skilled workmen and the employers of skilled artisans find in the exchange the largest opportunity and the largest selection. Hence the business of the exchanges has expanded sometimes 100 per cent a year. Thus the Berlin suburban exchange, at Charlottenburg, filled 15,690 positions in 1909, as compared with 7,595 the preceding year. In Wiesbaden, the figures for the same years were 13,628 and 7,970. The municipal bureau in the little city of Rendsburg arranged employment for 1,884 persons compared with 619. The numbers in the gun-making

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town of Essen, were 9,656 and 5,329. Municipal labor bourses in cities such as Dusseldorf, Wiesbaden, Magdeburg, Posen have concentrated in their offices almost all the transfers in certain classes of employment.

A variety of employment offices existed before state or municipal governments were convinced of the propriety of using public funds for facilitating private contracts between master and man. Trades-unions, guilds, associations of employers, societies providing relief for the indigent unemployed, had long tried to bring effective direction to the man-out-of-work and to the employer wanting hands. The ordinary way of recruiting labor from the men hanging around the factory gates, or of a man finding work by tramping from one set of works to another, was perceived to be inefficient. Benevolent observers, unions, and employers' organizations started offices where men could inquire for vacancies, and where the unexpected requirements of mines and shops could be met. The basis of these agencies was found to be inadequate. They were managed from what might be called particularist policies. If they were employers' associations the tendency was to depress wages and to form blacklists. If they were relief stations for the very poor, or those who had been brought low by detrimental habits, too much stress was placed upon moral qualities, and efficiency was often below 100 per cent. The sense of collective responsibility in Germany increased. The professors of scientific state organization were bothered by the hap-hazard situation of the unemployed. Every day of preventable delay in the sound unemployed unit getting work meant a certain deterioration in the man, a drain upon some fund for the unemployed, the under-nourishment of his children, or discontent with political and social conditions. The failure of any employer, by even a day, to have work done reduced by that much the production of the nation, and was, therefore, economic waste. When some tens of thousands are idle in a country because they do not know of positions already vacant, or because they live in localities distant from the vacant places, the collective loss would maintain an army corps, or pay the year's bill for new naval construction. The reasons have been considered sufficient to justify most German states, municipalities in industrial districts, and semi-official Agricultural Chambers in farming provinces in using public funds to finance labor exchanges. Although in cities the exchanges are largely in municipal control, others are managed by societies receiving state or municipal appropriations.

The exchange most important in Germany, and the one upon which many a municipal bourse in the provinces is modelled, is the Berlin Labor Exchange (Centralverein für Arbeitsnachweis). The Exchange was founded in 1883, by a society that had the aim only to mediate for a work seeker without regard to any fact about him except that he looked for employment. If he could work, the society undertook to bring him into relations with the person who needed a worker of his grade. The society undertook, also, to satisfy employers by the fitness of the labor supplied. The employer was spared the preliminary examination of record and references and the personal "sizing-up" of the candidate, this being done with skill by the exchange manager. A reputation was founded for efficiency and good-will toward all interests. Under a liberal organization, the Exchange has drawn in the employment bureaus of many unions, among them the upholsterers, plumbers, painters, bookbinders, locksmiths, laundresses, and female linen workers. The unions share in the management. The Board of twenty-one is advised by an executive committee of employers and workmen in each branch of industry represented on the Exchange. Associations of employers designate their members, and the unions and apprentices' committees theirs. Consequently, the management is in the hands of employers and men who have personal knowledge of the situation in their lines and are able to assign men to vacant places with certainty of judgment. Unskilled workers are represented by members of the industrial court.

The Berlin Exchange is a huge brick structure, built by the Imperial Insurance Office, which has at its disposal the immense capitals accumulated for the national old-age pensions and other social insurances. The Exchange pays the office a rental equivalent to two and a half per cent on the investment and the city of Berlin guarantees a yearly subsidy sufficient to cover the charge. The municipality con-

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tributes, also, $10,000 (40,000 marks) for working expenses, which last year were about $25,000. The other $15,000 was derived from the five-cent fee charged workmen for registration. The employers pay nothing because the administration in Berlin and elsewhere considers it sound policy not to have the least obstacle to employers using the Exchange. A supply of labor in most departments is always there, but the demand must be encouraged. The success of the exchanges tends toward obliging employers to apply to them for hands or have difficulty in getting them from casual sources, which are disappearing because the exchanges are monopolizing the supply. Labor has become standardized, as it were, and the personal side of the free contract between the master and man has disappeared. The sub-manager of locomotive works, for example, simply wants ten more brass-workers or twenty-five additional metal-planers, and prefers to telephone the Exchange rather than bother to send word to a waiting list or to examine the men around the yard entrance. Besides, if he has ever done business with the Exchange he has probably been satisfied with the standard quality of the men sent him. Should the manager upon seeing the men desire to reject some of them, all he need do, and that is not obligatory, is to pay their carfare back and ask for another lot to replace the ones he did not like.

The institution in Berlin has three vast apartments. One for skilled workmen, arranged according to trades, accommodates conveniently, 2,000, another 1,000 to 1,500 unskilled laborers, while the third is for women. The Exchange somewhat resembles a vast workingman's club with a women's annex. The place has about it none of the depressing suggestions of unemployment, none of that dreary atmosphere of the groups around the factory entrance waiting for something to do—with all the disadvantages on the side of the individual down in the world and worried. Deserting the factory gate, he offers his services in the recognized brokerage, the one to which employers of his class of labor will, in fact must, apply. He will be registered there no longer than a day before his number is advanced on the list. Some, perhaps all, of the men who were ahead of him will have been employed. Within two weeks, on an average, the man offering skilled labor and belonging to a union is engaged. The unemployment in Germany has ranged, during eight years, from one and one-tenth per cent of the wage-earning population in 1906, the lowest year, to two and nine-tenths per cent in 1908, the highest year since the government has calculated percentages covering the whole empire. In 1909, the percentage out of work during the year averaged two and eight-tenths per cent, or an average of nine days in the year if the whole employed wage-takers are considered. Since fluctuations in employment do not affect great numbers of the employed, the period of loss of work for those actually unemployed is considerably longer. The operation of the labor bourses has the result of equalizing the terms of unemployment so that the loss of work is distributed more evenly. No individual runs the hazard of not finding work for months. The only preference on the Exchange is for married men who, as against the unmarried, are served first. Employers appear to prefer unionists for two reasons: because they have no trouble on that account with their other men, and because the union member is nearly always a qualified workman.

On the unskilled labor floor the waiting time is longer. During bad seasons a man may wait a month to earn the lowest wage. The waiting, whether in the skilled or unskilled divisions, is under rather agreeable conditions. The great rooms are astir with activity. Telephone bells, the communications of sub-managers to the classified sections, the summons of a coppersmith from his group, or of five glass-blowers, or a dozen steam-fitters from their divisions, engage the interest of the newcomer. Checkers, dominoes, and chess are played, but no cards. The restaurant supplies a meal, a drink, and a cigar for seven and a half cents (thirty pfennigs)—ten pfennigs for two rolls, another ten for sausage, five for beer and five for a cigar. Then from 400 to 600 persons are employed every day, or, to be precise, 447 on an average for each working-day. The man-out-of-work may go home without a job, but he has had a not unpleasant day talking politics, playing a game, getting a dinner at the lowest price, and if he needs them the attentions of clothesmenders, cobblers, and barbers, so

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that he may keep a good front toward the world. The effect of the whole is psychologically stimulating.

Upon the women's board the supply is less than the demand. Employers offered 46,935 places while 36,026 women and girls applied for them and only 28,843 accepted offers, or an average of 65 in the hundred. The widest disproportion was in the domestic service division, one of the smallest in the Exchange, probably because both mistresses and servants find the neighborhood employment agency the more convenient, even though a fee is charged. The government last year placed all private agencies under close supervision, fixing fees and observing transactions. However, 1,170 servant girls entered themselves at the Exchange in 1910 and 1,031 took service from among 3,528 offers. The mistresses in this instance go there to be examined by the maids. The women's domestic service department is the envy of men out of work and many an amusing little tale is told of the manner in which the pretensions of madame are reduced, by the independence of the maid. The director of the unskilled department has overheard the men describing imaginary interviews, after the style of the domestic, between themselves and the imaginary employer, with amusing stipulations concerning the beer allowance, days off, family dinner in the middle of the day, cold supper at night, and laundry limitations. Few women workers are out of a position more than a day or two. The law respecting two weeks notice and three afternoons out to find another place is observed almost absolutely by employers.

Some odd particulars about the occupations of men are tabulated in the reports of the imperial labor department. Only one cigarmaker was out of work in the first quarter of 1909 in the whole country, and none was reported as idle the second quarter. Then, owing to an increase in the tobacco taxes, 183 were unemployed the next quarter, and 107 the last three months of the year. The preceding year eight tobacco-workers were unengaged during the twelve months and at no one time were more than three out of places among a total of 203,224 workers in tobacco. Unemployment among miners, doubtless due to the hard, dreary, poorly-paid work, runs low. The miners' unions reported to the government that during the first quarter of 1909 forty-eight were out of work. The largest number in any quarter of the year was 253, while during the same year thirty-seven per cent of the journeymen barbers were unengaged at one time.

The number of unemployed in Germany appears to be smaller, relatively, than in other industrial countries. International comparisons are difficult because of the different methods used by the labor departments in various countries in obtaining figures of unemployment. The British Board of Trade issued in January of this year a fourth official compilation of foreign labor statistics, in which percentages were given of the fluctuations in employment in Germany, the United States, France, Belgium, and Denmark, based upon the reports of trades-unions to the governments of the European countries mentioned and to the State governments of New York and Massachusetts. The percentages of unemployed were:

YEAR	GERMANY	FRANCE	UNITED STATES	BELGIUM	DENMARK
1903	2.7	10.1	.....	3.4	.....
1904	2.7	10.8	12.1	3.0	.....
1905	1.6	9.9	8.5	2.1	13.28
1906	1.1	8.4	6.8	1.8	6.12
1907	1.6	7.5	13.6	2.0	6.79
1908	2.9	9.5	28.1	5.9	10.96
1909	2.8	8.1	14.9	3.4	13.32

The British report, while indicating that the statistics must be taken with caution in making contrasts between countries, affirms that the percentages form a useful index to the fluctuations in the labor markets of the countries themselves. The percentages in Germany, as will have been noted, are not only far below those of other countries, but they are less irregular than those elsewhere, except in France. The figures for the United States were derived from the statistics of New York and Massachusetts alone and are further impaired by the circumstance that the building and woodworking trades in those states were represented in New York by thirty-four per cent, and in Massachusetts by twenty-three per cent of the totals. The fluctuations in these trades are more violent than in any others. The steadiness of employment in Germany is wrought by a variety of causes found in the character and institutions of the people, but among them may be placed the contributing influence of the 712 labor

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bourses in intimate co-operation. They do not originate opportunities to work. They do take over the task of seeing that neither the machinery of production nor the man willing and competent to produce shall be hindered from coming into relations by so much as an hour of delay preventable by intelligence and organization.

Not far from where employable labor waits in Berlin for opportunity is the vast asylum for the night (Nachtasyl) maintained by the municipality. It is a last crumbling foothold of those mostly unemployable before the police arrest, and the magistrate condemns to forced labor on the city sewage farms. There from 3,000 to 5,000 men, women, and children are fed and lodged for the night, but they may not be taken in oftener than five nights in three months. The stream of broken lives flowing through those iron-bedded halls sends a rivulet to the Exchange which undertakes to do for the man on the edge of the abyss what he cannot do for himself. The others, society cannot yet tell why, disappear into the depths.

THE WOMAN AT THE CROSS-ROADS

By Alice Duer Miller

(*Her lover speaks.*)

An equal love between a man and woman,
This is the only charm to set us free,
And this the only omen
Of immortality.
Only for us, the long, long war is over
Between our aspiring spirits,
And all the flesh inherits,
Because, dear saint, your soul no less
Has got a lover,
Than has your body's long slim loveliness.
Ah, my beloved, think not renunciation
Of such a love as ours
Will bring you any strengthening of your powers,
Or calm, or dignity, or peace of mind
To be compared with that which you will find
In love's full consummation.
Talk not to me of other older ties,
Of duty, and of narrower destinies,
Nor bid me see that we have met too late;
While we have lips and eyes
To kiss and call;
But rather thank our fate,
For this mad gift—that we have met at all.
Come to me then. Ah, must I bid you come?
Your heart is mine. Is then your will so loath?
Leave him from whom your spirit long since fled,
Whose house is not your home; your only home,
Although the same roof never cover both,
Is where I am, until we both are dead.

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(*Her child speaks.*)

Why do you look at me with such a shade
Upon your eyes, so still and steadily?
I am not naughty, but I am afraid,
I know not why.
The world is huge and puzzling and perverse—
Even my nurse,
When most my heart is stirred,
Will put me by, with some complacent word
Or, if she listens, in a little while
Babbles my deepest secret with a smile.
My mother, Oh, my mother, only you
Are kind and just and honorable and true.
Others are fond, others will play and sing,
Will kiss me, or will let me kiss and cling;
But only you, my mother, comprehend
How little children feel and love the truth,
Only you cherish like an equal friend
The shy and tragic dignity of youth.

(*The woman answers her lover.*)

All my life long I think I dreamt of this.
Even as a girl, my visions were of you.
Alas, I grew incredulous of bliss;
And now too late, too late the dream comes true.
Sweet are the charms you offer me, my lover,
To read the riddle of the universe,
And in your arms I should not soon discover
Our old, old mortal curse.
And yet I put them by, because I trust
In other magic, far beyond the ken
Even of you, the tenderest of men,—
In spells more permanent than any sorrow,
Which bind me to the past, and make to-morrow
My own, even although I sleep it through in dust,—
The revelation which to every woman
Her children bring,
Making her one, not only with things human,—
With every living thing.
For only mothers raise no passionate cry
Against mortality;
For only they have learnt the reason why
It is worth while to live, and presently,
Seeing Nature's meaning, are content to die.

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THE AMERICAN SPEAKING VOICE

By Francis Rogers

VICTOR MAUREL, the greatest acting singer this country has known, once wrote to a Parisian journal of seeing Richard Mansfield play the character part of "Prince Karl," and praised, in especial, the facility and verisimilitude with which Mansfield imitated with his voice different musical instruments and the voices of other people. The French artist described the somewhat nasal timbre of Mansfield's natural voice as being more or less typical of the American speaking voice in general, and held this fundamental quality to indicate the capacity for vocal development that is so notable among our singers in the operatic world to-day. But foreign observers, as a rule, have been much less laudatory in their comments on the American voice and have discovered in it a twang and a strenuous note distressing both to ears and to sensibilities. We, on our side, have accepted these strictures with meekness, admitting their justness and deploring dispiritedly our own vocal shortcomings, but making little or no attempt to better a remediable situation.

Some of these critics have maintained that, owing to our abominably changeable climate, we are all, in some degree, sufferers from catarrh, so that our national nose is in a chronic state of "no thoroughfare"—hence our high-pitched and nasal tones. This explanation is hardly to be taken seriously, and I, for one, do not believe that we are a more catarrhal people than are the inhabitants of any other country within the north temperate zone. Our American winters, so full of bright sunshine and bracing air, are, despite the sudden changes in temperature and the occasional severe storms, quite as healthful, I am sure, as the dank, sunless winters of London, Paris, Milan, and Berlin.

The American voice is not inherently (or catarrhally) nasal or unmusical, but it is certainly crude and uncultivated. Its disagreeable qualities are due to our generally slovenly utterance and to our neglect of the mere technique of speech. Under cultivation our voices are as beautiful as any. Our best actors, a few public speakers like W. J. Bryan and President Eliot, and our singers in every opera-giving country furnish ample proof of this assertion. As a people, we are lamentably careless in our speech. Our restless, hasty lives drive from our minds the impulse for self-culture that would lead us to train intelligently the mechanism of vocal expression.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in woman"—because the tones of the voice betokened the lovely qualities of tenderness, unselfishness, and humility. No organ of the body is more truly indicative of character and mental states than is the voice. A melodious voice attracts us; a strident voice repels us. A strain of sentiment creeps into our voice, and our hearers sense at once the feeling behind it. A shadow in the voice, and instinct straightway guesses the lurking insincerity or falsehood. A friend of mine maintains that he can read character correctly at the first hearing of a voice. What persuasive power lies in a noble, mellifluous utterance! Bryan's sonorous, fluent tones are among his most effective oratorical weapons.

The physical conformation of the throat and head has much to do with the power and quality of the voice, but in this matter psychology plays quite as influential a part as physiology. If we are a hasty, strenuous, and materialistic people, our voices will inevitably tell the story, and not till we have mended our tense, eager, self-seeking ways shall we learn to speak altogether melodiously.

But it is not my intention here to preach the simple life. I wish only to enter a plea for a greater attention to the purely physical aspects of the question. The study of voice production, whether for singing or for speaking, may, in a general way, be divided into two parts. One concerns itself with the column of air, the base of which rests

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upon the diaphragm, and which passes through the larynx and vocal cords into the resonating cavities of the head; the other deals with the processes of articulation and pronunciation, which take place entirely in the mouth. The column of air is the tone itself in the rough; the mouth, tongue, and lips mould it into the vowels and consonants requisite for the formation of intelligible speech.

The foundation of good voice production is good breathing, and nature will attend to this, if we give it half a chance. If we stand or sit erect, without stiffness, but with our backbone straight from its base to the neck, the lungs will act freely and correctly. Over the vocal cords we have no direct conscious control, and the less we try to do with the throat, the better will be the tones we utter. The throat should always be free from any tightness whatsoever. Any infringement of this law impairs infallibly the beauty of the tone. The driving power of the vocal machinery comes from the base of the column of air, and it is in that region only that muscular effort is permissible.

After the tone reaches the mouth the jaw, tongue, and lips shape it into either a vowel or a consonant sound. When we sigh we breathe out softly the vowel *u* (as in *up*). When we laugh we aspirate the vowel *a* and say "Ha! Ha!" When we hum we vocalize the consonant *m*. These are all spontaneous utterances that we do not need to be taught, but in the study of a complicated and highly developed language like English we must learn to form consciously and correctly the many vowel and consonant sounds. A deaf child may be taught to speak by a system known as "visible speech," by means of which, under the guidance of the eye alone, the tongue, lips, and jaw are trained to assume the correct positions for the production of the desired sounds. By this system it is possible to correct defects of utterance and crudities of accent in all languages. There is practically no difference in accent or inflection between the best American and the best English actors, and this is because both have trained themselves out of the dialectic and provincial peculiarities with which their speech may originally have been afflicted, and now speak on a higher level of excellence which is common to both countries.

An element of capital importance in determining the general character of national utterance is, of course, language, and the voice itself is radically affected by the qualities and defects of the mother-tongue. Of the four great European languages, English, French, German, and Italian, Italian is by far the simplest phonetically. It contains only seven or eight distinct vowel sounds, all of them pure and open, and a relatively small number of consonants. For this reason it is the easiest language of all to pronounce swiftly and correctly, and it strikes the foreign ear as delightfully frank and transparent. On the other hand, its phonetic poverty makes for a certain monotony and a lack of resource in the expression of imaginative and highly differentiated thought. The typical Italian voice is, therefore, rather high in pitch, vibrant, and penetrating, but not subtle or orotund. (The mighty Salvini stands outside of this generalization; Novelli does not.) Throatiness and huskiness of quality are entirely absent.

French has a rich assortment of vowel sounds, pure, mixed, nasal, and covered, none of which seem in the mouths of the best speakers ever to resonate farther back than the front teeth and often sound on the surface of the very lips themselves. The tendency of the language has been always to cast out unmusical and difficult consonant sounds, especially sibilants, and this facilitates greatly the emission of the voice. France, above all other countries, takes an effective pride in the transparency of its language and prizes a fine diction so highly that even in singers a limpid utterance is of more importance than beauty of voice. The French voice, consequently, is, like Italian, rather high in pitch, and of unequalled clearness, but somewhat nasal and dry in quality and lacking in nobility and sensuous charm.

German is a noble language, in number of words and in phonetic variety second to English alone, but its complicated syntax, its husky gutturals, its close-crowded consonants, and its deep-toned vowels produce a heavy, dark voice, poorly adapted to clear utterance or to the expression of the lighter sentiments, though unquestionably impressive in serious or majestic moments.

England and America possess in common a language of unequalled richness in respect

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to both number of words and variety of sounds. It contains all the Italian vowels and, in addition, about a dozen pure and shade (or compound) vowels, some of which are not to be found in the other tongues. Happily, it lacks the French nasals and the German gutturals. So we have on our palette a choice of tone colors greater than that of any other linguistic race, and, consequently, the material with which to paint the very noblest word pictures. To master the diction of so rich a language as English is, compared with, say, Italian, a long task, but it is a question of length of time rather than of relative difficulty.

English as it is spoken commonly in England and as it is spoken by the rank and file in America presents many points of difference. The best speech in both countries is, as I have said above, practically the same. England is pre-eminently the land of conservatism and tradition—an animal with a remarkably prehensile tail, Emerson called it—and has preserved many of its dialects and old tricks of speech, despite the influence of universal education toward creating and maintaining a common standard of purity of accent. We Americans, on the other hand, are almost altogether without local or linguistic traditions. We move about freely within a territory as long and as broad as the country itself, feeling at home in every part of it. Our public schools, the outgrowth of the old New England system, are pretty much the same everywhere. We all read the same magazines and derive our knowledge of the doings of the whole world from the same associated press reports. Our national turn of mind, which concerns itself with the present and the future rather than with the past, and our uniform educational influences make for a similarity of speech that often renders it difficult to guess from what part of the country a speaker comes. I do not mean to assert that distinguishing peculiarities of speech do not exist at all in our country, for such localisms as the open *o*'s and the flat *a*'s of eastern New England, and the softened utterance of those Southerners that have been surrounded all their lives by colored people are undeniable, but these peculiarities are disappearing gradually and our national speech is becoming as unisonant and as free from local color as our national architecture is uniform.

Correct habits of utterance and, consequently, an agreeable, melodious speaking voice, can be acquired and maintained only by one ambitious in self-culture. Good schooling turns our faces in the right direction; it is for our maturer years to decide if we are to continue in the path of self-improvement. We Americans have yet to show ourselves very wise or very open-minded seekers after culture. In a new country where inherited fortunes are exceptional and where almost every man and many a woman have had to scratch for a living, the task of bread-winning naturally assumes a position of prime importance, and the average citizen asks the world about him not to bother him with responsibilities and problems not immediately connected with his struggle for wealth. And so this average American citizen, although he can read and write and cipher, and in his early youth has had at least a bowing acquaintance with the humanities, forgets his "morning wishes" and unreflectingly accepts, in their place, "a few herbs and apples." Among his forgotten morning wishes is the wish to have an intelligent appreciation of music, art, and literature. He will listen to no serious music; the artistic movements of the day concern him not. His reading is limited to the daily papers, the cheaper magazines, and an occasional "best-seller." His correspondence passes through the hands of a stenographer and his epistolary style becomes altogether commercial and journalistic.

With a horizon limited to the stretch of his ambition to become rich and to help his family up in the social world, it is small wonder that our average citizen never even so much as turns his mind toward the subject of the correct and elegant utterance of his thoughts. Enough for him if he makes himself understood in the give and take of his hasty life. Caring nothing for the beauty of his own utterance, he sets a wretched example to his children, and thoughtlessly leaves to the school the responsibility for training them to express themselves in melodious speech. The school, in its turn, has little or no time to give to voice-training, and the result is that the child reaches maturity almost entirely unversed in this important branch of culture.

A mellow, sonorous voice is rare in any country. Its beauty in the rough is usually

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due to an harmonious nature and good health, but just as by conscious effort we are able to harmonize our natures and improve our health, so also may we cultivate in ourselves a spontaneous, simple, and agreeable utterance in well-controlled and well-modulated tones. Such an utterance brings out all the potential beauty of the natural voice and is within the capacity of everybody. So long as we remain a nation of mere money-seekers, so long shall we speak in dry, eager, money-seeking voices, and it is only as we begin to realize (as, indeed, an ever-increasing number of Americans are beginning to realize) that material success is only a small part of the real success of life, that we shall place a proper estimate on the substantial value of a well-trained voice.

We are already agreed that every child ought to have some training in drawing and music, even though in later life he may never put it to any regular use, but every child, except the dumb, is sure to use his voice daily as long as he lives. Why not, then, have it trained and developed to its full capacity for beauty and power? Its eloquence, no matter what his walk in life, will be for him a useful and a potent weapon, and for those he knows and meets a balm and a delight.

Foreigners may reproach us for our unmusical voices; the remedy lies with ourselves. We have inherited from our ancestors a noble and expressive language. We have received from nature voices potentially as melodious as those of any other people. Let us strive, then, by every means in our power to make our voices and utterances as noble and expressive as the language of our inheritance.

THE POINT OF VIEW

HAVING acquired, if not celebrity, at least that measure of notoriety that makes one available for the purposes of our daily press, I was not long ago solicited to lend my attention for an hour or two to a searching inquiry into my past life, to retrace the first steps of my career, to explain the methods of my work, the services of my inspiration, my future projects, and, by natural progression, to elucidate any theories I might have to account for the happy conservation of my hair "for a longer period than some of my contemporaries," as Whistler once put it.

I have no word to say against this pleasant habit of interviewing, which my publisher assures me is not without its uses in the upward climb to the ranks of the "best sellers," for it is so firmly established in our manners and customs that few escape it; unless, perhaps, to question if its wide-spread benefits are not diminished by their very quantity. Still less shall my voice be raised against the practitioners who are employed upon this delicate inquest into the personality and the work of those who happen to travel under the search-light along the pathway of momentary notoriety. They conduct their difficult task with all the consideration possible, and are generally willing to submit their report to the interviewed to avoid misquotation; so that the public can rest assured that in the majority of cases the disclosure of details concerning the work or the personal appearance of one of our celebrities has been carefully edited by its subject and thus possesses autobiographic value.

Entertaining Angels Unawares

In the present instance at least, these conditions were carefully observed, and the emisary of the press being a charming young person with a properly high appreciation of her calling, nothing could exceed the chirurgical skill with which the journalistic probe was handled —quite without the infliction of pain to the patient. A few days later I was enabled to read the interview in manuscript, and, beyond a certain surprise at the well-rounded periods and a certain soulful tone into which my conversation had apparently lapsed, I was pleased to recognize its general integrity and was able, in journalistic phrase, to release it for publication.

But of this momentous experience there remains one impression and certain reflections born of it, which from slowness of perception I fear I did not make clear to my fair interviewer;

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though the opportunity of enforcing an obvious moral is now palpably evident.

In the course of our conversation reference was made to a thin volume, a sequence of sonnets, which was my first published work, and which an after success in popular fiction has dragged from the limbo of the unwelcomed, where an unprepared world received it silently. Perhaps the love of the parent for his first born has made the measured praise of this work count largely in self-appreciation; perhaps some strain of poetic sympathy, which transpierced the up-to-date armor and the hobbled skirt in which the person and the intelligence of the young journalist were encased and gave to my work of this character considerable importance in her report. In any case it fell that in connection with it I chanced to speak of one whose work resembled but preceded mine, whose merit even egotistical partiality recognized to be akin, if not equal or superior, but who had never met with the least shadow of popular success. I knew that this modest singer earned his livelihood as a teacher in the local schools of a city that would tax as Eastern provinciality its description as "Western"; the very one, however, which, by this emissary of its principal journal, sought this interview with me.

"Oh, poor Mr. So and So," responded my interlocutor, with a fine toss of her pretty head which set a-quiver the adornments of a marvellously constructed hat, "we don't count him; he has never been heard of beyond the city limits."

Well, I have no personal acquaintance with this gentleman, but I know by report how high are his ideals, I know beyond the evidence of his carefully chiselled verse how solicitous is he of the niceties of his craft, how cheerfully he labors alone and unrecognized, finding in the very region where he lives the material of his theme, from the fauna and flora, from the skies and rivers of his environment—all that transformed in the alembic of his mind lends distinction to his work; while day by day he conscientiously imparts the rudiments of a common-school education to the younger generation of his fellow citizens who "don't count him." Not a great poet, granted; but one whose verse, like a light native wine, forbids exportation, should at least be relished in the region whose vineyards have yielded its mild exhilaration!

These, as I have said before, are but after reflections, and this is the moral which I neglected to force upon my interviewer, and which now, at the thirteenth hour, I would fain address to her and to her kind:

"My dear young lady, you come to me upon the pretext that there is a message in my work of import to the readers of your home town. You will bear witness to my plea that it is all writ down and accessible in volumes, clear in print and moderate in price. Even if few buy books the public libraries are there for those who, you assure me, are hungering for this message. You further insist that it is the 'personal touch' that is important, and, as you know, I forgive and permit the reference to the color of my hair and the cordial gleam of my eyes. But why go so far afield? I have, it is true, entered a broader domain: I have turned to elements that are of larger, if not higher, interest to the general public. I make no apology for this, and count my later work to be as truly my own—grown older and more worldly wise—as my earlier; which some few perhaps more truly concerned with the quality of our art are prone to rank the higher.

"But what of him who has never met with recognition, for whom judicious praise or intelligent criticism has not girded the loins for sustained or further flight? Rare though they may be, there are those whose appreciation disproves your assertion that your local poet has not outstepped his parochial bounds. What better task could you set yourself than to make this audience wider, if only from pride of place?

"Think how much to such a spirit would mean the recognition of those whose life he shares, who voices the message of their own familiar woods and fields, who translates these homely surroundings into cadenced verse. The better part of the courage which arms us for life comes to the artist, in any form of art, from the consciousness of his integrity to his craft. He knows of those gone before, to so many of whom the world of their time gave little heed; and he perseveres, confident that if he can mould his medium into consecrated form his message, whatsoever it may be, will sooner or later evoke response.

"Hence there are few nobler lives than that of one who turns sturdily to some bread-winning task and holds as recompense unfaltering allegiance to an art, treating it as sacred and apart from the commoner parts of life. To such in their isolation how cheering would be a friendly word of praise, a discriminating criticism, where more often pitying sarcasm is alone bestowed. I believe that Mr. So and

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So is an excellent teacher, holding his place under a school-board that would not otherwise employ him. But there are many excellent teachers in a country where our school system has been carefully scaled to average efficiency; whereas one who can make two lines of verse blossom where one line of our prosaic materialism grew before is of rare cast.

"All that glitters in a great metropolis is often but base metal fashioned to the prevailing taste for jewelry, and, to mix a metaphor bravely, the dark, unfathomed caves of your native city may bear the gem of purest ray serene. It is the basest form of provincialism to open the pages of your journals only to what the outside world has first discovered. You leave little bands of workers in the arts to toil uncheered in your cities, to keep alive a flickering flame of spiritual life; you entertain perchance an angel unawares, oblivious to his presence. All that does not bear the hall mark of metropolitan success you treat as spurious coin and deny circulation in your daily commerce.

"Pray go home and interview your local poet. Describe his hair and his eyes if you will; but find out what he has done, what he can do, and, above all, what he hopes and wishes to do."

All in a Lifetime

WHEN it was decided that the Columbian Exhibition of 1893 should be held in Chicago, a citizen of that town remarked: "I am glad that the West is to have it. The American eagle screams very loud out here, and now people will have a chance to see in how many ways we are surpassed by other countries." But some time later, when this remark was repeated to a man who had watched the building of the White City: "I think," he commented, "that the eagle will scream louder than ever, and with perfectly good reason." Gazing at the finished result one could not but agree with him. Our eagle is an enterprising bird. He performs miracles with despatch, and is perhaps no more vainglorious than, under similar circumstances, we should find the tutelary beasts or birds displayed on the ensigns of other countries.

For it is not only in the unsubstantial architecture of a white city that we exercise this marvellous celerity. Give us money enough, and we will build as solidly as you like, and not be long about it. For example, we have some very nice things to show in the way of universities, and are not overmuch concerned when we are told that universities, to be good, must grow slowly. We deeply regret that we cannot be venerable, but are not, on that account, deterred from setting up institutions which, while awaiting the dignity of age, furnish every possible facility for acquiring and imparting the accumulated learning of the ages, along with the most up-to-date attainments of modern science. And in the course of half a century we do very well. In less time than that we can strengthen foundations which were not deep enough at first; we can fill in a design which seemed, perhaps, to have been sketched out too largely for our means; and if possibly our university has merited the reproach of trying "to run full blast before it had got in its coal," we can repair that deficiency. All this, if we are fortunate enough to have money provided. As every one knows, a university can spend no end of money. In the special instance which has given rise to these reflections we were so fortunate as to have a founder who literally sacrificed his life in his efforts to preserve the lands on which our future depended, until they could bring the price which we needed—and which we eventually got. We were fortunate in having trustees who gave to us liberally out of their abundance. Incidentally, in the course of time, we have been able to educate our trustees; and let me say, it is somewhat more difficult to educate trustees than students. Ours were past masters in the art of giving, but they needed much instruction in the art of governing. In their enthusiasm they governed too much, usurping, with the best will in the world, the functions of president and faculty, whom they were inclined to regard from the stand-point of employers of labor, and to treat as factory hands. They were narrowly utilitarian, regarding the university solely as a factory for the instruction of students, with scant regard to its functions of investigation and conservation. They know better now. We all—trustees and faculty alike—discover a good many of our mistakes and learn more from them than from our successes.

We were much reviled at first. We placed all courses of study, literary, scientific, and industrial, on an equal footing, and the man who held the foremost position in the educational world of this country gravely announced: "The experience of the world and common-sense are against such experiments." We abjured sectarianism, and the religious press fixed

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on us the epithet "godless," and shrieked their anathema. Yet we grew and prospered—prospered so much in our technical departments that the final reproach cast at us is that we are ultra-utilitarian. That, of course, is our danger; and not ours alone, but that of all our universities. Not because the governing powers decree utilitarianism, but because the students elect it. In vain are the classics and the humanities held out to them. If those courses were insisted on many of them would go elsewhere, to merely technical schools, thereby losing something of the larger life of the university. But even in the utilitarianism of our public schools and universities we reach out for some expression of the artistic side of our nature. The school-children are taught music in a way that was not known to past generations; and in our university we have an annual music festival.

This year, for our festival we had perfect spring days; young leaves on the trees, the freshest of green grass and, when darkness fell, a young moon in the sky. In our choruses, young voices predominate. Our chorus is our pride; and although we import an orchestra and various soloists for the occasion, they are cast into the shade. For we have a genius for a chorus master, and already he has been with us so long that many of the young men and women have been trained by him from childhood. He is a son of our soil, born and brought up in this great middle country, which is "west" to the Bostonian and "east" to the westerner. Despotic, hot-tempered, a great disciplinarian, as a good conductor must needs be, he throws himself, body and soul, into his work and exacts an equal ardor from each individual, with the result that every member of the chorus seems to sing with the enthusiasm of a solo performer. Add to this a truly exceptional precision and finish, and a most skilful and artistic shading, and you get pretty nearly the perfection of chorus singing. We number only two hundred voices, but every unit counts. And when in addition to all this you have an organist who is also an artist, it follows that the weekly choral service is a constant æsthetic influence.

For the three days of the festival the chapel is crowded, afternoon and evening, until on the third evening we end with the culminating performance, when some two hundred school-children are added to the chorus. Up and up against the organ the seats are built for the white-clad boys and girls. At the very top, against a background of gold pipes, is an adorable group of little boys. It is an infinitely charming sight, even though here and there the light strikes weirdly on a pair of spectacles, reminding us that the oculist is among us, with his mania for putting large glasses on small children.

Our chorus master is giving us Pierne's "Children's Crusade," most difficult music, mediæval in some of its effects and highly poetical throughout. There is something wonderfully appealing about a well-trained chorus of children's voices. One closes one's eyes and the safely shepherded children of the public schools are transformed into the pathetic little crusaders of the legend. We open our eyes again and find that the angelic boys up against the organ pipes are becoming a bit restless. When not singing they nudge each other and laugh. Behind a solemn pair of spectacles in especial, much mischief lurks. But the instant the master waves his energetic arms in their direction all trifling ceases. Each child fixes his eyes on the conductor and sings with all his might and with the utmost seriousness. And presently, with one last choral burst from all the voices, men, women, and children, the music ends and the festival is over.

The seats are emptied in a trice and we slowly file out into the warm moonlight. Among us is the man who was the first president and co-founder of the university, and who is now spending an honored old age in the house which he built on the campus. Next to him is the wanderer, come back to revisit old haunts. "You never expected to hear anything like this on this hill, did you?" says the president to the wanderer.

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THE FIELD OF ART

JOSEF ISRAELS

THE artist who has lived to the age of eighty-seven, has painted almost to the day of his death, and to the end has retained an enormous body of admirers, scattered over nearly the whole of the civilized world, must needs be counted among the most lucky of men. Such was the good fortune of Josef Israels. Hailed as the regenerator of Dutch art fifty years ago, as the man who was to place it once more in the glorious position it had occupied during the seventeenth century, he created his own public, a public that increased in numbers as the years rolled by and remained ever faithful. It watched eagerly for news of what was going on in the atelier of the indefatigable, queer-looking little painter, and when a new work was produced it invariably proclaimed the picture a masterpiece. His eightieth birthday was celebrated like that of a national hero; for a whole week The Hague was in holiday attire to do him honor, and admirers from this country, from Canada, from Germany and France and from the British Isles flocked to the city to join in the homage paid to him.

It is true that a body of the younger Dutch painters had fretted under the bondage in which they considered the art of their country was being held by Josef Israels and the Marises, but their protesting voices were drowned in the acclamations of the public.

Josef Israels was not a great draughtsman, and his color often lacked purity and depth. He once said to Max Liebermann, the head of the German secessionists: "Barring Millet, there is no artist who knows so little of drawing and painting as I, yet has painted such good pictures." His severest critics, however, have had to acknowledge that he was a great original force who had a genius for touching the sympathies of the people. He selected subjects that aroused deep feeling in himself, and into the picture he put all his heart. And this he did seemingly with such simplicity that his story went straight to the heart of his public. It learned to love the master as it loved his work, and the celebration at The Hague, in 1904, was a mark of what was near akin to idolatry.

Josef Israels was born in picturesque Gröningen, the son of a Jewish money-lender. His father intended he should enter commercial life. He was a deep student as a youth of the Talmud, and is said to have wished to become a rabbi. He was given to sketching portraits of the members of the household and their friends, and displayed such skill that the elder Israels decided to make a painter of him. Accordingly young Josef was sent to Amsterdam to study under J. A. Kruseman, a fashionable portrait painter of the day. During his stay in Amsterdam he lived in the Jewish quarter, which had furnished Rembrandt with so many subjects. Rembrandt became the idol of the young student, but in Kruseman's studio the broad style of the master's latest period was tabooed. This love for Rembrandt's work lasted through Israel's life; he was even jealous that the fame of Velasquez might transcend that of the Dutchman; he continually protested that "The Night Watch" was a greater work than "Las Hilanderas," and when his appreciative British friends made him a birthday present of a large sum of money, he devoted it to raising a shrine befitting his idol's masterpiece.

To the general public Israels is known chiefly as a painter of fisherfolk, but it was as a portrait painter that he began. He continued to paint portraits—with few exceptions portraits of men—throughout his long career, but very rarely as commissions. One of the most famous is the purple-robed "Scribe," now in a private collection in this country, which he did from a sketch he had made in Spain. Of his early portraits some one said that they were "so much unskilled and second-hand Rembrandt," but eventually he developed a style of his own, and painted characterizations rather than likenesses, for his sitters were usually men who had inherited characters and had built up reputations.

Having served his apprenticeship in Kruseman's studio, Israels went at the age of twenty-one to Paris, where he studied under *le père* Picot, a historical painter, the two Scheffers, and afterward with Paul Delaroche. During the next ten years he appears to have divided his time between historical genre and romanticism, for the influence of Delacroix was strong

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From a photograph by Braun & Co.

Maternal Love. By Josef Israels.
In the Municipal Gallery, Amsterdam.

and the public called for prancing horses and cavaliers and ladies wearing long plumes, who belonged to past ages of which Sir Walter Scott and other writers of romance had invented the histories. Now and then he would return to portraiture, and in the course of a trip home in 1846 he painted the portrait of Eleazer Herrschel now in the Stadt Museum of Amsterdam, which shows how conscientiously he had studied Rembrandt. He returned to Amsterdam for good in 1848, and the titles of some of the pictures he painted about that time bear witness to the hold romanticism then had on him: "Aaron Discovering the Corpses of His Sons," "Hamlet and His Mother," and "William, Prince of Orange, Opposing for the First Time the Decree of the King of Spain." This last picture, which was exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1855, received great praise from the French critics. Many years lapsed, however, before France recognized Israels. Meanwhile, the romantic pictures were not helping to keep the wolf from the door, and he painted several more portraits in Amsterdam to earn a living.

The turning point of his career came in 1855, when, in search of health, he paid a visit to Zandvoort, near Haarlem, and discovered its fisherfolk. Zandvoort has almost invariably been alluded to as the birthplace of Josef Israels's art, but that art had been born long before he went there; it had been nurtured in his portraits and had already grown into a child of more than ordinary promise. Undoubtedly Zandvoort was the birthplace of his popularity. His portraits were "caviare to the general." They did not appeal to the crowd any more than had his historical paintings. His fisherfolk did. Henceforth he abandoned the artificiality of romanticism and sought his motif in the actual doings around him—in Scheveningen, in Katwyk, in Zandvoort, and in the ghetto—among his own people. He painted the short and simple annals of the poor. He showed the tragedies, the pathos, and the mild enjoyments of their lives. It is possible that he was in-

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spired to this by what was going on at Barbizon, for, five years before Israels began painting fisherfolk, Millet, who like himself had been a pupil of Delaroche, had exhibited "The Sower." But Millet was peasant-born and was to the last a peasant painter. He had been born and brought up in sadness. He had gone through all the hardships of peasant life, had realized its utter hopelessness, had stood face to face with its tragedies; and that had made him a pessimist. On the other hand, Israels, an optimist by nature, who retained his youthful vigor and sprightliness to the end of his days, and although he considered life serious did not allow it was lachrymose, had seen little or nothing of the fisherman's life until he was past thirty. He never actually lived with fishermen; what he knew of their lives could only have been gained from the outside. Many of his most pathetic pictures were painted when he was living in luxury at The Hague. He probably drove to Scheveningen in a luxurious carriage to make sketches for them. How was it possible for him to enter so intimately as he did into their lives? The answer appears to be "by intuition." And intuition is a part of genius. One of his Dutch critics, after saying that his pictures were "painted by the nervous vigor of an untaught hand," takes another view, for he adds: "He labored aimlessly and blundered to success."

To Israels's second period, the one that opened at Zandvoort in 1855, belongs "The Children of the Sea," of the Stedelyk Museum of Amsterdam, in which he first proved that he had a talent, afterward strongly developed, for catching the fleeting expressions of the child, its restlessness, and the awkwardness of its attitudes. During that period there was only joyousness about his pictures; he never struck a melancholy note, but it was a period more of sentimentality than of real sentiment. Israels first turned his face away from the joyous life among the fisherfolk when, in 1861, he painted "The Shipwrecked Mariner," or "The Drowned Fisherman," as it is sometimes called. The day is gray and stormy; out in the sea is a wrecked fishing-smack. A procession wends its way up the dunes led by the widow of the shipwrecked mariner, holding her two little orphans by the hand. There is dazed expression in her tearless eyes. Behind her come two fishermen bearing their drowned mate, and they are followed by other fisherfolk. The picture was one of the sensations of the International Exhibition in London of 1862. It was hailed as a great work of art; a genius had come among the painters. It was just the class of picture that would appeal to the British public. It was full of sentiment, and it told its story so plainly, there was no necessity for exercising the imagination to understand what it meant. With the picture Israels conquered Great Britain, and in Scotland he afterward found his greatest patrons outside of his own country. From that time the majority of his paintings took a melancholy bent.

From a photograph by Braun & Co.

An Old Woman. By Josef Israels.
In the Municipal Gallery, Amsterdam.

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Jan Pieter Veth, who had led the rebellion of the younger Dutchmen against the domination of Israels and the Marises, but ended by being their leading champion, has written that beauty to Israels lay "in the silent woe with which the survivors stand in the house of death," and again "he sees beauty in everything which lays bare what lies mysteriously latent in poverty and privation and suffering at the very roots of human life." It cannot be denied that after the success of "The Shipwrecked Mariner," Israels did adopt to a great extent a sombre style, even if he did say life was not lachrymose. Poverty was always his subject, and he often added suffering and privation. There were occasions when he carried this somewhat beyond the canons of good taste, when he portrayed incidents over which it would have been better to have drawn a curtain, as, for instance, in the two paintings called "Alone in the World." One, in the Mesdag Museum, shows a broken-hearted woman seated near the bedside in which lies the corpse of her husband; in the other, in the Municipal Museum of Amsterdam, the wife is dead and the husband is grieving. They are harrowing tales, but it must be confessed that in the hands of any other painter but Israels they would have become drivelling lachrymosity. The simplicity with which he has depicted the grief of widow and widower, the careful absence of that detail which would have vulgarized them, appear to have relieved them of all sign of that. But although the reflected light of which Israels was a master —witness "The Ray of Sunshine," painted in 1875—is very fine in both these paintings, especially in the one belonging to the Mesdag Museum, one would rather he had painted neither. There is a picture known both as "Passing the Churchyard" and "Passing Mother's Grave"—a fisherman holding a small boy by the hand and carrying a baby in his arms as he passes a low tombstone—which is considered by Israels's unqualified admirers to be one of the finest of his works. To others the sentiment is cheap and mawkish, but the figure of the man is full of life. It is to such paintings as these that apply the words of one of his critics: "I sometimes wonder whether Israels does not go to work with the Mosaic rule of the old Hebrew priests, who to the choicest incense added assafœtida in their offerings to Jehovah." But what truly pathetic eloquence in the old woman seated in front of a hearth, trying to get some warmth out of the few dying embers. A simple story of privation lies in the right hand alone.

A strange anomaly was this man, this "child-like artist," as he has been called. He opened the eyes of his contemporaries in Holland to their having inherited a great tradition from the "little masters," but he himself followed none. The "little masters" painted for painting's sake. Israels, to quote Veth again, hardly knew what that was. He fumbled in a surface of paint, feeling after the mystery of life which spoke in the outward form of things. That to him was what painting meant. "There is something very like charlatanism in the way he works. There is no greater blunderer. He is capable of smearing over in a moment a painting he has been toiling at for months. What need of any technical skill on that bit of canvas? The grand expressive idea must be worked out in his head alone. And what of this painting which he treats as nought? Well, if it sighs or wails, pines and scourges, pants and sings, that is what often gives it such amazing power."

He had the gift of illuminating obscurities; he could get effects out of old bricks and rags; his figures lived and breathed. How he managed to do all this he probably could not have explained himself. It certainly was not produced by craftsmanship.

Whether one likes the work of Josef Israels or not, one must acknowledge that he resuscitated Dutch art. Throughout the eighteenth century it had been decadent. It had become conventional and unreal. Holland had not produced a single painter of any eminence from the close of the seventeenth century to the beginning of the nineteenth, when Bosboom appeared with his exquisite interiors. But Bosboom was not the kind of man to place himself at the head of the reform. It needed one possessed of youthful vitality, energy, and optimism, such as Israels was, to lead the revolution against that romanticism with which Dutch art was saturated. And when he began to interpret contemporary life, Bosboom put himself under his ægis. Israels cannot be said to have founded a school. Bloomers, Neuhuys, Artz, and Keever undoubtedly based their style on his, and he probably influenced Mauve. But Mesdag, the Marises, and many others worked independently, and even had there been no Israels, Jacob Maris would have lifted Dutch art out of the slough into which it had fallen.

Byron P. Stephenson.

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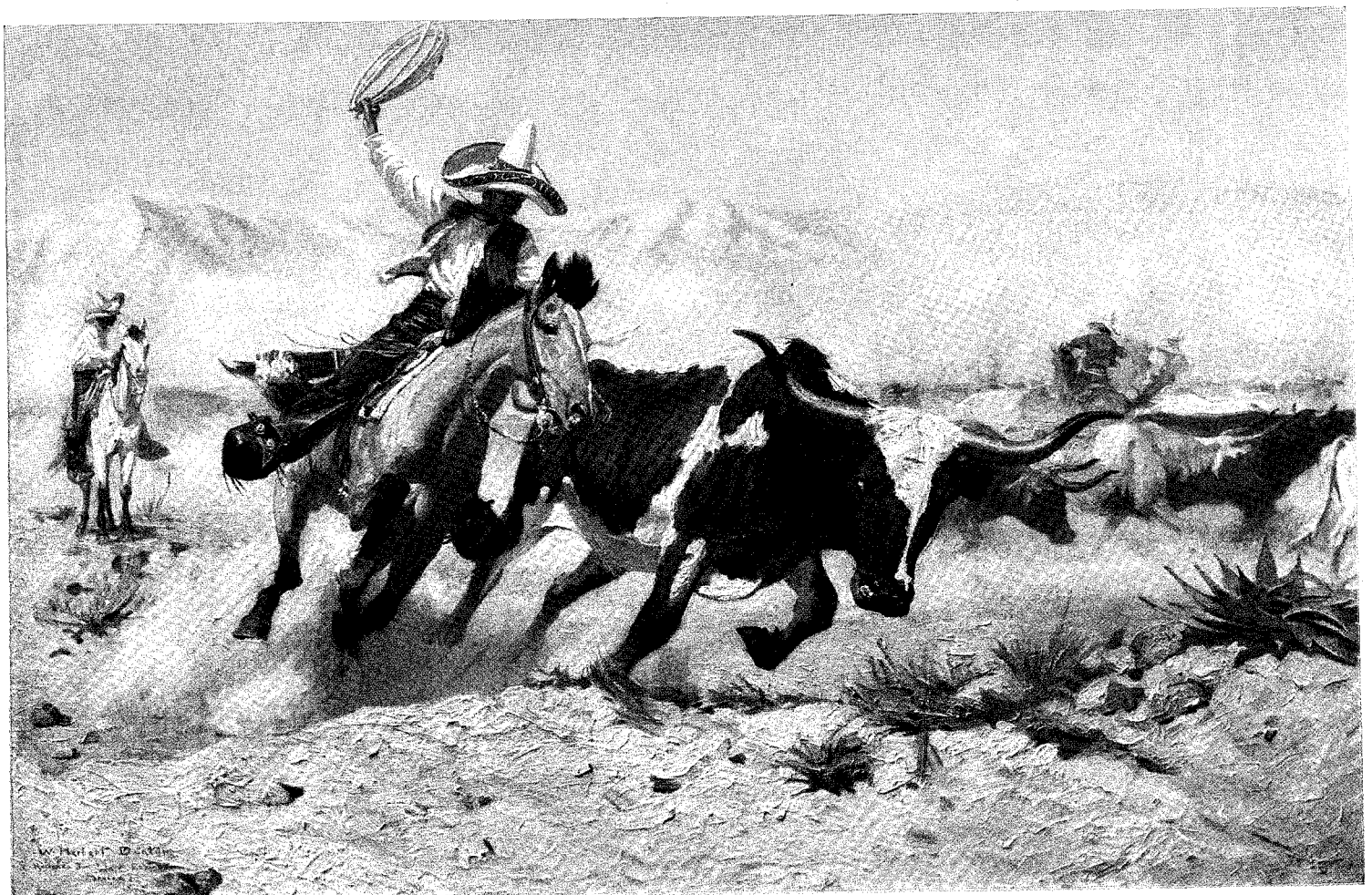

Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton.

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